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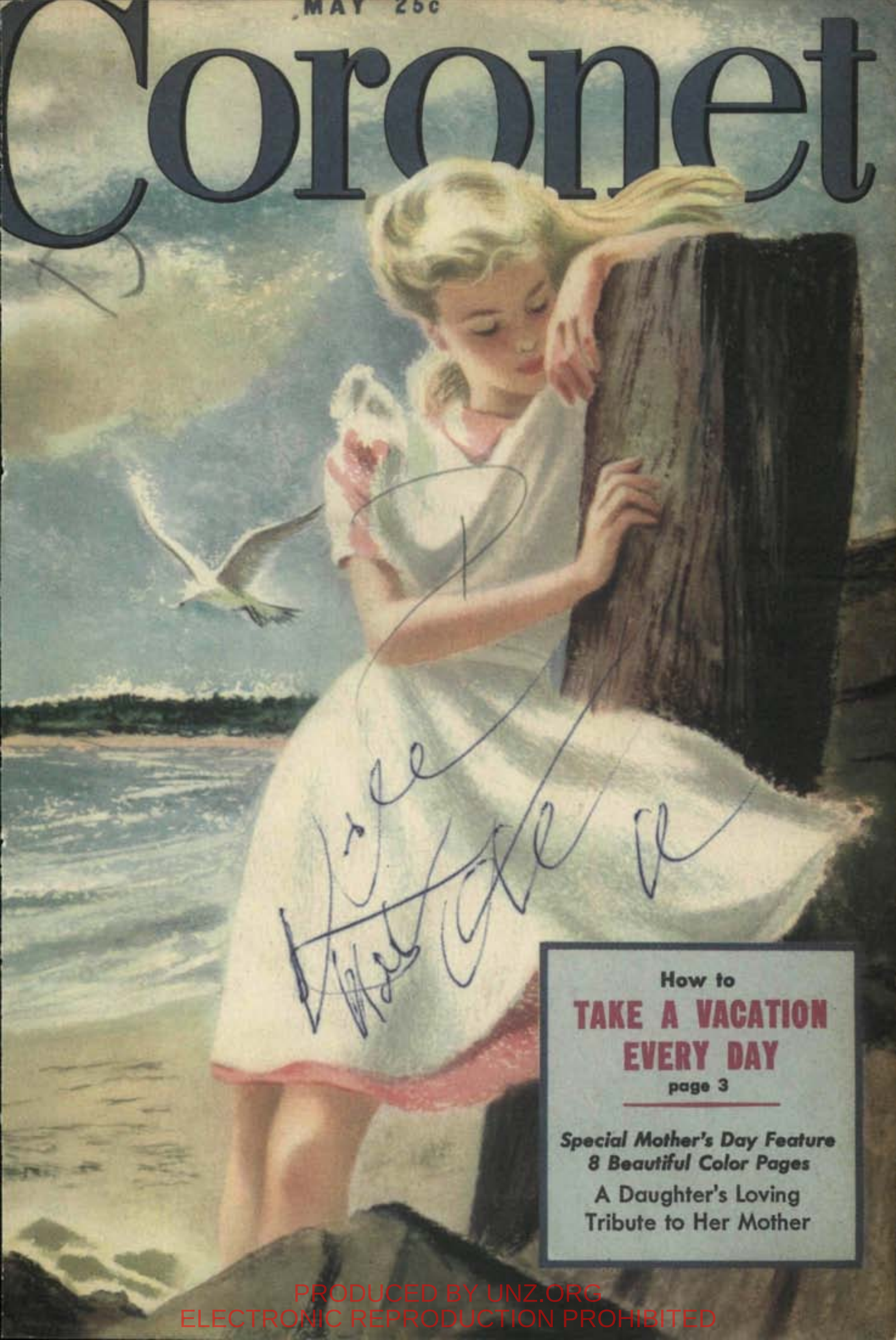


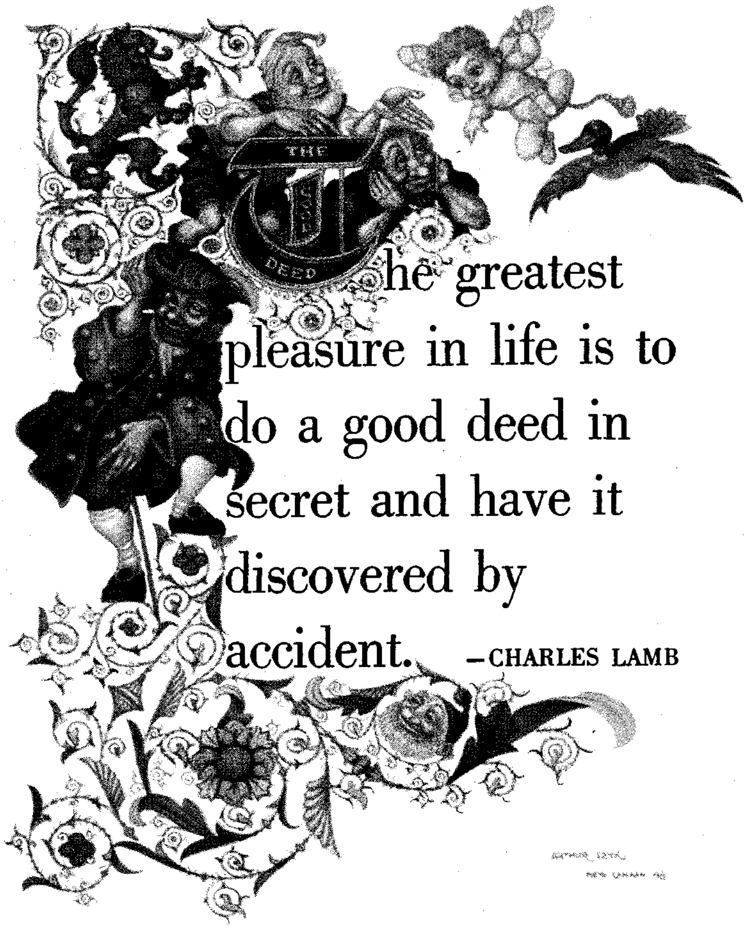
How to

TAKE A VACATION EVERY DAY

page 3

Special Mother's Day Feature
8 Beautiful Color Pages

A Daughter's Loving
Tribute to Her Mother



The greatest pleasure in life is to do a good deed in secret and have it discovered by accident. —CHARLES LAMB

In this amusing illumination by Arthur Szyk, the lion symbolizes nobility—or the good deed—which Cupid and the duck have just discovered by accident. The other happy little figures are gremlins with whom Cupid is sharing his secret. This is another in Coronet's series of illustrated quotations suitable for framing.

Vol. 22, No. 1 Coronet May, 1947
Endless Variety in Stories and Pictures

Take a Vacation Every Day

by WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON

SO IT ISN'T VACATION time you say? Well, you're wrong. You need a vacation *now*—not next month or next week. Like everyone else, you need a vacation every day, and you can have it, too, no matter how busy you are, if you will take your daily vacationing as seriously and as inevitably as you take your meals.

Habits and routine living consume vital awareness, just as bodily effort consumes food. When you do the same things at the same times, day in and day out, you soon perform each act almost unconsciously. Living by action reflexes makes a robot of you—a human machine of specialized skills but no joy in accomplishment. And this kind of dullness dims the spark of creative power which should help you to become increasingly the master of your universe.

A real vacation is a period of intensely conscious activity which revivifies your inner fire. Yet minutes of vacationing may do you more good than months. Half an hour of spontaneous self-expression in talking about a hobby with a friend who shares the same interest can brighten your flickering flame more sharply than two weeks on the beach or in the mountains.

Last winter, a friend of mine took a two weeks' jaunt to Florida. He had been making plans to get away for a year, for he was tired, frustrated, bored after long months of habit-bound work and worry. But he returned from his "vacation" in precisely the same condition.

"I had a dull time," he said. "Nothing to do but swim—and swimming bores me. Or sit on the sand—and I hate sunburn. Or play gin-rummy—and I'm sick of that. I feel even worse now than when I went away."

It so happened that a professor of psychology dropped in to see me that evening, and the three of us talked animatedly far into the night. When my friend told me good-night,

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he heaved a sigh of satisfaction.

"This evening," he said, "was my real vacation! I feel like a new man. And our arguments have started me thinking. Tomorrow I'm going to start some new personnel plans at the office."

What may be a vacation for John Smith may be punishment for you. Or what may enliven your inner powers may seem silly time-wasting to Tom Jones. But never mind—devise *your* sort of vacation and make a point of enjoying it every day in the year. That's the trick of continual self-rejuvenation.

I KNOW A BUSY and successful lawyer who constantly interrupts his office routine to attend Rotary luncheons, Masonic ceremonies in neighboring cities, law association meetings and social gatherings of many kinds. For some time I believed that his principal aim was to meet important people and thus acquire new clients. But after tabulating the places he went and the people he met, I found that making new social contacts was for him the life-refreshing spark of self-renewal.

Mere cessation of routine work is no vacation. Your thoughts cling tenaciously to their habitual regimentation. What you need is not aimless loafing but a positive counter-stimulus to capture your thoughts and interests and set them whirling in a new direction. Cultivate the will to pleasure by acquiring a hobby that you can indulge any time, any place.

Feeding pigeons and squirrels in the park at lunch hour might not give everyone a thrill, but it offers vacation satisfaction to some men and women I know. One hard-working girl has interested herself for years in Renaissance art: she visits the museum daily for half an hour, sometimes at noon, sometimes on her way home from work. These excursions into a world of ancient beauty brighten for her the drab hours in between.

Taking candid-camera shots of people in the office or queer characters on the street in your off hours may pay big pleasure dividends. A busy New York editor who does the work of six people could not get through his 12-hour day if he didn't stop at intervals to sketch a visitor or friend. He packs just enough emotional self-renewal into those moments of spontaneous recreation to tackle the next chore with verve and originality.

A serious-minded office executive recently caught a newly hired returned veteran whittling in the men's room.

"Young man," he began, frowning, "don't you know you can't waste the company's time—"

"Look, sir," said the youngster brightly, holding up his jackknife product, "it's a statue of you! Pretty good, don't you think?"

The manager looked at the likeness and his jaw dropped. "Great ghost of Caesar!" he roared. "Do I look like that?"

He examined the carving with wry curiosity, then he said, "If that's the way I appear to you, I don't blame you for taking a vacation from looking at me! You'd better teach me woodcarving—I need a change of occupation more than you do."

Music is an endless source of vacation material. But passively enjoying other people's playing or singing isn't enough. To bring out the inner you, it is necessary to play or sing yourself. And don't say you're too old to learn.

A blithe-spirited but overworked housewife and mother in Chicago couldn't play a note at 40. Deciding she must have daily vacations for her blood pressure's sake, she started to take piano lessons and within three months she played well enough to entertain other people besides herself with simple tunes.

A weary Denver businessman of 50 couldn't sleep without sedatives. To stop the habit of taking pills, he came downstairs at night and began relearning the banjo, which he had played in college. He was surprised to discover that the knack came back quickly. One evening he took his banjo to a social gathering and glowed inwardly for the first time in years under the warmth of his companions' hearty response. Now he is getting more sleep—is beginning to relax and recreate his psychic self-control.

William Moulton Marston, the originator of the lie-detector test, is a noted psychologist with three degrees from Harvard. He has taught and lectured at several leading universities and colleges, including Radcliffe, Columbia and the University of Southern California. In addition to many articles on psychology for scientific and general publications, he has written several books, among them *Emotions of Normal People* and *Try Living*. Dr. Marston is a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and a member of the Psychological Association and the American Association of Criminal Law and Criminology. This article is based on his years of experience as lecturer, teacher and consulting psychologist.

An important factor in making your daily vacation effective is change—change of scene, change of habit, change of people. But remember the change must occur inside your mind, not merely outside in your environment.

For example, if you are an insurance clerk, perhaps going to a luncheon restaurant patronized by artists or publicity men will change your subjective locale. But then, perhaps it won't—you may not respond properly to the verbal furore going on around you.

I know servicemen who traveled across the Pacific, through China and Japan without getting much sense of change from strange surroundings. "We had too much else to think about," they say.

It's the way you react to different environments that counts. Explore your town during daily vacations and find out which eating places seem most interesting and most agreeably different from your habitual spots. Then use these restaurants for psychological lunch-hour vacations.

Or perhaps you don't even have to step outside your office to enjoy foreign travel. A famous Manhattan theatrical producer used to lock his door and, while scores of frantic job applicants waited outside, study maps and timetables which carried him in imagination to far-off places. Thus refreshed, he took a mental plane back to his office and resumed a nerve-wracking routine.

To me, new people are the most inspiring source of true recreation. Yet I don't go to England, Yucatan or the Orient to meet them. I find new people every day behind the familiar shells and masks of men and women I have seen dozens of times before. Try it yourself—it's lots of fun.

Strike up a conversation with the elevator man in your building, the conductor on your commuters' train, the corner cop, the milkman, the girl at the lunch counter, people you often see in the corner grocery and pass habitually with a nod. You will be surprised at the unexpected ideas they give you, their novel points of view, their friendly feelings and sympathetic insight into human longings and hopes which you never before took time to appraise properly.

HOUSEKEEPING CAN BECOME a deadlier and more mind-mechanizing routine than most men realize. Wives and mothers who remain at home and run the house need their daily vacations just as desperately as do their business-obsessed husbands. Women become love-paralyzed as men grow ambition-numbed with routine. And losing love, to my mind, is much worse than losing money—for both parties concerned.

Recently a young wife came to me with a sad case of marital woe. "Jack and I," she wailed, "are through! He's dead in *his* job rut, and I'm dying in *my* deadly rut at home, working 12 hours a day and getting nowhere."

Admitting I knew the situation from frequent repetitions, I made a few suggestions. The girl bought some chickens and ducks, and encouraged her three children to raise rabbits. She sold eggs, enriched the family larder and told Jack to quit his job. Thus encouraged, he did, and soon secured a better one, with room for self-expression. This family is finding happiness again: the self-killing habit vise was broken for both by systematic cultivation of self-recreating interests and daily vacationing from routine.

How about a husband doing the cooking while his wife types his business reports? It is a change of activity—and therefore a real vacation—for both. Making a pumpkin pie, cooking spaghetti or grilling a steak in an outdoor fireplace gives a man so much to think about that he is forced to forget, for a short time, his habit-ruled preoccupation with business affairs.

Typing her husband's office reports equally distracts a wife's attention from routine household chores and compels her to think along new and totally different avenues of consciousness.

If you do what you like for short intervals every day, you will like whatever you have to do during working hours infinitely better. When you go back to the routine of your job after a daily vacation, you are likely to rediscover some of the interest and variety which your duties held for you before they became mechanized.

A young nurse grew weary and desperate with long hours of tedious hospital routine. Then a wealthy relative offered her a pleasant social life as a companion; it seemed a heaven-sent escape. But before quitting, the girl decided to see if social diversion in small doses would alleviate monotony and enable her to carry on her work.

Soon she met a young man who liked to go places. They started going places together. They had fun, and life began to look up. As the girl's former interest in her profession revived, she figured out a new schedule which contained much more variety. And today she is very happy indeed—all as a result of breaking a deadly routine.

To take a vacation every day, you don't need to be late for work, loaf on the job or change your occupation. The only tyrant you have to rebel against is browbeating monotony. If you have the courage—and the common sense—to renew your spirit by short daily periods of self-expression, you will soon be able to break habit's soul-shackles with amazing ease.

So start your vacation today. Then take another installment tomorrow and the day after. Like a reader's interest in a continued story, you will soon discover that enjoyment of your vacation activity mounts steadily, since you don't have to wait a year for the next vacation chapter—only 24 hours. Meanwhile your daily profits will grow, for by taking your fun where you find it, you compound your interest in living.

When Speech Is Golden

MORE THAN any other president of the United States, Calvin Coolidge, whose taciturnity and saturnine humor have already become part of the American legend, knew the value of silence in politics. But even Silent Cal could speak when his heart bade him. And it's not impossible that he owed his nomination for the vice-presidency and his subsequent election as chief executive to a simple query motivated by his unfailing kindness.

It happened at the home of Dwight W. Morrow soon after Coolidge, as Governor of Massachusetts, had gained nation-wide prominence for his handling of the Boston police strike. Mr. Morrow was entertaining a group of friends who, like himself, were high in the councils of the Republican Party. His pretty little daughter, Anne, who later became the wife of Charles Lindbergh, stood next to her father's chair and listened gravely to the discussion.

Coolidge, who was one of the guests, was called away, and soon after he left the talk turned to a discussion of Republican presidential timber.

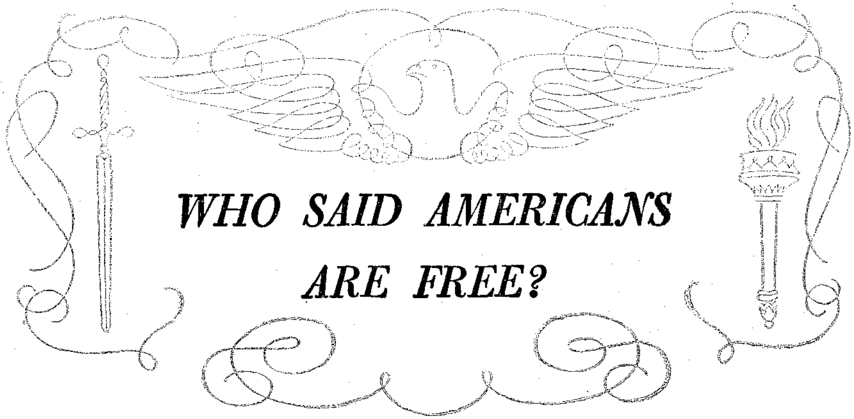
"Watch young Coolidge," said Mr. Morrow. "He's a good man."

"But Dwight," said one distinguished member of the Old Guard, "Coolidge is as completely lacking in personality as . . . as that chair you're sitting in."

Mr. Morrow patiently stuck to his guns and argument became lively. Then, as the debaters quieted down, little Anne turned to her father.

"I like Mr. Coolidge," she said, smiling, and she held up her hand. There was a bandage on her thumb. "He was the only one who asked me about my finger."

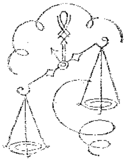
—RICHARD KARGER



WHO SAID AMERICANS ARE FREE?

by CHARLES HARRIS

Here is a shocking report on a major U. S. problem—the crimes that make a mockery of our revered Bill of Rights



AT THE END OF A LONG, tiring day, Robert Hall, poor, honest and law-abiding, was indulging in the old American custom of taking it easy in his home. When he heard a rapping on his door, he yawned, shuffled across the room and opened it.

At precisely that moment, Robert Hall's entire world—his freedom, his dignity and his rights as a human being—came crashing down around him.

The men at the door were Tom Screws, local sheriff, and two other officers. Muttering something about a stolen tire, they clapped handcuffs on Hall and dragged him to their car. The last glimpse Mrs. Hall had of her husband, he was trying to look back over his shoulder and smile reassuringly.

The ride to the courthouse was rough, for the three officers had been drinking all afternoon. Finally the car lurched to a halt and Hall was pushed out.

No one will ever know whether Hall—handcuffed, unarmed and alone—actually attempted to attack his three armed captors, as they later claimed. Nor whether Robert Hall, who had never stolen anything in his life, cursed the men who were misusing him. Nor even whether a tire had been stolen in the first place.

But it is known that Hall was struck as he alighted from the car, and that he fell, still handcuffed, to the ground. Then, as he lay there helpless, he was beaten into a hideous pulp—and into permanent oblivion.

They smashed their knuckles against Hall's mouth, beating the flesh into his teeth. They smashed their heavy shoes into his face, until he moaned in anguish between swollen lips. One of the officers wielded a two-pound blackjack with such terrible effect that Hall's head was soon a grisly mass of hair, flesh, blood and bone.

For almost 30 minutes after he was knocked to the ground, the savage beating continued.

Then Hall was dragged into the jail and thrown, dying, on the floor. Later, an ambulance was summoned to take him to a hospital—but within an hour he died without regaining consciousness. And next day, they got around to notifying Mrs. Hall that her husband wouldn't be coming home any more.

NOW ROBERT HALL was a native-born citizen of the United States and of the state of Georgia. Probably at various times in his life he had heard speakers on star-spangled platforms declaim about the "inalienable rights of man"—including "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Probably more than once he had said or thought: "I'm an American citizen, and I know my rights."

There wasn't much time for Hall to speak or think on that night he died so horribly. But if, by his death, Hall could be a symbolic force to start the rest of us thinking, then perhaps his passing would not be as pointless as was his suffering.

For if you and I will ponder what happened to Hall, we will come to some inescapably shocking conclusions: that Robert Hall had no "inalienable rights" as a citizen and a human being; that Robert Hall's so-called civil rights and liberties—the same as yours and mine—have very little more substance in today's America than those of a Jew under Hitler.

Hall's story is singled out here because it provides a complete case history of "individual freedom" in America—not the freedom prated about from speakers' platforms but as it actually exists when we need it most—when our jobs, health, reputation and very lives depend on it. Countless other case histories could be cited as easily from areas scattered from coast to coast. They occur every day—to people like you and me. Look about you:

In Pasadena, mass-meetings are held to pressure the local school board into barring a 19-year-old American-born citizen of Japanese descent from the public schools.

In Mississippi, a voter is disqualified after answering dozens of complicated questions about government. Finally, asked how Cabinet members attain office, he explains correctly that they are appointed by the President. "Wrong!" cry the election judges gleefully, turning him away from the polls.

In west Hollywood, California, neighbors invoke an eviction suit against a family—because the father of the family's mother was a full-blooded Iroquois Indian. In the original deed of the tract of land is an antiquated stipulation that only "Caucasians" can live on the tract. A Superior Court judge rules that the father can remain, but the mother (one-half American Indian) and the daughters (one-quarter American Indian) will have to leave because they are not "white."

In the East, police brutally beat a man who has accused them of "protecting" a gambling joint.

In West Virginia, a band of young men are led by a rope through town and forced to swallow castor oil—because they are caught distributing literature extolling the religion of their choice.

And so it goes—on down a grim and ever-growing list. Apparently it is one thing to have or to claim civil rights—but quite another thing to have those rights so *protected by law* that we are *guaranteed* individual freedom and liberty.

What is being done about these shocking cases of violent disregard for human liberty and dignity? What happened as a result of Hall's brutal death in Georgia?

One thing is certain: Robert Hall is dead. And yet the state of Georgia in his case tried no one for murder or manslaughter. No indictment was delivered. No one was taken before a grand jury.

Finally, the U. S. Department of Justice swung into action through its Civil Rights Section, and, thanks to long, hard work, secured a verdict of guilty—not on the grounds of murder or manslaughter but because Hall's right to a fair trial had been denied. When Screws was found guilty on a combination of charges, it was possible to sentence him to a total of *three years in jail.* He appealed his case to the U. S. Supreme Court.

Judging the case, four justices wrote separate opinions. Without exception, the jurists conceded that the case was "shocking and revolting." They admitted the case came to them "established in fact as a gross abuse of authority by state officers"—and commented that the sheriff's defense had not "been pretty" or, for that matter, "valid."

"This brutal misconduct," said even the justices who voted for outright reversal of the conviction, "rendered these lawless law officers guilty of manslaughter, if not of murder."

But the Federal statute under which the sheriff was tried and convicted by a jury of his fellow Georgia citizens contains a tricky phrase. And, interpreting it, the Court said that in order to convict a man it must be proven that his purpose was to deprive a victim of a specific constitutional right.

Thus was created the fantastic situation of a man being able to plead in effect in Federal court that he had not *willfully* deprived a citizen of any constitutional right—*but instead had merely killed him!* And if he were a killer, of course, he had violated only a state law. Hence the U. S. Attorney General had no right to intercede—whether or not the state itself had acted.

With the judgment reversed, Screws' case was sent back to the lower courts for retrial. This time, obviously aided by the opinions of the Supreme Court, he was acquitted. And therein lies the flaw in the whole structure of individual human rights as we *believe* we enjoy them:

All too frequently the state governments are either unwilling or unable to protect citizens with vigorous prosecution of civil-rights violations—yet the hands of our Department of Justice are so effectively tied as to make any Federal enforcement ineffectual.

PERHAPS YOU READ LAST YEAR about the lynching of Roger Malcolm in Georgia. Malcolm had been released from jail on bail and, with his wife and another Negro couple, was being taken home. Twenty unmasked men, carrying

President Truman Calls for Action

TODAY FREEDOM FROM fear, and the democratic institutions which sustain it, are again under attack. In some places, from time to time, the local enforcement of law and order has broken down, and individuals—sometimes ex-servicemen, even women—have been killed, maimed or intimidated.

The preservation of civil liberties is a duty of every government—State, Federal and local. Wherever the law-enforcement measures and the authority of Federal, State and local governments are inadequate to discharge this primary function of government, these measures and this authority should be strengthened and improved.

Harry S. Truman

rifles, waylaid the party and dragged all four screaming victims into the brush, where volley after volley was pumped into their bodies.

Immediately, newspapers all over the country protested in outrage. A conference of citizens convened in the Capital and sent a delegation to ask President Truman and Attorney General Tom Clark what they proposed to do about the Georgia lynchings.

The shocking answer was that the President and the Department were unable to do much of anything. As one official commented: "The Federal law is so weak, so limited, and the decisions of the Supreme Court have been so restrictive, that we have only doubtful jurisdiction, if any."

Was the Department of Justice loath to act? Not at all. Attorney General Clark, the big Texan who rose from courthouse practice to the Cabinet, is probably more concerned about civil liberties than any of his predecessors. He has placed every facility of the Department into every situation where it appears that the Federal Government has jurisdiction. But Clark frankly admits: "Federal action in most of these cases hangs upon a very thin thread of law. It is like trying to fight an atomic war with a Civil War musket."

The Federal Bureau of Investigation interviewed more than 2,500 persons in an attempt to uncover the perpetrators of the Malcolm outrage. But when all the evidence was submitted to a Federal grand jury, it was found insufficient to warrant any Federal action.

Theron Lamar Caudle, husky and outspoken Assistant U. S. Attorney General, is head of the Department's Criminal Division. Like his father and grandfather before him, Caudle, a North Carolinian, has always been a champion of the underdog. Today, aroused at violations of civil liberties, he pounds his desk as he says: "Do you know that life, liberty and property are not considered federally-secured rights against private action—that these very cornerstones of our entire American way of life are entirely within the protection of state and local authorities?"

The fact that both Clark and Caudle hail from Southern states emphasizes the fact that right-thinking people in every section of the country are at last united in agreeing that something must be done. But what? If the Federal Government is powerless to act, who, then, can assume responsibility?

State authorities? For the answer, one has only to recall that since Pearl Harbor more than 40 lynchings have occurred—quite apart from an endless list of cases in which a citizen's right to vote, speak, worship and live in peace has been ruthlessly violated. Yet, since Pearl Harbor, local authorities have not returned a single murder indictment in a lynch case, much less convicted or punished any member of a lynch mob!

In Chicago last winter, it took a Federal court to restore to Costell Jones the freedom and right to live in security which over-eager state law-enforcement agencies had wrested from him. Five years before, Jones had escaped from prison in Mississippi, where he was serving a life sentence for a murder he had never committed.

In court Jones testified that, although only a witness to the crime, he had been arrested and tortured so brutally that he finally signed a false confession. On his cheek were still the ugly burns inflicted by policemen—and permanent scars from the beatings he had taken with a rubber hose. Now, save for the intervention of a Federal judge, he might have been returned to prison in Mississippi.

In Lexington, Mississippi, five white men were accused of beating a Negro farmhand to death. The victim had been suspected of stealing a saddle. In court, the men admitted they "had hit Leon McTatie a few licks." Yet it took an all-white jury just ten minutes to return a verdict of not guilty. Ironically, subsequent investigation revealed that two Negro children had stolen the saddle at the solicitation of a white man.

In Chicago, a 65-year-old white-haired janitor sought redress in a civil lawsuit filed against nearly a score of city policemen. In a police round-up, he had been arrested without a warrant, he charged, and was held for 48 hours without being allowed to sleep or rest.

Although the police denied any wrongdoing, the old man complained that they had beaten and bullied him for hours, and had handcuffed his hands behind his back and lifted him off the floor so that his whole weight pulled on his tortured arms and aged wrists. His last thought before fainting had been that his arms were being ripped from their sockets.

And now, he charged, he was paralyzed and unable to work. In answer to his complaint, the policemen named filed a denial of all his charges, and the case is now awaiting trial. The actual criminal, incidentally, was subsequently caught and convicted.

SO MUCH FOR THE NOTION that the states can protect our "inalienable" civil liberties. Yet, to find the reason for this impotence it is necessary to think back to the time when representatives of our 13 sovereign colonies assembled to create a

Union. The constitution they wrote—our Constitution—fails to mention a single individual right or freedom. Why? Because these were believed matters for the individual states to consider—not the new Federal Government.

Thus our oft-quoted and tenderly regarded Bill of Rights—the first ten amendments to our Constitution—does not necessarily apply to the Robert Halls, or to any of the other thousands who have been made to suffer. It does not apply for the simple reason that the Bill of Rights was not designed to protect America's citizens from abuse at the hands of other citizens or local and state officials. It was designed only to protect them against the Federal Government itself!

Not until after the Civil War did the Federal Government actually interest itself in our human liberties. Three amendments were then added to the Constitution, saying in effect that *all* citizens were entitled to vote and to "due process of law." And Congress enacted five statutes which provided serious penalties for violations.

But then, to the discredit of the Congresses and courts involved, there began a deliberate whittling away of these laws, until today only fragments of the once-great statutes remain on the books. And even these fragments were virtually forgotten until the Department of Justice established a Civil Rights Section in 1939, and began to poke around to learn what, if anything, could be done.

Since 1939, the Civil Rights Section has tried a lot of cases and established many valuable precedents. But its net progress can be measured in inches along the long road still to be traveled.

At first, every case was a test case, every investigation a gamble against odds. Cases were carried to the Supreme Court and important victories won. But there were heartbreaking reversals too, such as the case involving Robert Hall.

Under such circumstances, any progress which our Department of Justice has managed to make in its fight for civil rights is praiseworthy. In the past five years, it has received more than 65,000 complaints of violations. Yet of this number it has been able to launch only 667 investigations, resulting in 170 prosecutions. Convictions are what count, however, and the final box score for the five years is only 97.

Add to this trivial figure the negligible number of convictions within the states themselves, and you will understand how lightly your rights as a citizen are protected under present laws and practices. Compare the progress made thus far to the immeasurable toll in suffering, misery and frustration, and you begin to sense the appalling enormity of this American problem.

AT THIS POINT it would be pleasant to announce that there is some miraculous cure—some ingenious solution that has been overlooked until now. But unfortunately this is not the case. Only the combined efforts of the best legal brains in America can possibly effect a satisfactory solution.

Already countless theories and ideas have been advanced and are now receiving consideration by the Department of Justice, by bar associations and lawyers. Last January, President Truman appointed a special presidential committee on civil rights, headed by Charles E. Wilson, president of General Electric, and including some of America's most illustrious leaders in varied fields. This group will file recommendations for Federal legislation to make our civil rights more meaningful and real.

But meanwhile, although in the light of such legalistic complications you and I as citizens obviously cannot provide the solution, there are some things we *can* do!

We can talk about the problem and let legislators and members of the legal profession know how strongly we feel about it.

We can report any violation of civil rights to the Department of Justice, or to one of the many private organizations which are actively protecting American liberties.

We can insist that our complaints receive attention and that we be advised what action is taken.

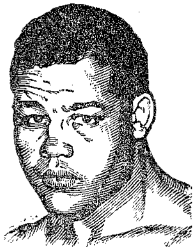
We can elect intelligent local and national officials who understand the importance of the individual in a democracy.

We can avoid taking part in the malicious slandering of individuals or minority groups which serves as tinder for a public conflagration.

But we had better do these things promptly. Our country and our way of life were built around the dignity of the human being and his freedom as an individual. We recently fought a war to protect that freedom from dangers without: currently we are fighting a diplomatic battle to unite the peoples of the world in harmony and equality.

Yet unless we insist on also bolstering that freedom from within—by guaranteeing unconditionally those rights we acknowledge to be inalienable—then all our efforts may in the end prove meaningless. For, by doing nothing we may wake up some day to find that our civil rights have become final rites.

Teamwork for America



JOE LOUIS

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN PROUD of the things my country stands for. Like President Roosevelt I always want America to be on top when it comes to winning and also in giving all Americans a square deal. And I want our country to be a great country in the years to come—just like it is today.

America has given me a chance, and I'm grateful. But things would be a lot better for our country if all of the people would pull together like one big team. That's one of the fine lessons I learned in the Army. It's team play that counts. Not just one man grandstanding or trying to steal the show, but everyone pulling together, for the best interests of America.

—*My Life Story,* BY JOE LOUIS, PUBLISHED BY *Essential Books* by **Edith M. Stern**

Why I Do My Own Housework

Here is the candid story of a housewife who found new peace and contentment when she decided to do without servants

THOUGH I LOATHE THE drudgery of housework — the never-ending battle with dust, the accumulation after each meal that accumulates again in incredibly few hours, the physical labor of lugging the vacuum cleaner up and down stairs and making beds, the chores of cleaning ovens and garbage cans—in spite of all that, I do my own housework, from choice.

At last I have settled for the lesser of two evils: I find there is less wear and tear in doing without a servant than there is in looking for—or after—one.

Actually, my choice was made three years ago, yet my sigh of relief has not yet subsided. My body at the end of each day may be wearier, but my mind and spirit—which have it within them to create the only intolerable kind of fatigue—are at peace. Having no maid to lose, I suffer no tensions lest I lose her. I expend no effort in humoring or cajoling someone who might at a moment's notice leave me high and dry.

All day long I work at my writing in blessed relaxation and quiet; and at night my husband and I have the house to ourselves. When he phones that he will be late for dinner, I turn off the stove and go on about my pursuits until he arrives. We eat early or late, at our own pleasure, not the maid's. And we have company as often as we want. All in all, we are really living a new kind of life!

My decision to live in a servantless world was not taken hastily: it came after bitter years of experience. In my mother's New York household, I was brought up with a staff of three competent maids whose wages totaled less than I would have to pay one houseworker today. Despite what now clearly seems under-payment and overwork, our maids stayed with us for years, and rarely left without first breaking in a sister or friend as replacement.

But the old-fashioned servant-employer relationship was already, and rightly, on its way out by the time I was married in the early 1920s. Yet for a decade, though I kept house more modestly than my mother had, service continued to be a part of my scheme of things.

Even when the Depression hit and I could no longer afford a full-time maid, I had a part-timer. Then, when even that became too costly, I gave room and board to a college student in exchange for a few hours' daily help.

IN 1937, WHEN WE WERE getting back on our financial feet and moved to Maryland, I was all set for a housewife's paradise with plenty of maids available as ministering angels.

The first one I hired, a sweet-natured, hard-working girl, was an excellent cook, but she plopped about in stockinged feet, shouted inquiries up and down stairs, stared at me as if I were crazy when I explained that forks go to the left and knives to the right.

Her successor, who had excellent references, promptly got drunk and slashed her bed blankets with a kitchen knife. The next incumbent set my ironing board afire, fed imported sardines to the cat, used doilies as cleaning rags, broke goblets, plates, pottery, lamps and every electrical appliance in the house. She was too expensive: I dispensed with her.

Then, after several other and similar experiences, I had surcease, via an Alabama college graduate who, because of her color, could not get the kind of work her attainments merited.

Like the rest, she was unfamiliar with the detailed management of general housework, but she was so intelligent that within a month she was able to take complete charge. From the beginning, however, I understood that her domestic work was only a stop-gap, and soon after Pearl Harbor she left for a government job.

By that time the *Help Wanted, Domestic* ads greatly outran the *Situations Wanted*. But as I still had the "any port in a storm" psychology, I engaged a series of elderly women. This was a mistake, for each one's time off was my time on as heavy cleaning woman. I spent Sundays and Thursdays scrubbing dirty kitchen woodwork, scraping grease off the stove, scouring encrusted pots and pans.

To add to the aggravation and confusion, I literally had to hunt for almost everything I needed in cooking or cleaning; nothing ever seemed to be in its proper place or even where it had been before.

Besides stipulated time off, there was also much time off for illness. Yet no wonder these women had so many ailments: from childhood they had lacked proper medical care, their feet and backs ached from hand-me-down shoes, they ate no green vegetables or fruits. As a result, I was kept busy listening to symptoms and intervening against dangerous self-dosage.

Each new maid I hired involved hours of phoning, days of waiting at home to interview. More often than not the applicants, despite elaborate directions for getting to "where I'll meet you in a blue car," never showed up. Even if they did appear and were engaged, they frequently failed to reappear on the day they were to start work.

Most of those who actually did show and were hired had disturbing traits in common. They were perpetually on the telephone, and all had a passion for the radio, which they would run at full blast day and night. If I so much as suggested that they turn it off at our meal times, they would usually look aggrieved.

By 1943, I was ready to call it a day. After our umpteenth maid-of-all-sloppiness had departed, I grimly confronted my husband. "Look," I said, "this is the end! I'm never going to clean up after someone else again, never going to struggle to get a maid, never wear myself out trying to teach one. From now on I'll know just where I stand, and stand there. I'm going to do my own housework!"

Somewhat to my surprise, my husband agreed. Now, for the first time in more years than I like to think about, our home *is* our own. Like the 18th-century Frenchman who said, "I'm the happiest man on earth: I am completely ruined" —I, too, am carefree and relaxed.

The time I spend nowadays in marketing and cooking combined seems no more than the time I used to spend in meal planning and shopping when a maid did the cooking, and there is less mental distraction. For one thing, I need not plan menus in advance; I simply buy a stock of food, then select what we want (not what the maid wants) each mealtime. For another thing, I maintain my supply of staples by the simple device of listing them as they run low—something that even my most competent maids never learned—so there are no last-minute scurries to the store, at inconvenient times, for some forgotten necessity.

My teen-age daughter, when she is home on vacation from boarding school, enjoys our maidless state too. She has learned to do all kinds of domestic chores that escaped her previously, gets satisfaction from her competence, and enjoys the feeling that she is making a real contribution to our living.

As for my husband, life physically is less plushy for him than before, and he has less leisure time at home. Now that I do not wear myself to a frazzle seeing that this or that is done, lest nothing at all be done, he has to do many little things for himself which once devolved upon the maid. Then, too, being a gentleman, he does not retire to the living room with his newspaper while I am still cleaning up after dinner: in all phases of housework, especially those requiring muscular strength, he helps mightily. But the improvement in my disposition, he says, is worth all the chores that fall upon his shoulders.

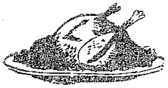
Only in regard to the future do we not see eye to eye. He still harbors the delusion that some day, somehow, we shall have a satisfactory maid who will last. I know that we will not, so I refuse to share his pipe dreams. Never again shall I leisurely don a hostess gown and remain seated through dinner. Never again shall I leave the house with the beds unmade and return to find them made. I am quite resigned to the fact that the days of maid service are over, and here is why I feel as I do:

The professional servant of my childhood is extinct, or so old that she can't do her work properly. That leaves available either those with low standards, or superior folk seeking a temporary solution for a housing, financial or other problem. The short breathing spells they might afford us aren't worth the trouble of upsetting our new home-life routine.

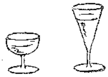
Some housewives pin their hopes of getting high-calibre workers on more businesslike arrangements and an eight-hour day. I have followed all experiments of this kind carefully over the years, and so far as I can discover they still exist largely on paper. Moreover, the fair wage one would have to pay such a worker, plus the fact that she would not be on hand at one end of the household day or the other, do not seem to add up to much help and comfort for the employer.

Most of my friends are beginning to feel as I do. Although it costs me more, in time lost from my writing, not to have a maid, those who have no earning capacity have discovered, in addition to the other advantages of doing their own work, the enormous savings they effect—savings on food, on reduced waste and breakage. I have friends in upstate New York who have dispensed with hired girls; friends in a small town in Michigan who say, "It's not worth what you have to put up with"; friends on Park Avenue who find, for the first time in their lives, that they are enjoying "not being too particular, and eating out once in a while."

At last, I really understand the Law of Diminishing Returns, which was just so many words when I studied it in Economics A. There comes a point where what you put into something isn't worth what you get out of it. That's why I do my own housework, and will continue to do it cheerfully, years without end.



Juvenile Jive



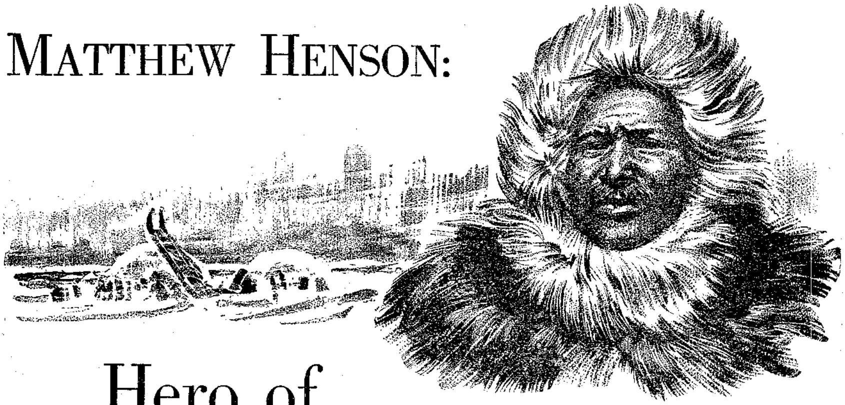
THE LITTLE BOY'S FAVORITE uncle was about to be married, and the child had not taken the news lightly. For many days he looked fearful and apprehensive each time the wedding was mentioned. But no one realized the extent of his misgivings until one day he came to his mother with a troubled frown.

"Mother," he said, "the last three days they give them anything they want to eat, don't they?" —GRACE M. WILLIAMS

ALICE, WHO WAS FIVE YEARS OLD, often ran errands for her mother. She went willingly if she could pronounce the name of the article wanted, but dreaded the laughter which greeted her attempts to pronounce certain words.

"Vinegar" was one of the hardest words of all. She never would go for it if she could help it, but one morning her mother found it necessary to send her. Entering the store the child handed the jug to the clerk and said: "Smell the jug and give me a quart." —*The Furrow*

MATTHEW HENSON:



Hero of the North Pole

by SCOTT HART

Here is the inspiring story of a stouthearted Negro explorer who suffered incredible hardships to reach the top of the world with Peary; his gallantry helped give the U. S. title to a strategic area in the Arctic

THE SIX MEN STOOD at the North Pole and stared at an American flag, fluttering in a gray unearthly light. They had made an incredible journey in fear and torture through the Arctic's treacherous white door to the prize—the lonely top of the world.

By the side of Commander Robert E. Peary, expedition leader, stood a Maryland Negro of strong courage and character, Matthew A. Henson, and four unyielding Eskimos. Thus, 38 years ago, two American discoverers—Peary and Henson—gave the U.S. title to an area which today is a strategic spot in any calculations for war or peace. They could not then have known, of course, that they stood on the ice above which the great four-motored planes of 1947 would connect the Old World with the New. But Henson did think of something significant at the time: that whenever a great work is finished by a white man, a Negro generally stands somewhere near-by.

Matthew Henson is 80 years old now. He lives in a modest New York apartment overlooking the Harlem River, the sort of quiet place where an old man can relive an unresting youth in dreams. He seats his caller on a cretonne-covered couch, leans forward and remembers:

In 1866 he was born in the warm landscape of Charles County, Maryland, and was taken to Washington at an early age for schooling. On a Sunday, always his lucky day, Henson ran away to Baltimore and sailed for China as a cabin boy. After four years he knew the ports of Asia and Europe and the hard duties of an able-bodied seaman.

"I can't remember the time when

I didn't want to go somewhere."

In 1888 he found work with Peary in Washington and a destiny with it. Peary was a civil engineer in the Navy. Later, he was often to speak of Henson's ruggedness, capabilities and loyalty; and Henson was to know Peary's "qualities." The white man was strict but fair; that was the way Henson liked things.

WHEN PEARY TURNED seriously to exploration they went eight times to the Arctic, twice in desperate tries for the Pole. Soon Henson became Peary's strong right hand and arm: he could handle Eskimo dogs and sledges, he wore Eskimo dress, spoke their language, learned every device necessary to sustain life in the Arctic winters.

They struck for the Pole in 1905-06, but were stopped by disintegrating ice on the Polar Sea. They returned, Peary moody and disappointed. But instantly he planned another—and a last—try. So on July 6, 1908, his exploration ship *Roosevelt*, built for Arctic ordeal, steamed from New York harbor under whistled salutes.

For shipmaster Peary had Captain Bob Bartlett, 33, a tanned Northern seaman with the shoulders of an ox and hands like wide tough hams. There was Chief Engineer Wardwell, 45, ruddy, white-haired, unexcitable. Looking over the rail or busy in chores of departure were Dr. John W. Goodsell, surgeon; Professors Donald McMillan and Ross Marvin, scientists; George Borup, a 21-year-old plucky tenderfoot, and Bartlett's hand-picked crew. And of course there was Matthew Henson, then 42 years old.

At Oyster Bay, Long Island, they stopped for felicitations from President Theodore Roosevelt. Then they moved north to Etah in Greenland, where they cached provisions against the return trip. Henson, meanwhile, had built sledges of Peary's design, hunted walrus and seals whenever the *Roosevelt* stopped, and read from his Bible and the poems of Kipling. At Etah he helped to take on 39 Eskimos, including women and children, and 246 snarling dogs. The work was almost unending now.

They were heading due north into storms which shook the ship and crashed tons of ice against her sides. In the rolling, tumbling ship Henson worked on equipment while Eskimo women sewed polar clothes for them all. Then came Cape Sheridan, where they would wait through the Arctic night before striking for the Pole in the spring.

The long night came in like a black blanket and temperatures dropped. But no one rested. "We had to have fresh walrus or seal meat," Henson recalls, "and they didn't care how you got it, just so you got it and brought it back."

Ninety-three miles away, overland, lay Cape Columbia, from which they would move across the Polar Sea on foot to the Pole. All winter long they carried provisions from the ship to the Cape, through unending night and increasing storms. Then, on February 18, 1909, the first elusive twilight appeared like a gray finger on the southern horizon. Light would return soon; the great dash for the Pole could start.

Peary had developed a method. From his land base at Cape Columbia he would send parties ahead over the ice to break a trail, build igloos and leave food at points over which he and his group must pass. Thus, a prepared route would extend almost to the Pole itself, and from this farthest point Peary would strike for the prize.

At the Cape, Henson built igloos, watched Bartlett return from a musk-ox hunt and noticed on Dr. Goodsell's face a greenish-yellow color caused by long removal from the sun. His own face, he was told, looked like cracked gingercake. So they stood in the windy sub-zero cold—24 fur-clad men, 19 sledges and 133 dogs—and looked northward to the Pole, 413 miles away.

"If you want to do exploring, you've got to make up your mind that you want to do a thing," Henson remembers.

Bartlett and his Eskimos swung off first, blazing the trail, and then George Borup left with his party. Henson's group followed. All about them spread an upheaval of ice, a white chaos. Movement was allowed only by cutting a way with pickaxes. The wind blew into a savage gale.

Suddenly Henson's sledge split under the jarring of the ice. It must be fixed quickly to keep the group moving. But to remove a glove was to freeze a hand.

Henson worked calmly. He undid the lashings, bored new holes for them, then took off his gloves so he could handle the sealskin thongs. His fingers began freezing. He put them in the warmth of his armpits, then felt the fingers burning and knew they had begun to thaw. Soon he had finished, and hurried along the trail.

They were fighting now for every step. Increasingly they encountered ice ridges, over which they had to cut and slash their way. With night they built snow igloos, slept a few hours and moved on, knowing that the other groups would come from behind and avail themselves of the bleak lodgings.

Henson found sleep at times impossible. Already thirst was torturing him and the others, but eating snow would only react on the body's temperature with discomforting results. The only liquids they had were in the tea they drank. It was, Henson remembers, a "plutonian purgatory."

THEY WERE DOWN TO TWO meals a day when they reached the Big Lead which had stopped Peary's last expedition. Now all the groups spilled against it, unable to cross. When the black milling dots on the tumbled sea ice looked back, southward, the land still stood in sight. And when they looked northward, the black water, with its chunks of floating ice, seemed impassable.

The temperature hovered at 20 degrees below zero. The winds cut them all; the silence, except when the dogs barked or when they spoke, was worse than shattering noises. "It is hell on earth!" Shipmaster Bartlett exclaimed.

Some of the Eskimos grew afraid, whimpered, begged to go back to the ship. Then, across the cold dim twilight, Henson saw the red ball of the sun come up off the southern skyline, a stab of color on the white world. From then on through the season, they would live, if they lived at all, in light through 24 hours a day.

Seven days later, ice formed on

the water and they trudged across. On Henson's sledges were 550 pounds, the heaviest load in any party. With the Eskimos, Henson put his own muscle on the load to help the dogs forward.

There was nothing else to do. The Commander would be coming along soon, with a "Well done, my boy!" or a denunciation if they failed. In Peary now was a drive arising from mysticism and obsession. It was always the same—forward march, hurry, don't stop, hurry! They lived in hunger, their bodies craving fats and oils. Sometimes when Henson finished an igloo he would begin a double-shuffle and Virginia breakdown to circulate his blood.

Thus the days passed. One by one the supporting parties were sent back by the Commander—Goodsell, McMillan, Borup. With the return of each, Henson picked the best dogs for the drive northward by the continuing teams. Up ahead, Bartlett pickaxed his way. Pressing close behind came Peary and Marvin and their Eskimos.

Henson remembers when word came for Professor Marvin to go back to land. They had all been wondering who next would return, whom Peary had picked for the final dash to the Pole.

Henson sat in his igloo, waiting. Then he reached into his pack and pulled out his Bible. He was very fond of Marvin. He turned to the 23rd Psalm and read it over and over: "*Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil. . . .*" He took off his heavy gloves again and turned to the Fifth Chapter of St. Matthew and read in the low cold light: "*Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth. . . .*"

He walked slowly to Marvin's igloo, thinking of his friend. All the way up on the *Roosevelt*, the scientist had taught Henson things about books and the secrets of science. Now they shook hands, wished each other luck, said goodbye.

On April 1, 1909, Peary told Bartlett to return. And the great Northern seaman with the shoulders of an ox turned back toward the sun. Standing now 133 miles from the Pole were Peary, Henson and four Eskimos. With them were the freshest dogs and the best sledges. But Henson wasn't fresh: he had pioneered, had cut the trails. Yet he had been chosen for the last march.

That march became a nightmare. Peary, fresher than the others, plunged on ahead at times, breaking trail. He had become almost frenzied now. He slept not at all himself, and permitted the others to sleep very little. But they didn't talk of the ice, the snow, the wind. They just pushed on, pushed on.

On April 6, the Commander halted and ordered igloos built. Henson watched him significantly unload equipment, including a flag he had long used on their explorations together. Peary always flew it at his journey's ends. Now suddenly it fluttered on top of the igloo. Henson and the four Eskimos gave three echoing cheers, the first and last that men have ever shouted on the world's top. Then they all slept a few hours.

On April 7, Peary ordered Henson to build a protecting snow shield. Then, lying flat on the ice, he took an observation. It was nearly noon. With freezing fingers he jotted notes on a piece of paper. Henson remembers a squaring of the Commander's jaws. He knew every mood that crossed the Commander's face, and he was sure that Peary was satisfied.

Unable to hold back now, with all the long struggles they had made together fulfilled in this one blinding moment, he leaped toward his Commander to shake his hand. Then they slept awhile, made another observation, and started back for land, 413 miles away.

On the return, they made marches faster than on the way up. The Commander, Henson felt, was a deadweight on the other five. He was in collapse: he had endured not only the same great physical strain as the others, but an added mental strain in the weighings of success and failure. Henson is sure that his great Commander's strength passed forever on that trip.

Yet Henson felt one thing all the way in: Peary was still the heart and head of the undertaking. And in the terrible silences, the spirits of men who had tried for the Pole and died flitted on the ice and tortured Henson.

When finally they got back to the *Roosevelt*, Peary stayed close in his cabin. Henson looked about at the faces of those who had gone out on the ice with him. They were thin, drawn, and contained an almost sick wretchedness. He found a mirror, looked at himself, saw the face of an old man. . . .

Today, in the quiet apartment overlooking the Harlem River, the old man talks with a strong and vibrant voice. He quit explorations in 1909, worked for 23 years as a clerk in the U.S. Customs Service, and was retired at 70.

"I guess there aren't many of us explorers left," he says. "No, I don't have any family. Just my wife and me. I got married just before I went on my last trip. Yes, I'd still like to see some more, but I'm too old. You've got no business going to the Arctic after you're 30. So I guess I've been on my last trip.

"But," he says slowly and wistfully, "there's one place I'd still like to go to. That's the South Pole."

The Courage of Youth

THE MINISTER IN A SMALL Oklahoma town had just finished reading the marriage vows. As he bade the young couple good-bye and offered his congratulations, the groom handed him the usual envelope, which he supposed, of course, contained the marriage fee.

After the couple had left, the minister tore open the envelope. There was his fee, all right—a crumpled dollar bill. But the envelope contained something else. He unfolded a sheet of tablet paper and read these scribbled words:

"Thanks, reverend. This leaves us 35 cents. Pray for us."

—CLYDE ELLIS

Hearse-Chasing:
The Meanest Racket

by VIVIAN WILSON AND
JACQUELINE BERKE

Don't fall for the ghoulish schemes of those who capitalize on sorrow; in their language, C.O.D. means "Cash on Death"

A WEEK AFTER HARVEY Sommers died, a delivery truck arrived at his Baltimore home. Two men carried a large carton into the hallway. When Sommers' children opened it they were confronted by a life-size oil painting of their father.

At first they were bewildered. This didn't seem the sort of thing Harvey Sommers fancied. And why should it come so soon after his death? But wonder quickly changed to approval, for having the portrait was almost like having their father back again.

Only John, the eldest son who had been appointed executor of the estate, was skeptical. "I can't imagine Dad taking time out to sit for a portrait," he said.

Next day when the bill arrived—$3,000 payable to a William Link of New York—John became more articulate. "I don't think Dad ever ordered that portrait," he told his brothers and sisters. "And I don't intend to pay for it."

But Link brought suit for payment. At the trial he produced an order for the portrait, signed by Sommers. John, however, had already found the flaw in the painting—his father was portrayed with brown eyes. A dozen defense witnesses were called, all lifelong friends of the deceased. The testimony was unanimous: "Harvey Sommers had blue eyes."

Cornered by carelessness, Link confessed. He had never met Harvey Sommers, had never received an order for the portrait. The signature was forged. Thus ended the amazing career of William Link, swindler extraordinary. He was a "hearse chaser," a man who capitalized on death. People who could pay the price were glad to buy his brand of comfort, for they never dreamed it was counterfeit.

Link and his kind despoil the living, preying on bereaved families, exploiting inevitable grief and shock. They call themselves merchants, creditors, biographers, old friends—any pose that brings them a stake in the estate.

Newspaper obituary columns are the hearse chaser's favorite reading.

Especially he thrives during wars, epidemics and disasters. His schemes are so subtle, his approaches so natural, that they rarely evoke suspicion. That is why his prosperous business is nation-wide.

William Link is a fictitious name, but the facts in his case are true. Wealthy men were in his catalogue, becoming potential quarry as soon as they passed 60. Then Link would pay a "birthday call" on the man's chauffeur. Pretending to be a newspaper reporter, he would bribe the chauffeur for a snapshot of his employer. Then he would hire a hack artist to do a life-size painting from the snapshot.

After that, Link would merely sit back, a hopeful ear tuned for the death knell. Sometimes it took six months, sometimes several years, but his patience always paid off. For 15 years he made $30,000 a year by submitting bills on the heels of the funeral.

Yet Link posed as a solid citizen in the New York suburb where he lived. His wealth gave him and his family social position; he was a regular churchgoer. Certainly he was no typical racketeer.

The same can be said of most hearse chasers. They are hard to spot. For example, the day Charles Lewis was buried, his spinster sister, Harriet, locked herself in a room of gloom. Suddenly the doorbell rang—a C.O.D. package for Charles Lewis.

Automatically Harriet paid the bill, opened the package. There was a gold-tooled leather Bible, stamped "C.T.L."—Charles' initials.

"How strange!" Harriet thought. "This Bible must have been one of the last things Charles bought. Why, it's almost like receiving a gift from God!"

Harriet never realized that the transaction was merely a shakedown. The shark who sent the C.O.D. Bible knew that a touch so personal, so religious, would arouse no suspicion.

Though the Bible is his favorite, the small-time hearse chaser handles a varied stock. Packages addressed to people who died contain such gaudy assortments as cheap jewelry, perfume bottles, ash trays. The collection may be worth $3, but the "Cash on Death" bill generally reads $12.50.

EVEN MORE BRAZEN THAN the C.O.D. is the letter of condolence from an "old friend." A New York widow recently received this note:

"Dear Mrs. Greene: I was shocked when I read last week that Bill had died. Bill and I were old friends. We went to State University together, but later we drifted apart. Then, a month ago I ran into him downtown.

"It was good to reminisce about old times; Bill talked a lot about you and the kids. I just can't believe he has passed on.

"It was a Saturday the last time I saw Bill. The banks were closed and he was short of cash. So I lent him $25. Now Bill was never one to forget a debt, and I'm sure you'll want to pay me back.

"I hate to bother you, but my wife has been sick and I'm having a hard time paying doctor bills. Thanks a lot and please accept my deepest sympathy."

Of course, no such loan was ever made. The hearse chaser had gleaned facts from an obituary and added a dash of imagination. If the widow pays he makes a handsome profit on his investment of a three-cent stamp.

But the short-order charlatan is not in the same class with the organized racketeer. In this category is the "biografter," the elite of the hearse chasers who casts his bait only for big money.

A Philadelphia woman was a typical victim. Shortly after the death of her father, a prominent physician, she was visited by a well-dressed, smooth-talking young man. Claiming to represent an historical society that specialized in publishing biographies of professional Philadelphians, he read a flattering word-portrait of her father.

"There is no cost connected with this book," he said. "Just sign this slip reserving a copy for you."

Six months later a volume bound in imitation leather was delivered to her home with a bill for $65. When she attempted to return the book, she discovered she had signed a contract agreeing to pay the price.

During the war, a Kentucky "biografter" added a new group to the sucker list—the parents and wives of men killed in action. But this time he overstepped himself. The Post Office Department clamped down on his mail promotion and labeled his racket "a scheme to obtain money through false pretenses."

Despite occasional missteps, the professional hearse chaser is busier today than ever, devising post-war angles. One of his most ghoulish ideas involves a call to a mother who has lost a son overseas. "For $10," he says, "I will tell you where your son lies buried."

Some families he has misled are turning to the Veterans Administration, where they obtain accurate information, free of charge. Other people, unaware of the VA's service, are still being tricked.

We are now in the midst of a swindle boom. In the last two years, complaints from victims have increased greatly. If you want to avoid the hearse chaser, here are some simple rules prescribed by the Better Business Bureau:

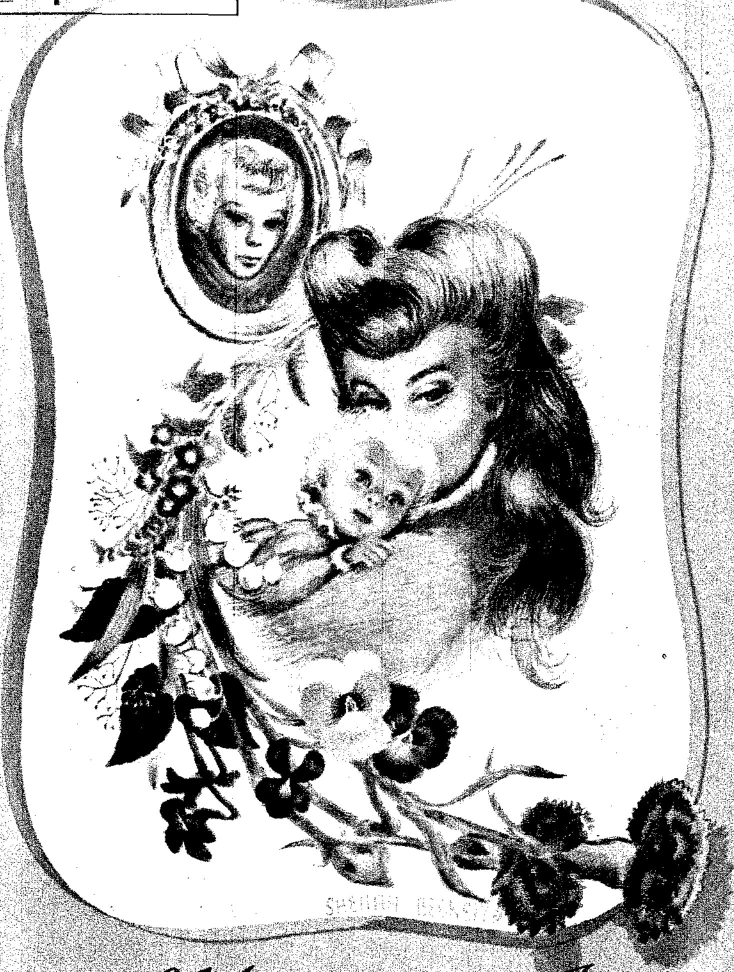
When a death occurs in the family, do not transact any but essential business until you have recovered from the shock and regained your balance. Unless you are completely familiar with a transaction, do not deal with strangers, do not sign any papers, do not accept any C.O.D. packages, do not pay any money. Otherwise, you may be robbed by some of the slickest operators that ever preyed on grief-stricken people.

Conversation Stopper

WITH HER HAND ON THE light switch, the little woman interrupted her interminable chatter to inquire, "Is everything shut up for the night, dear?"

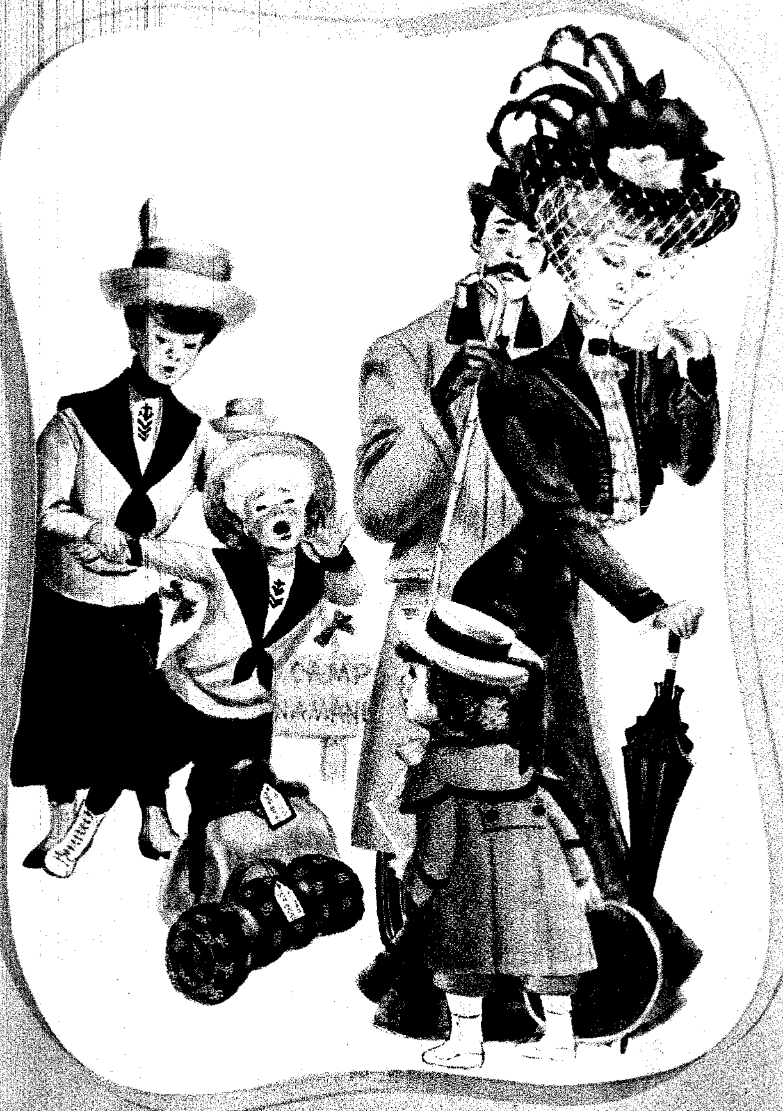
From out of the darkness came hubby's patient reply: "Everything else, dear." —*Wall Street Journal*

Special Feature



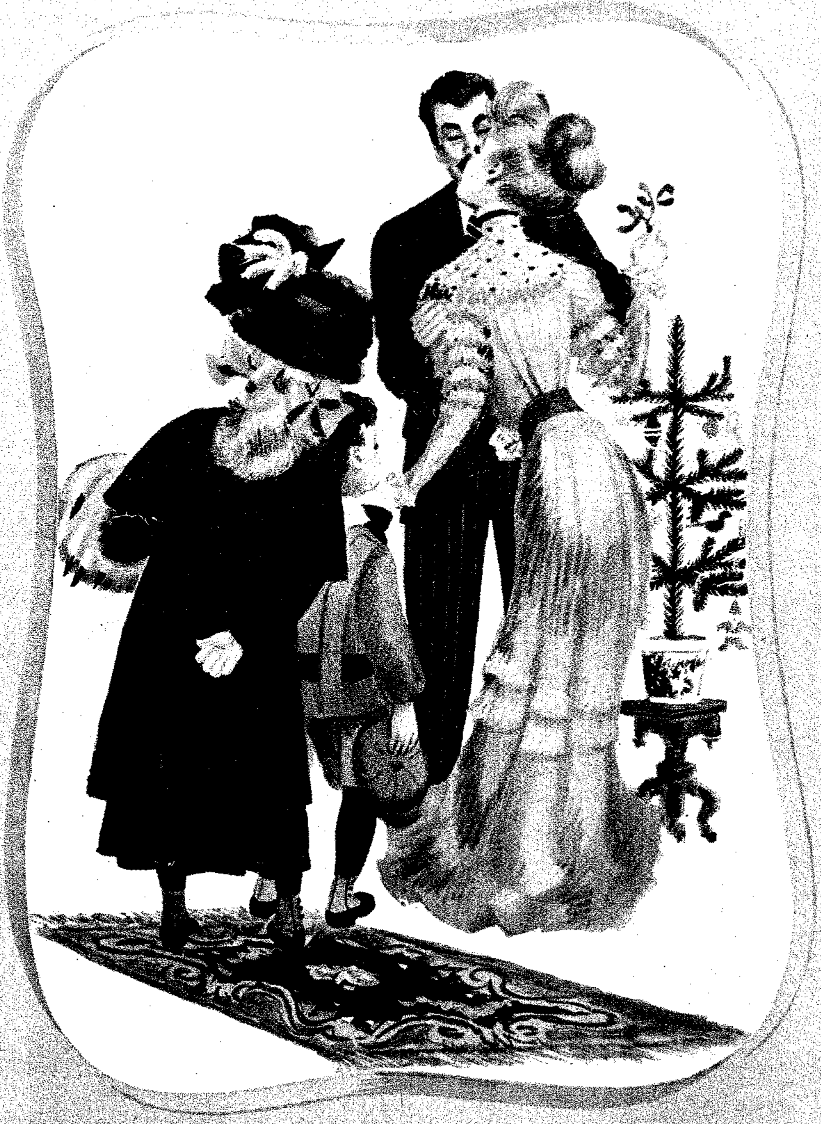
Mother and I

First proclaimed in May, 1914, by President Wilson, in response to a movement begun by Miss Anna Jarvis, Mother's Day is one of America's most beautiful and deeply inspired holidays. On the following pages the editors of Coronet present a special tribute to Mother's Day. Here, in the delightfully nostalgic paintings of Sheilah Beckett, are scenes which many of us will recall with pleasure. Together with a mother's reflections on her childhood, they make a picture album of memories we all can share . . .



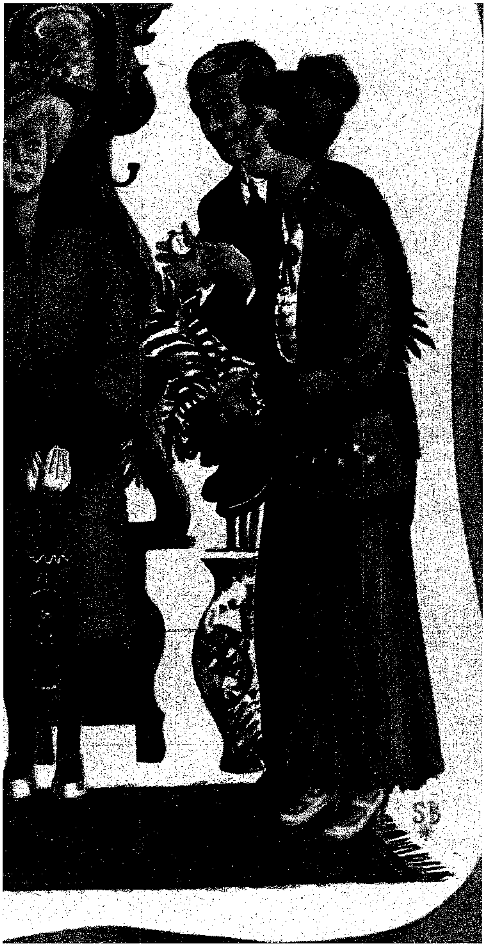
The First Year I Went to Camp

The first time Mother sent me off to camp for the summer was not much fun. I cried as though my heart would break, and Mother had to turn away. She said it was all for my own good, but I was sure I'd never see her or my family again.



The Kiss that Puzzled Me

Mother used to kiss me and brother good-night. We could understand that. But I'll never forget the Christmas Mother held up some mistletoe and Father kissed *her*. We felt suddenly as if they lived in a world we would never be able to share.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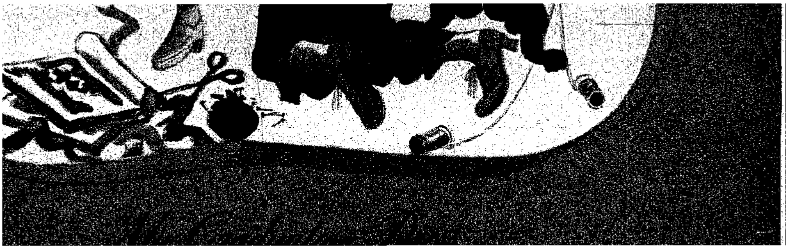

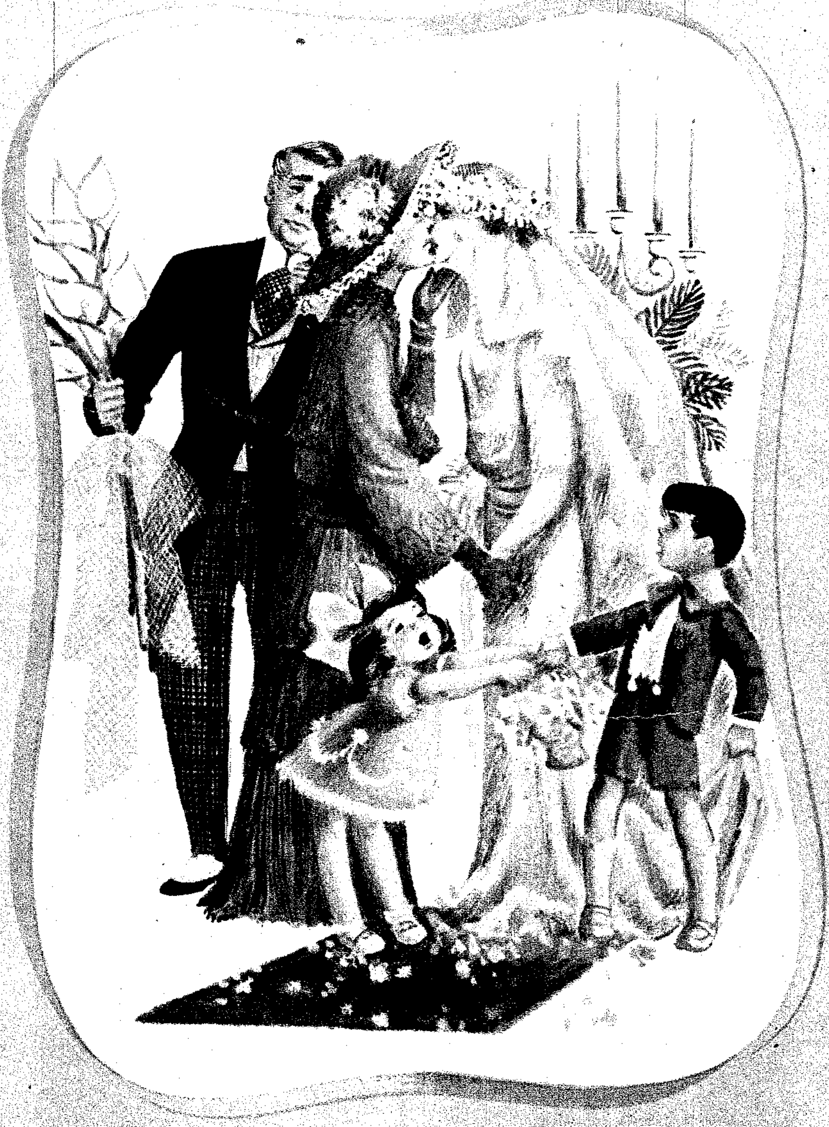

My Wedding Day

Mother kissed me before the ceremony, and I thought surely that this was the end, but I am still depending on her—and can only wish today that my own children sometimes think of me as I think of Mother—gracious, wise, and beautiful.

How to Travel and Stay Well

by George W. Kisker, M.D.

If you get sick in trains, boats, planes or cars, it may be your own fault; here are some tips for overcoming kinetosis

SOMETIME DURING THE next few months, an American tourist in Egypt will become ill while riding a camel. It always happens. But most of us won't have to travel halfway around the world to meet the same ailment: 5,000,000 American men and women will become ill on trains, boats, planes and in automobiles. Whether it is the slow sway of a camel, the sudden drop of a plane or the rolling of a boat, we continually face the danger of experiencing man's most unpleasant illness—kinetosis.

What causes motion sickness? Frankly, no authority is quite sure—although everyone agrees that the most important factor is a disturbance of the sensitive structures of the ear—that delicate organ which gives us our sense of balance.

Fortunately we are not all equally susceptible to kinetosis. There are individual differences, just as there are individual differences in height, weight, hair color and size of feet. If you are one of the lucky, you will become ill under only the most trying travel conditions. If among the unlucky, you will become ill every time you are subjected to an unfamiliar motion. In extreme cases, even dancing will bring on illness.

Motion sickness is one of the most unpleasant experiences known to man. Anyone who has ever spent a few rough days at sea—or a few rough hours in an airliner—will not argue the fact. The first sign of sickness is dizziness. Some people never get beyond this point; others begin to sweat and turn pale. If it gets worse, nausea follows. Not very complicated symptoms, but the Devil himself could not have concocted more unpleasant ones!

In the search for relief, two types of drugs have been tried. One is the ordinary sedative that relaxes the entire body. The other calms the part of the nervous system responsible for travel sickness. Atropine, phenobarbital, scopolamine, ergotamine, pilocarpine, benzedrine, stramonium, chloral hydrate, sodium amytal, belladonna and tincture of iodine are just a few of the drugs that have been used. When one seems to offer promise, researchers soon find that it works only for certain people. And the search starts all over again.

MEDICAL MEN NOW know that the various kinds of motion sickness are closely related. Car sickness, train sickness, airsickness, seasickness, swing sickness—all have something in common. And while a person who is chronically seasick is *likely* to be chronically airsick, it is not always the case. The only way you can settle the question is to go up in a plane and find out. You may be immune.

The Army Air Forces Training Command, which keeps a record of the first 10 flights of all cadets, has found that about 10 per cent become airsick during the first five flights. By the fifth flight, as many as eight per cent have become conditioned, but the others are considered hopeless and are usually "washed out."

Every steamship and every type of plane has its own identifying movements. Thus it is quite possible for a passenger to be deathly ill on the *Queen Mary* and never suffer a qualm on the *Ile de France*. With aircraft, a passenger may collapse on a Constellation or other four-motored plane and yet never even feel dizzy in a DC-3. In other words, kinetosis doesn't depend on the plane or ship you travel in—it depends on *you*.

In seeking a cure for motion sickness, scientists have developed various experimental devices. One is the "Barany Chair," in which subjects are seated and then whirled around to produce reactions. But since the whirling chair does not duplicate any of the motions ordinarily met in travel, it has been more or less abandoned.

In another testing method, subjects are swung back and forth in an adjustable swing. By controlling the speed of the swing and the arc of glide, it is possible to bring on a type of sickness similar to that produced by planes and boats. During the war, the swing test was widely used in selecting cadet fliers.

At Wesleyan University in Connecticut, psychologists constructed a "wave machine"—a sound-shielded, temperature-controlled booth similar to an elevator, which can be made to go up 600 feet a minute or down 1,000 feet a minute. Tests have shown that the time factor in motion is more important than the motion itself. That is why we are not bothered by short, jerky movements or by quick motions. Our sickness comes from movements which involve a relatively long time factor.

But there is more to the problem than the stimulation brought on by speeding or slowing movements, rotating, oscillating, dropping, pitching and rolling. Kinetosis is brought on by the unaccustomed motion, *plus* emotional stress. The fear of a plane or of water is in itself enough to cause illness. If these same victims were to experience the identical motion in a laboratory, they would probably come through the test unscathed.

There is still much to be learned about the psychology of motion sickness. One young Philadelphia woman admitted that she became "seasick" every time she saw a newsreel picture of a ship in a heavy sea. And every pier and airport has known passengers who became ill before departure time. Even the characteristic odor of the boat or plane is enough to turn some passengers green!

Dr. E. A. Spiegel, of Temple University School of Medicine, warns against movements of the head in airliners during fast ascents or descents or during any changes in the ship's speed. Seasoned ocean travelers have always followed this rule. They know they are less likely to become ill when lying down.

Vision also has something to do with kinetosis. At one time it was thought that closing the eyes would ward off sickness. But now we know that even blind travelers become ill. What's more, your chances of becoming seasick or airsick in the dark are just as great as in the daytime.

Nevertheless, vision is a factor. Every airline has pilots who are never sick while operating the plane, yet who promptly become ill when riding as passengers. Part of the trouble is probably psychological—but part is due to the fact that the pilot keeps his eyes occupied.

No matter how unpleasant travel sickness may be, Americans will continue to crisscross their own country—and the world—by plane, train, boat and car. But by following a few simple rules, they may be able to make their trips more pleasurable.

The secret of sickness-free travel is contained in this warning: relax mentally and keep yourself busy physically! Take a patent "remedy" if you want, but don't expect it to work miracles. If you think you are going to be sick, you probably *will* be. Tell yourself that you are *not* going to be sick, and you immeasurably increase your chances of a blissful ride!

Dinner Table Talk

IF THE HEART beats for a single day were concentrated into one huge throb of vital power, it might be sufficient to throw a ton of iron 120 feet into the air. —AUBREY J. CARPENTER

* * *

IN THE LAST four thousand years of history, there have been but 268 years entirely free of war.

* * *

ONE OF WHISTLER'S rejected paintings was accepted later by an art gallery when he submitted it upside down.

—JOHN HENRY CUTLER

Giants of the Front Page

by **LAWRENCE LADER**

In the battle for news around the world, the correspondents of America's biggest press associations face any hazards, sometimes at the cost of their lives

"YOU CAN'T GO ON," the doctor warned Bob Miller in 1943. Miller had landed with the Marines at Guadalcanal the year before. He had dug a foxhole on the jungle beach, had prowled behind the Japanese lines with Edson's Raiders. Month after month he stayed on the job, his skin yellow from jaundice, his body wracked with tropical fevers.

You can't go on? From the Pacific, United Press Correspondent Miller went to Europe, entered Paris with the first Allied columns, moved with them across France, kept writing the kind of war stories that had won for him the National Headliners' Club award for the best reporting in the South Pacific area. And he continued going until some shrapnel caught him at Verdun and crippled his right arm.

It has always been that way with the men who write our news. Wherever the stories "break," the reporters for the two largest worldwide services, Associated Press and United Press, have been on hand to see and hear and tell.*

Back in 1889, AP correspondent William Connolly was sent to Johnstown, Pennsylvania, when the big dam broke. A roaring cascade of water had engulfed the town. From Pittsburgh, Connolly rushed to get the story, fighting his way on foot the last three miles. In the swirling mud, amidst bodies and wreckage, Connolly slipped and wrenched his leg. Struggling to a farmhouse that overlooked the valley, he fought off pain and sent out the first great story of the historic Johnstown flood.

In 1942, when UP correspondent Bill Disher covered the North African invasion, his broken ankle was in a cast. He had to walk with a crutch. But when the first Coast Guard cutter raced toward the boom across the entrance of Oran Harbor, Disher was on board. Soon his story was on its way to a waiting world, even though the cutter was sunk under him and his body bore nine shrapnel wounds.

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*International News Service, owned by the Hearst publications, is also a far-flung news-gathering organization; but this article has been confined to the histories of the two oldest and largest wire services.

At New Britain in 1943, AP's Bob Eunson, armed only with a typewriter, landed on the Pacific island in the first wave of rubber assault rafts. The Japs opened fire at 50 yards. The invasion rafts were cut to bits. Eunson's typewriter was smashed, his glasses blown to pieces. But when the correspondent struggled from the surf, he borrowed another typewriter, found a marine with a pair of glasses he could see through, and sat down to write a story that made the front page of many of America's newspapers.

The news gathered by the Associated Press and United Press is flashed not to just one city or state, not just to the country, but around the world. Together, the AP and UP serve directly 4,500 newspapers and radio stations throughout the world. In addition, hundreds of newspapers and radio stations on all continents are served indirectly through their national news agencies.

Since 1848, when six New York newspapers decided to pool reportorial resources, the news services have come a long way. In that year, a single paper like the New York *Journal of Commerce* couldn't afford to send a correspondent to Europe or to California for the Gold Rush. But six papers, 20 papers, 100 papers could send one man whom they trusted, to supply the news for all.

Gradually the idea grew. One correspondent in England sent back news over Cyrus Field's new Atlantic cable. One correspondent rode with President-elect Lincoln from Springfield to Washington. And as the idea continued to grow, the correspondents needed assistants. Bureaus were formed, more and more, until today there are more than 300 AP and UP offices, or bureaus, all over the world, relaying news to member papers everywhere.

Yet it took more than correspondents to make a news service. First, the AP and UP had to have cables linking news sources together. Later, a network of teleprinters and radio was required to pull in stories from thousands of miles away, and send them flashing out again a few minutes later.

Before 1900, when telegraph lines connected only important points in the country, getting news out of a small town was an obstacle race. Addison Thomas of the AP could tell you about it. When John L. Sullivan faced Jake Kilrain in the last bare-knuckle championship bout at Richburg, Mississippi, the nearest telegraph office was at New Orleans, 100 miles away. To rush the story of the championship fight there, Thomas chartered a railroad engine and two cars and kept them waiting on a siding near the ring.

But there was another headache;

afraid he would be caught in the jam after the fight, Thomas made some hollow wooden balls. The instant the fight ended, he stuffed his story into the balls and threw them over the spectators' heads to waiting assistants. The AP men rushed for the train and set out for New Orleans.

But opposition newsmen had scented the AP plan and managed to get on one of the cars of the speeding train. Clambering forward to the engine, the AP men disconnected the two cars and left the opposition stranded on the track.

Hugh Baillie, president of the United Press today, can also tell you about building a news service. In 1907, when the UP started in competition to the Associated Press, it was like David against Goliath —an infant service trying to battle with an established giant. All along the West Coast, UP clients were waiting for news. But the UP had a leased wire only as far as Denver.

"Get the news out there!" UP chiefs in New York commanded. So at Denver, the UP bureau made a 1,500-word condensation of the day's news, then sent it by Western Union to San Francisco. There, the report was expanded to full-length for UP's clients, just as though it had come over leased wire. For almost a year, until UP got a wire through to the coast, the news service kept the illusion going to the satisfaction of its clients.

Kent Cooper, executive director of the Associated Press, is another who knows about building a news service. As far back as 1925, he was anticipating the day when photographs could be sent to clients thousands of miles away in a matter of minutes. Yet even by 1932, distribution of pictures was snail-like.

When Bell Laboratories in 1933 announced a system for sending pictures by wire, Cooper jumped at the chance. But there were obstacles. Led by the Hearst and Acme picture services, a block of papers served by AP opposed the cost of Wirephoto. Cooper fought back. This wasn't a matter of dollars and cents: the progress of AP was at stake. In the final vote, Wirephoto was approved.

At 3 A.M. on New Year's Day, 1935, engineer Harold Carlson in AP's New York office nodded his head. His assistant at the network phone asked editors in 25 cities: "Are you ready?" Carlson clicked a button. The cylinder in his compact machine began to revolve, a high-pitched whine was heard. Electric impulses flashed the pictures simultaneously to 25 other machines, and Wirephoto was born.

NEW YORK IS THE 24-hour brain center for clearing all AP and UP news sent and received around the world. The AP has four floors in Radio City, the UP three floors on East 42nd Street. In the main news rooms rows of Teletype machines clatter ceaselessly. At the General Desk, basic news of the day is received, edited, rewritten and sent out on the main "A" wire. But dozens of other wires carry news of interest to particular areas of the country. Then there are special wires for sports, for finance, for Washington politics.

The AP is a cooperative association, composed of more than 1,300 member papers in the U.S. Each publication is assessed an annual sum, based upon the size of the city the paper serves. A million words a day flow over AP's 300,000 miles of leased wires to 2,600 newspapers and radio stations and to many other publications serviced through cooperating agencies like the Canadian Press and Russia's Tass.

The UP, a stock company, is controlled by the E. W. Scripps Trust and sells news to any responsible user. A small town paper may pay $18 to $40 a week for a brief daily report, while top big-city papers get 24-hour coverage for fees of $2,500 a week or more, depending on circulation. From UP's New York headquarters, 1,000,000 words are flashed daily over 180,000 miles of leased wire to 1,900 newspaper and radio clients.

The ceaseless battle to get the news first, to write it accurately, to get it on the wire at once, may begin any minute of the day or night, like the race to reach the Remagen bridgehead in March, 1945. When word came through at dawn to Spa, Belgium, that Patton's Army had made the first Rhine crossing, 40 correspondents hopped into jeeps and raced for Remagen, 65 air miles away. While some suffered blowouts or got stuck in the tangle of transports moving up, Howard Cowan of the AP reached the outskirts of Remagen. There an MP stopped him.

Abandoning his jeep, Cowan pushed forward on foot. German shells were bursting all around. At the Bridge, armored columns were racing across. When one jeep slowed, Cowan hopped in. A few minutes later he reached the command post on the other side, the first correspondent there.

But after getting his story, he still had to return to the press camp. The only way back was by jeep, bucking traffic and a cold lashing snow. By the time he reached press camp his fingers were numb. Painfully, Cowan typed out his story, and the first eyewitness account of the Rhine crossing went flashing across the Atlantic to the AP—an hour and 21 minutes ahead of any other service.

In Chicago last year, the battle for news began in a streetcar passing the Hotel LaSalle. Riding home, Claire Cox of the UP saw flames leaping from the hotel windows. She jumped off the car and raced for the hotel. Fran Leary, night manager of the UP, was in a taxi when the fire engines almost ran him down. Turning the cab, he chased the engines.

At the fire, he teamed with Claire Cox, rushing phone reports back to the UP bureau. Minutes after the fire broke out the UP had the first story of the LaSalle disaster flashing across the country.

All over the world, the AP-UP struggle goes on. When Mahatma Gandhi was released from prison a few years ago, an AP man was first to reach him. "I suppose when I go to the Hereafter and stand at the Golden Gate," sighed the Mahatma resignedly, "the first person I shall meet will be a correspondent of the Associated Press."

Even when newsmen are vacationing, there is no pause in the fight. Recently a UP bureau man from Iowa was sight-seeing in New York. Atop the Empire State Building, he swung the observation telescope towards La Guardia Field just as a blob of flame glided to earth. Rushing to the phone, he called UP's New York news room.

"Plane on fire at La Guardia!" he shouted. "This is Russell. Des Moines. On vacation."

THE AP-UP BATTLE for news does not involve only veteran reporters, but also thousands of part-time correspondents who work on assignment. One of them—Sam Davis—has become an AP legend. As a Nevada reporter for the Carson *Appeal*, the San Francisco *Examiner* and the AP, Davis interviewed Sarah Bernhardt when the great actress was touring the West.

Impressed by the way he handled the story, Bernhardt said good-bye as her train was about to leave. Kissing him on both cheeks, then on the lips, she said: "The right cheek for the *Appeal*, the left for the *Examiner*, and the lips, my friend, for yourself."

Davis' reply could not have been surpassed. "Madame," he said, "I also represent the Associated Press, which serves 380 papers west of the Mississippi."

In the midst of the fight for news, the UP has even made "reporters" out of complete novices. In 1943, a Lackawanna limited was wrecked near Dansville, New York, killing 29 people. The nearest UP reporter was in Rochester, 45 miles away. A UP editor in New York got the Dansville drugstore on the phone. Hudson Randall, 16-year-old youth from the local high school, was enjoying a soda at the counter.

"Ever written a story?" the editor asked.

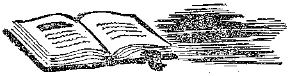
"Nope," replied Randall, "but I can learn."

In the quickest journalism lesson in history, the editor taught Randall the "who, what, when, where and why" of basic reporting. Five minutes later, Randall sped to the wreck scene and turned in a story worthy of an old-line reporter.

Thus the battle for news goes on. But not all the men who go out come back. In World War II, five AP and five UP correspondents were killed. Thirty-seven more were wounded. Larry Allen had three ships sunk under him while covering the British fleet. Robert Bellaire was beaten and strangled in a Jap prison camp. Richard D. McMillan was hit by shell splinters, blown up by dynamite, and finally hit a land mine while crossing a field in his jeep.

Month after month, the men of the AP and UP get the story. In the struggle the AP may win one day, the UP the next. But in the long run there is only one real winner—the millions of Americans whose newspapers give them the freest and the most accurate reporting in the world.

Philosophy Footnote



The worst thing about history is that every time it repeats itself the price goes up. —*Pillar* *by* **NORMAN CARLISLE**

Fortunes *in* FRUIT

To the fabulous Stark nurseries, every back yard is a potential source of golden riches

THE LEAN YOUNG HORSEMAN raised himself in the saddle and shaded his eyes against the autumn sun.

"There it is!" announced the roughly dressed man who had reined up beside him.

Paul Stark stared at the drab weather-beaten house that seemed to crouch under the mountain. For a moment sharp misgivings struck him. For this he had come 1,000 miles, the last 20 on horseback over tortuous West Virginia trails.

Dismounting, he knocked on the door that hung loosely from hinges. No one answered.

"Reckon he might be back in the hills," Stark's companion observed.

"But I've *got* to see him," the young man insisted. "Guess I'll take a look around anyway. There's a chance—just a chance—I might find it myself."

The guide shook his head, obviously questioning the sanity of this man who had come 1,000 miles to find a golden apple. But Paul Stark made his way past the house, then eagerly began pacing between rows of apple trees, peering up at the fruit gleaming red in the sunlight. For hours he tramped through the orchard before he finally bowed his head in defeat.

"Guess we might as well leave," Stark said reluctantly to the guide. His hopes were shattered, a dream destroyed. Well, he philosophized, this business is like that. . . . But as they rode away he turned for a last look at the rows of apple trees. Then with a shout he was out of the saddle, running like a man possessed.

Paul Stark had seen a yellow spot gleaming through the green foliage. A moment later he was holding in his hands a bright golden apple. Quickly he took a bite—and a satisfied smile spread across his face.

Later, when the farmer returned to his cabin, Stark handed him a check for $5,000, and added the man's name to the list of hundreds of people he has visited in his business of tracking down just such fruits as that elusive golden apple. For Paul Stark and his brothers have made the whole country their orchard, turning twigs into dollars in one of the most amazing enterprises in America. They have converted a family homestead at Louisiana, Missouri, into a world-famed center of fruit research. Their activities have brought scores of new fruits to American tables, and poured millions of dollars into the pockets of American farmers.

To view the story in perspective, you have to go back to 1816, when young James Stark moved to Missouri, his saddlebags carrying a bundle of apple cuttings for grafting to sturdy local trees. The Missouri orchard was soon flourishing, and James, being a generous man, began giving away seedlings. The news spread, and soon frontiersmen were coming from miles around to get the trees.

Finally the demand became so great that James had to stop giving his trees away and commenced selling them instead. Today the Stark Nurseries are run by the fourth and fifth generations—Paul, Lloyd, Clay, Edwin, Lawrence, John and Paul Stark, Jr., and John S. Logan—on the site of James Stark's old homestead.

THE NURSERIES MIGHT have remained just another small local business had it not been for an idea that hit Clarence Stark in the 1890s. He wasn't satisfied with the kinds of apples then being raised. "There must be better ones," he declared. And to find them he set up an annual fair, to which farmers were invited to send fruit that they considered superior or different.

Up in Iowa, a stubborn farmer named Jesse Hiatt heard of the fair and packed a box of curious apples. One day more than 20 years before, he had discovered a bright green shoot springing up near a fallen apple tree. He cut it down, but a year later it was up again. This time Hiatt let it grow.

Years went by, and finally the tree bore apples. All but one fell off prematurely, yet when Hiatt tasted that one, he felt a thrill of excitement. Here was an apple that not only looked different, with little bumps on the bottom, but tasted different too.

People began to shake their heads about Hiatt, saying that he was plumb crazy about that apple. Year after year, as the tree flourished, Hiatt patiently sent samples to fairs all over the Midwest. But the judges didn't like the bumps.

Hiatt, however, was still undaunted, and in 1893 he shipped samples to the Stark fair. Clarence Stark picked up one, ran fingers idly over the bumps, then bit into it. Instantly amazement spread across his face.

"Who sent these in?" he demanded.

Attendants scurried around but could not find the shipping tags. Stark groaned in disappointment. There was nothing to do but wait another year, hoping the shipper would try again.

Meanwhile, Jesse Hiatt was not surprised when he heard nothing from the Starks. He was used to that. Yet next year he hopefully shipped another box to Louisiana, Missouri. This time Clarence Stark was watching eagerly as each crate was opened.

A little later he drove to the old Hiatt farm and handed Jesse a check, in payment for world rights to grow and propagate the apple that Stark said would be called the "Delicious."

The tree scorned for two decades now became the cornerstone of the Stark legend that has since grown to fabulous proportions. Yet at first, the idea of apples with bumps on them drew only laughs from orchardists. But Clarence Stark merely sat back and waited.

Soon the apples were in demand everywhere. Growers clamored for trees. Millions were sold, and the Delicious gained additional fame when it played a part in starting the great Washington and Oregon apple boom.

The success of the Delicious really launched the Starks on a democratic experiment in developing new kinds of trees. Today, the plan has turned the back yards and orchards of the nation into proving grounds. It has sent Paul Stark, fourth-generation descendant of James Stark, out across the country on hundreds of quests.

In 1940, while he was in the big apple country of the Northwest, he ran into an old friend, F. A. Schell, who had retired from business to become a fruit breeder. Schell had a new apple that combined the flavor of the Golden Delicious with a sensational red color—and rich coloring always helps apple sales.

The apple had still another advantage—it ripened earlier than other varieties. Schell received one of the highest prices ever paid for an apple tree, and the Starks had another important addition to their nurseries.

The Starks enjoyed one of their biggest breaks when Clarence paid a visit to Luther Burbank in California. At the time, Burbank had not yet achieved world fame: few nurserymen had even visited his experimental grounds. But no sooner had Stark stepped off the train than he could see that Burbank was producing some astonishing fruits. Before the day was ended, Stark had paid Burbank $9,000 for several new varieties, and had made a lifelong friend.

Through the years, the Starks continued to back Burbank in his experiments. After his death they inherited a strange legacy, a battered old trunk. It contained the product of a lifetime's work, for it was his treasured seed trunk. With almost tender care, the Starks planted the seeds in a huge new experimental garden in Louisiana, Missouri, and from that garden came literally thousands of new plants.

With sole rights to Burbank's new plant secrets, the Starks were able to find commercial adaptations for many new varieties that might otherwise never have reached the public. One of the prizes turned out to be a fantastic tree onto which Burbank had grafted no less than 200 varieties of fruits.

THUS FAR THE STARKS have brought to the public several new kinds of plums, a superior early peach, a fast-growing walnut and a number of other developments. The hand-pollination methods used by Burbank are faithfully followed by the Stark experimenters, but the slowness of the process has made the Starks broaden the scope of their nation-wide search for new varieties.

Every year thousands of people hopefully send in what they regard as something new in fruits or plants. If a variety seems promising, it is observed and studied on a day-to-day basis. Some of the tests are truly amazing, for it is not uncommon to see pears, apples and plums all growing serenely on a single tree.

The quest for new fruits is never-ending. What happened to Lewis Mood, a New Jersey farmer, can happen to anyone. One day, Mood discovered that a limb on one of his Delicious trees was behaving in a most unorthodox manner. The apples were turning bright red and ripening three weeks ahead.

When Paul Stark arrived to inspect the fruits, he was elated. "It may be the break we've been waiting for," he told Mood. "An early Delicious!"

It was the break, all right, and within three years the Starks had 350,000 seedlings for sale, while Mood was still marveling at the $6,000 check he received for a single apple branch.

"There are probably dozens of back-yard fortunes like that, if people would only notice them," says Paul Stark.

So if you own a fruit tree, why not take another look at it?

What a Difference a Word Makes!

THE SURPRISE OF A misplaced word or the twist caused by an omitted letter sometimes make typographical errors incalculably comic. Here are a few choice journalistic boners:

"The new bride is 20 feet wide from buttress to buttress."

"Mrs. Robbins, president of the Woman's Club, announces that on Wednesday, June 15, the final meeting will be hell."

"Frank Cape is at the Massachusetts General Hospital. He is suffering from head injuries and shock caused by coming into contact with a live wife."

"The Sunday School picnic held at Ocean Grove last Sunday was a hug success."

"At the Ladies' Aid Society meeting many interesting articles were raffled off. Every member had brought something she no longer needed. Many members brought their husbands."

A story on fishing in the *Northwest Organizer* ended with this startling statement: "Still, as Fred Simmons says, 'For sheer tricks, fight and stamina, give me a small-mouthed lass at sundown any time.' "

And an advertisement in a Pennsylvania paper headed "Mother's Day Special" read: "Don't Kill Your Wife. Let Our Washing Machine Do the Dirty Work."

—*A Treasury of Laughter*, EDITED BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER,
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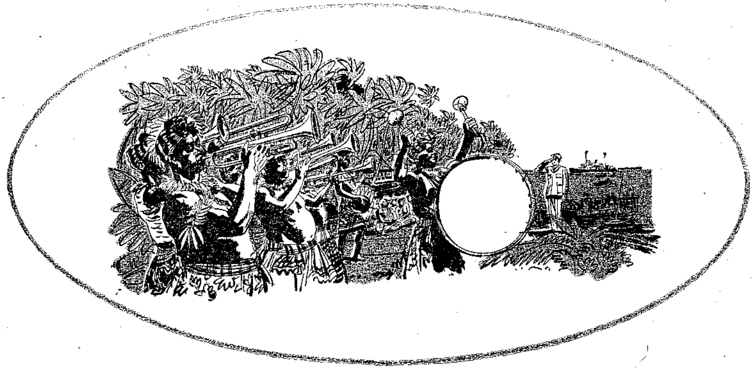

Uncle Sam's Barefoot Navy

by R. MAGRUDER DOBIE

America's picturesque Samoan tars don't wear shoes or bell-bottom trousers, but they're part of the fleet just the same

IT HAPPENS ALMOST every time a ship steams into the beautiful harbor of Pago Pago in American Samoa. Through binoculars a seaman sights a group of natives marching along the waterfront, behind an 18-piece band playing *Siboney*.

"Look," he says to his shipmates, "the circus is in town."

Promptly an old salt puts the youngster wise. "That's not a circus. That's the U.S. Navy."

It is hard to believe, but those fat, barefooted Polynesians in white skirts and undershirts, red skullcaps and red sashes, are just as much a part of the Navy as the bluejackets of our battleships. They draw the same pay and benefits, including that extra 10 per cent for sea duty. Yet they never have to leave their island, and the temperature rarely drops below 80 degrees.

The Fita Fita Guard and Band, as this unique organization of 133 brown-skinned islanders is known, has been enjoying Uncle Sam's generosity since 1900, when we acquired the Island of Tutuila some 2,200 miles south of Hawaii. That year the naval officer serving as governor of Samoa asked Washington for permission to enlist natives as guards, stewards, musicians, prison keepers, orderlies and messengers. The Navy Department approved the plan—and ever since has been altering its time-honored traditions to conform to the Polynesian way of doing things.

For instance, islanders consider pants a bothersome invention of the devil. They much prefer a sarong-type skirt known as a "lava lava," so instead of trying to foist bell-bottomed trousers on these South Sea Sinbads, the Navy adopted its own version of the "lava lava," complete with rank stripes and rating badges around the bottom edge. To add another dash of color, red sashes and skullcaps were authorized. Shoes were no problem. Samoan sailors go barefooted.

Flat feet and poor teeth are common among the islanders so the Navy put these on its waiver list.

When some form of disciplinary punishment became necessary, the Navy fell back on its traditional sentence of bread and water in solitary confinement. The Fitas were delighted. They love bread, and can sit happily alone for days, musing on how much better off they are than their American protectors.

In time, the Navy learned that the best way to punish a Samoan is to ridicule him in front of friends. Shaving his head is one method; imprisonment is effective, too, if the jail is within full view of the camp, so those outside can make fun of the inmates. At the movies, Samoans will roar with delight at a newsreel showing a train wreck. Seeing someone else in trouble is their idea of fun.

ALTHOUGH THE FITAS have a good record for peacetime service, they have never been tested in battle. The only time they heard shots fired in anger was in 1942, when a Jap submarine off Pago Pago pumped a few shells into town.

Samoans are handy with outrigger canoes and their ancestors traveled thousands of miles under sail. But their only taste of modern sea duty came back in 1928, when a group of volunteers were assigned to the station ship *Ontario*. Most of them suffered from chronic seasickness and colds, couldn't stand the heat of the engine rooms, and developed such terrific appetites that a petty officer had to preside at chow to prevent a battle royal for second helpings. And so, after three years, the Navy concluded the Fitas were not amphibious and put them back ashore.

Soon after Pearl Harbor, when the Japs had their eye on Samoa, the Marines took over defense of the island and called for volunteers. The natives responded enthusiastically and were organized into the First Samoan Marine Battalion, which functioned separately from the Fita Fita Guard. The uniforms were almost the same, except that the Marines wore brown skirts and fatigue caps instead of red bonnets.

On maneuvers, American officers took great pains to pick inaccessible camp sites and to surround them with well-trained sentries. During the night, while the white men boasted that no human could penetrate their picket lines, natives slipped into camp, left their "X" mark on the commanding officer's tent and got away undetected.

A sergeant, fresh from the States, was making the rounds of the barracks one evening, checking on his dusky charges. To his consternation he found half the battalion AWOL. The commanding officer told him to go back to the barracks and look under the bunks. Sure enough, the chocolate-colored Leathernecks were snoozing peacefully on the floor. They couldn't get used to the white man's mattresses.

The Marine commander soon learned why every U. S. officer had to know something of diplomacy. There are many tribes on the island, each headed by a chief who in turn is assisted by his "high-talking chiefs" and just plain "talking chiefs." According to Polynesian custom, it was necessary for each tribal leader to pay personal respects to the colonel commanding the battalion; but this could be done only after the high-talking assistants had preceded their master down the mountain and arranged a meeting.

Even after the chief and the colonel finally came face to face, the islander felt obliged to preface his remarks with comments on the weather, enumeration of past favors which Samoans had performed for the white men, and finally, acknowledgment that the colonel was the "highest of all Marines."

Then the head man would present a gift and request a favor in return. He might ask for "lumbers" to build a house, or an auto with chauffeur to take his cousins to see the airport, or a boat to go to a near-by island for Sunday services.

But the colonel soon discovered from bitter experience that he could never lend a jeep without a chauffeur. Samoans are the world's worst drivers. With patience a native can be taught to start the engine, but once on the road he figures his work is done, starts singing and clapping his hands, forgets about steering and ends up in the ditch. Hobbling back to headquarters, he reports that something went wrong with the car.

Although the Fitas still march on today, the Marines have been disbanded — but not forgotten. Pago Pago was never livelier than when both the Fitas and the Marines, singing unprintable songs about one another, marched behind bands through the streets, courting the public's favor. Their rivalry even extended to the softball diamonds and the cricket fields. Cricket, imported from British Samoa, is still a favorite sport, and matches are often preceded by impromptu parades with the fans beating out enthusiasm on old tin cans.

Watching these contented people, the visitor is inclined to compliment the Navy for its colonial administration, extravagant though it may be. But old-timers on Tutuila say that happiness just comes naturally to Samoans. In their opinion, our chief contributions to the natives' welfare, besides military protection and medical service, have been band instruments, canned goods (easier than picking food off a tree) and a song, *You Are My Sunshine*, which seems destined to become the national anthem of the South Seas.

Bedside Manner

A doctor had an urgent call from a man whose small son had swallowed a fountain pen.

"All right," replied the doctor, "I'll come as soon as I can. What are you doing about it in the meantime?"

"Oh," said the father, "in the meantime I'm using a pencil."

—*Strand Magazine*

The Best of Billy Rose

Some of the most intriguing writing in America today comes from a man who, more than anyone since the beloved Will Rogers, expresses the likes and dislikes of the man in the street. Before he started to write a syndicated newspaper column last year, Billy Rose had been a successful song writer, night-club impresario and Broadway showman. But behind all his triumphs lay an instinctive understanding of ordinary people. Coronet is therefore proud to present the first of a series of selections from the column of Billy Rose, a man who has no time for cynicism but prefers to marvel at the things which contribute so much to our American way of life. —The Editors.

I KNOW A FELLOW WHO has a shoe store. He tells me every third customer has a hole in his sock.

"They all lie about it," he says. "They tell me the sock didn't have a hole when they put it on in the morning."

The other day my aunt came to see me. We talked about her son, who had been a Quartermaster sergeant at Staten Island. She told me, "He refused a commission because he wanted to stay with his buddies." A cup of coffee later she told me another fib: her son had kept asking for overseas duty but his C.O. wouldn't let him go.

It all gets down to this: the gal who tells you she never lies is a liar; the man who says he never makes a phony excuse is a phony. You can't avoid it. I guess it must have something to do with the way we come off the assembly line.

Last week I started jotting down little lies I heard. Here are a few out of the notebook: "I mailed the check. Funny you didn't get it."

"Nobody could finish this crossword puzzle—the definitions are unfair."

"I can't follow your rhumba. I do it like they do it in Cuba—authentic."

"We only keep liquor around the house to use in case someone gets a cold."

Woman at butcher's: "I'm sure you don't mind if he waits on me first. I've got some potatoes on the fire."

"How can you say I was speeding, officer? At least 50 cars passed me."

If you think I'm trying to justify petty prevarication, you're right. I used to give people straight answers. Now I lather them up with a little soft soap.

I met a girl the other night with bandy-legs and a little mustache. I told her she was "distinctive and different." It cost me nothing, and she went away convinced I was a fellow of rare discernment. I also tell women I like their hats, even when they look like the last word in eggplants.

It all started a few years ago when a producer asked me what I thought of his new show. I said I didn't think it had a chance. When we got home my wife gave me a good talking to.

"If you were as smart as you think you are, you wouldn't say such things. Do you want us to dine alone for the rest of our lives?"

"Well, what am I supposed to say about a bum show?" I asked.

"Say it's charming," Eleanor suggested. And that has been our code ever since.

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FOR MY DOUGH, THE MOST important people in the world are doctors. If you have a bum ticker, if a sick tooth is beating drums inside your head, if your kid breaks out in spots, whom do you holler for? Truman? Henry Kaiser? In a pig's ear! You send for the man with the little black satchel.

My respect for doctors is not something I came by because I needed a midweek column. I've been tipping my hat to these gentlemen ever since I had a hat.

There wasn't much on the obituary page when an old friend of mine, Dr. Emanuel Libman, died a few months ago. He was a slender little party with pink cheeks and a library of classical records he never had time to listen to. During his years as head of the great Mt. Sinai Hospital, he charted a good part of what the top specialists know about your heart. A lot of people are going to see thousands of extra sunrises because of him. Do you know anyone in Congress who has given the world one-tenth as much?

I know a powerful good medicine man named Jules Lempert, who has devised a startling method of building a window of living tissue into the structure of a dead ear. For years they called him a quack, and insisted the operation was impossible. Today he lectures at Harvard Medical, and they write magazine articles about him. At the end of a working day, this talented surgeon can say, "I have given a man back his hearing."

When I was a kid I had scarlet fever, and nobody could come near me. But a little old geezer with a black bag walked right in. I can still see the tiny red veins around his nose, and catch the smell of iodoform from his rumpled suit.

I remember asking my mother, "Don't doctors get sick?" Mom assured me they didn't—but she was fibbing. The list of doctors who have been struck down by the bugs they were chasing would stretch from here to Valhalla.

In the last couple of centuries these test-tube babies have added 30 years to the average life expectancy. I don't know about you, but I wouldn't swap one spring out of those for a chunk of gold the size of Radio City.

Of course, the great standouts of

medical science don't need me to beat their drum. But the doctor in your neighborhood, with the stethoscope and 1937 Chevvy, could use a little applause. In a society that rates a guy by how big a check he can write, he knocks his brains out for practically no dough.

Remember that when you run into real trouble—something bites you in the belly, a sledgehammer starts knocking at the base of your skull, your heart is pumping like an old hot-water bag—it's old Doc Sawbones who stops the hurt.

To me, that's as important as anybody can get.

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AN OPEN LETTER to
Ringling Bros., Barnum & Bailey Circus

Gentlemen:

Not long ago, I walked into your circus at Madison Square Garden armed with program, pennant and peanuts. As I waited for the house lights to dim, my heart was doing loop-the-loops.

The band gave the opening fanfare all it had, and 36,000 eyes focused on the entrances to the Big Top. And what came out? 50 Girls 50! They paraded around in ostrich feathers and cheesecloth, and did exactly nothing.

What has happened to the great traditional opening—three 40-foot cages in which a slender man with a chair faced the claws of untamed jungle beasts? Where was the blonde princess who did impossible things on the back of a running horse? Where was my old friend you used to shoot out of a cannon?

During the first hour, instead of three rings and two platforms crowded with the Strange and Wonderful, you kept presenting ordinary vaudeville acts in the center ring. (In the days of the five Ringlings, there was so much going on that every customer wished he had two heads.)

At all-too-regular intervals, your girls would come back and kick ten minutes around until they were lost. But bare-legged babies are for grown-ups, and nobody's a grown-up when he goes to the circus.

The kid I'm taking to the circus next season is my nephew Bobby, five years old. And when I smell the sawdust, I'm going to be five years old too. So on behalf of us kids, may I ask that you never again commission Stravinsky or Deems Taylor to compose modern music for the elephant ballet? Bobby likes *The Skaters' Waltz*, and I've got a hunch the elephants do too.

I'm sending you a photograph of Bobby. I suggest you hang it in the room where your top men lay out next season's show. Before you decide on a number, look at his picture and ask yourself whether Bobby would like it.

And after Bobby sees your new show, *I'll tell* you how you made out. If he wants to run away and join up with you, you'll have a good circus.

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HON. TRYGVE LIE,
Secretary-General,
The United Nations,
Lake Success, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

I see where the U. N. has accepted the big chaw of Manhattan that Mr. Rockefeller so generously bit off for them, and are going to build themselves a house only a few blocks from where I live. So as long as our back fences are going to be close, I hope you won't mind if I lean over and make a few neighborly suggestions.

I understand your delegates, generally speaking, are generally speaking. I don't think that'll go so good around these parts. We're a little ear-weary from fellows who dress up two minutes of thinking with two hours of vocabulary. If your members want to know what to talk about, tell them to talk about five minutes.

I'd like to see you build a Turkish bath somewhere on the premises. Guys old enough to be diplomats look pretty funny when they're naked. The first time Molotov and Bevin see each other in their birthday suits, they're a cinch to bust out laughing, for a guy doesn't figure to get his dander up when he's got his hair down.

Also it might be a good notion to have a minimum of two lady delegates at every meeting. That's probably the best way to end secret agreements. It's not that women can't keep secrets; it's just that they tell them to people who can't.

If you're still with me, here are a few more suggestions from an old geezer who hangs around our neighborhood cigar store.

He suggests you use the opening line of Bernard Baruch's atom bomb speech for an electric sign over your main entrance: "We are here to decide between the quick and the dead."

He thinks every session should begin with 15 minutes of Buchenwald atrocity films. I guess he figures the delegates are long on protocol and short on memory.

And he has a fine plan for your parks and walks. He suggests two sections of greenery, one to look like the Ardennes Forest before the Bulge, and one after. What side the delegates choose to laze around in between sessions would depend on whether they were talking big or talking smart.

He's got some dandy ideas about your restaurant, too. Nothing fancy. A bare table with a big iron pot full of stew. When the delegates get hungry, they have to queue up. As a starter, feed them 1,200 calories a day. When they fix it so people around the world are getting more, they'll get more.

That's about all, Mr. Lie. We're tickled you're coming over our way, and some of the folks think it would be a nice idea to have a block party when you're moved in. You can count on me for a cup of sugar any time you run short.

In return, I'm counting on you for a lot of things—such as staying alive . . .

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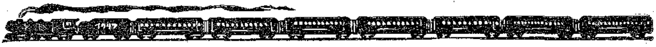
There is no surprise more magical than the surprise of
being loved; it is God's finger on a man's shoulder.
—From *The Fountain* by Charles Morgan

by **RICHARD L. TOBIN**

Meet Mr. 5:15



In return for the joys of suburban life, millions of commuters gladly accept the tyranny of alarm clocks and timetables

DO YOU OWN A COZY little home in the suburbs that you leave regretfully at sunrise and hurry back to eagerly each evening as the sun goes down? Is your passport to this suburban heaven-on-earth a railway ticket book? In short, are you one of those *freedom*-loving Americans whose rugged lives are regimented by a commuter's timetable?

If not, then listen to the strange saga of an army of robot-citizens who joyously exist under a dictatorship of alarm clocks, snack breakfasts, rubbers and galoshes, tire chains, stalled cars, tardy neighbors, delinquent busses, packed trolleys, rainstorms, blizzards, power failures, jammed day coaches, railway engineers, hotboxes—and timetables, timetables, timetables.

The dictionary says that to commute is to travel daily by commutation ticket to and from a city. But that may be an old-fashioned definition, for it is hard to draw a line today between commuters and non-commuters, in view of such sprawling municipal boundaries as Los Angeles, St. Louis, Washington, Chicago, Detroit and New York. Yet the consensus seems to be that commutation—at least the railway kind—begins where the commuter lives outside of the metropolis in which he works.

Another consensus: commuters have one fundamental in common—a passion for country living. The ordinary commuter grumbles to Public Service Commissions, yet he laughs off the discomforts and complications of daily travel. It's worth it, he swears—and in spring, summer and fall he may be right. But in winter, when drifts pile against the garage and all his energy is spent before he reaches his morning train, even the most determined commuter begins to wonder.

A commuter, however, is of a breed that likes to eat and have his cake, and the ordeal of traveling 60 miles or more a day is compensated by having his own house and garden, and by what country living means to his family's health and happiness.

All commuting is divided into three parts—getting to the station, entraining, and taking a third vehicle to work. Sometimes a man walks to a neighbor's house in the morning, rides by auto to a bus line, takes a train from the bus terminal, a ferryboat to the city and a subway train downtown, plus the walk from the subway. These daily operations in the Manhattan area are the particular property of several thousand New Jerseyites, who might well be called America's most patient commuters.

During Northern winters, sleeted streets and windshields, snow piled against garages and over driveways, cold fingers, frozen radiators, broken water pumps and fan belts, flat tires and traffic snarls are only a few items in the commuter's daily routine. Often it takes as much time and energy to get to and from the local station as it takes for the entire train ride, a trip many times the mileage.

Commuters are always furious when their regular busses don't stop on basement-bargain days or at other times when non-commuters flock to the city. The commuter comes to regard his bus and train seat as a hard-won privilege, a sort of squatter's right. Summer-only commuters are similarly frowned upon by year-round veterans, because the novices are indeed a nuisance. They take up regular parking space, sitting space and even standing space earmarked most of the year for regular customers.

THE COMMUTING STATION is America's meeting place for businessmen, and an incredible amount of business, especially Big Business, is discussed casually on the way to and from work. Yet because commuters' lives are adjusted to a timetable, everything has to be systematic or their system fails. At the station, little groups gather at the precise point where the smoker steps will come to a halt. And most commuters soon learn the "cleaning-woman trick"—sitting next to somebody who looks as if she would get off at the next local station and leave the double seat for one.

Most commuters also learn where to sit to avoid the sun at various seasons, and how to get maximum light on the trip home. It doesn't take a commuter long to learn how to hold a seat, how to balance a cardboard table on one knee, how to fold a newspaper lengthwise, and how to park and get out quickly from the jam of automobiles at the station. A commuter even knows when he's getting old—a good-looking stenographer will unhesitatingly sit beside him on the train.

A commuter is a habitual reader, scanning not only all the news and columns but probably the puzzles too. Yet a commuter's interest in the weather is so urgent that he usually reads the weather forecast first of all, including the time of

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Richard L. Tobin, a nephew of the late Ring Lardner, lived his boyhood years in Lardner's home in Niles, Michigan. After graduation from the University of Michigan, he joined the staff of the New York *Herald Tribune* and has been there almost continuously ever since. Tobin covered the invasion of northwest Europe for his newspaper and later wrote *Invasion Journal,* a book about his war experiences. He is now director of the *Herald Tribune's* radio department. A confirmed commuter like those he writes about in this article, Tobin knows what it means to live by a timetable; his home is in Wilton, Connecticut, but he commutes to New York five times a week.

sunrise and sunset. Down in his heart he knows that few people on earth, save sailors and traffic policemen, are more at the mercy of the elements than himself.

Many commuters are habitual card players. One bridge game on the New Haven Railroad is now in its 20th year, with the same four participants boarding the 5:31 each evening out of Grand Central Station in New York.

Usually the bridge or pinochle players pay their trainmen ten cents apiece for the privilege of balancing a board on their knees, plus use of the deck. And there's an unwritten law that nobody takes the seat of a tardy player in any foursome, no matter how many are standing. But if the homeward-bound train reaches 125th Street and the seat is still empty, the other three grunt a prescribed signal and substitute No. 1 jumps into the empty place, thereby giving his seat to a standee. The substitutes are usually selected from kibitzers of long standing.

Another rule for card players is that the last deal *begins* as the train is pulling into the station of one of the participants, who somehow slides safely to the platform long after everyone else has left the car. Sometimes things are left on the rack overhead, and frantic signals through the window indicate that the other three are to bring the package to town next morning for a re-run.

Commuter's habits are as well known to conductors as to fellow travelers, and hardly anyone gets away with an extra ride on his monthly ticket book. Railroads have their commuting problems continuously, and the wonder is that they do as well as they do. Triple seats are one solution to standees, and two-decker trains are now coming into use. But there will always be one insoluble problem—the last man who just misses every train. Somebody *always* does. So it's hard for the railroad company to keep good will even under the best circumstances.

New York has more commuters than any other city, by quite a stretch, and most of Manhattan's commuters follow the purist definition of commuting—by daily ticket, from outside the city. Chicago has thousands of daily travelers, the longest regular haul being to and from Milwaukee, 86 miles away.

At what radio commentators like to call the Nation's Capital, one of the longer daily rides is from Baltimore, 40 miles away. Of other big cities, Atlanta, Portland, Kansas City, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, San Francisco and Cincinnati have the largest daily volume of commuters. Kansas City's commuters are even more ruggedly individualistic than the others; they like to say that they "live out."

Many commuters travel nearly 100 miles a day each way, year in, year out. Philadelphia to New York is a popular run of 91.4 miles, for which the patrons pay $38.80 a month for a maximum of 50 rides, which figures out to something less than a cent a mile. Another long haul is from Meriden, Connecticut, to Grand Central and back each day, more than 180 miles all told, not counting to and from trains.

Some commuters keep records, and many of the veterans are notable for perseverance. For 50 years,

The King of Commuters

PROBABLY THE HARDEST job of commuting in America was the daily stint of a Washington worker named Wilmer Dunn. For about eight months, he made the 200-mile round trip daily between his home in Martinsburg, West Virginia, and his office at the Federal Works Agency. Dunn, a clerk, arose in Martinsburg at 5 A.M. and caught a B. & O. train at 6, getting to work by 8:30.

At 5:15 P.M., Dunn quit work and went by cab to Union Station, hoping to make the 5:50, which reaches Martinsburg at 8 P.M.—if it's on time. Since no trains are always on time, especially in winter, Dunn's scheduled four-and-a-half hours of daily travel frequently stretched to five or six, not counting the small disasters of missing trains by seconds.

Joseph M. Cahill, Western Union traffic manager at the New York Cotton Exchange, journeyed between his home in New Brunswick, New Jersey, and downtown Manhattan, traveling a distance some 39 times around the earth. He was never in an accident, and commuted six days a week, not five, paying $13.50 a month for the privilege.

Mahlon B. Smith celebrated his 89th birthday in 1936 by announcing that in 66 years of commuting from Hackensack, New Jersey, he had missed only one train. Smith was a minute late to the station that day because of an unusually heavy snowfall. It kept right on snowing, turning into the famous Blizzard of 1888, and the train Smith missed never got to Jersey City anyway.

Henry W. Gaines of Huntington, Long Island, commuted 58 years to his Manhattan law office, buying 699 commutation tickets in the process. He made his last trip as a guest of the Long Island Railroad. Herbert Chapman of Katonah, New York, commuted about 1,000,000 miles between 1890 and 1937, and missed but 18 days of work in 47 years.

William Henry Cone probably holds the record as a conductor of commuting trains. Cone retired from the New Haven in 1939 after 66 years. Loyal commuters gave him a testimonial book with 150 signatures, a ceremony presided over by C. P. Blaney of Cannondale, Connecticut, who had commuted with Cone for many years.

Commuters are not always satisfied, mousy folk. William Walsh of the Bronx yielded to rage in 1941 by planting the softest pie he could buy in the face of a Municipal Ferry gate-tender at St. George, Staten Island. For this horrifying yet somehow satisfying deed, Walsh was fined $10, and when he could not pay the fine he was sentenced to ten days in jail. Walsh had grown tired of having ferry gates clang shut in his face.

The fact that Walsh's simple act of heroism is seldom repeated proves something most people admit—that the American commuter is the meekest of vertebrates. He accepts discomfort, tedium, anxiety, actual physical danger to be able to earn a living in the cities and to get more for his money away from them.

Thomas J. Smyth of Mastic, Long Island, sent the claim agent of the Long Island Railroad his dirty shirt to be laundered after a particularly sooty summer ride. Smyth said he was clean when he started; then he took off his coat, and he looked like a greasy rag by the time he reached Woodside.

Twelve commuters in Ardsley, New York, wore gas masks to dramatize their protest against removal of the "Bankers Special" and substitution of a one-coach gasoline dinkey. They protested against gasoline fumes, they didn't like being cramped, they didn't like the tone of the new Diesel whistle, they had a horror of black-leather seats. But they didn't get anywhere with the New York Central.

One commuter, John Brooks of Greens Farms, Connecticut, could stand commuting by train but was brought to court in 1940, accused of punching a New York subway guard in the face during rush hour. Brooks told the court:

"I just couldn't stand it any more. For four years I've been going through this same thing. I get up at 6:45, have my breakfast and catch a fine train which gets me into Grand Central at 8:30. I go down into the subway and there all my good humor and the freshness of my night's rest in the country is knocked right out of me, trying to get into a subway car to take me downtown."

The understanding magistrate at once suspended sentence.

Despite the endless trials and tribulations, most of those hardy Americans who commute will defend the practice against all comers, pointing out that if you'll look around your office, you'll find that the men and women who live only ten minutes away are usually late while the punctual souls travel by timetable.

Commuting veterans will also insist that they get far less tired sitting down for an hour each morning and evening than standing for 30 minutes in a jammed bus, trolley or subway. Though the train trip takes twice as long, they get more done, they arrive fresher—and they're always on time. Or so they say.

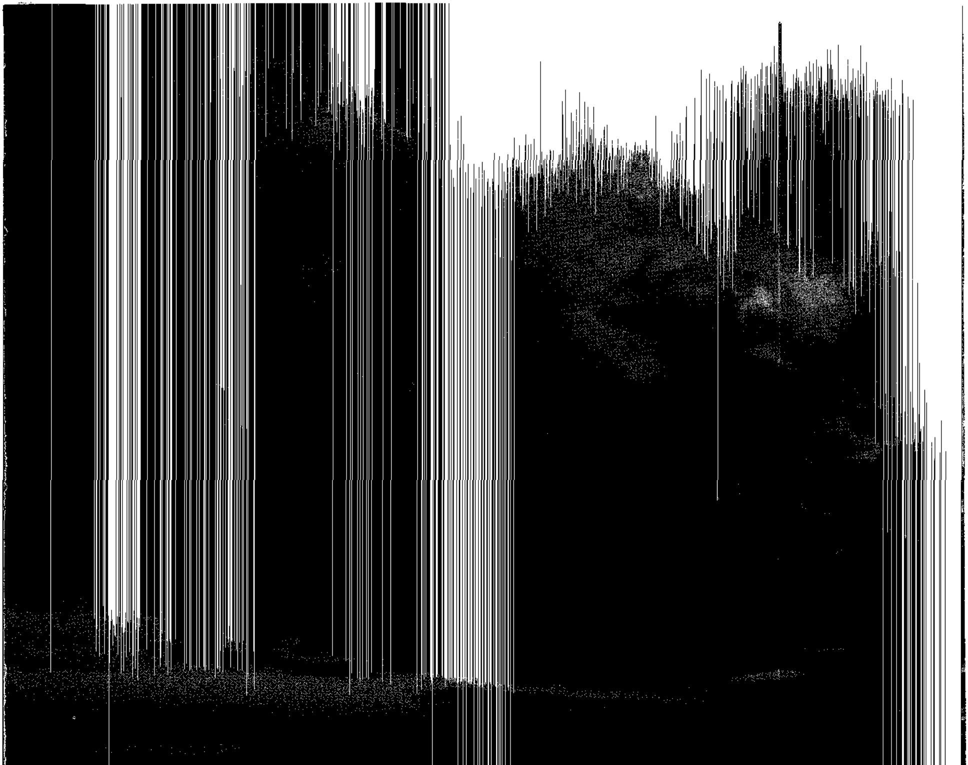
Time for That Later

A new family moved into the neighborhood and Mrs. Fenwick was very much interested in them.

"They seem to be such a devoted couple," she reported to her husband. "He kisses her every time he goes out, and waves to her from the sidewalk. Why don't you do that?"

"Good lord, Grace," replied her husband in astonishment, "I don't even know the woman yet."

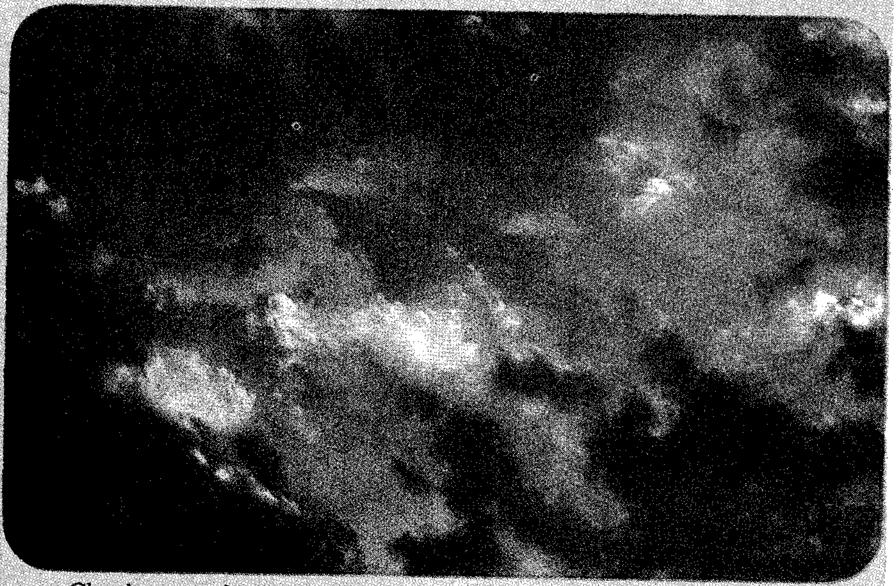
—*Modern Humor for Effective Speaking*, *The Citadel Press*



Treasures in the Sky

Everyone knows that the skies are beautiful. We have all been thrilled by the gathering of storm clouds heavy with foreboding. We have all seen the glory of the sun's rays streaking the heavens like a manifestation of divinity. We fix these special displays in our memories and cherish them, forgetting that every day of our lives the sky reflects miraculous beauty.

To bring you a moment's glimpse of the eternal drama of the skies, the editors of Coronet present on this and the following pages the remarkable color photographs of Frederick Tomlin. Taken in Wisconsin, these pictures are not only extraordinary in themselves, they are exciting reminders that nature offers few sources of inspiration more generous than the skies.

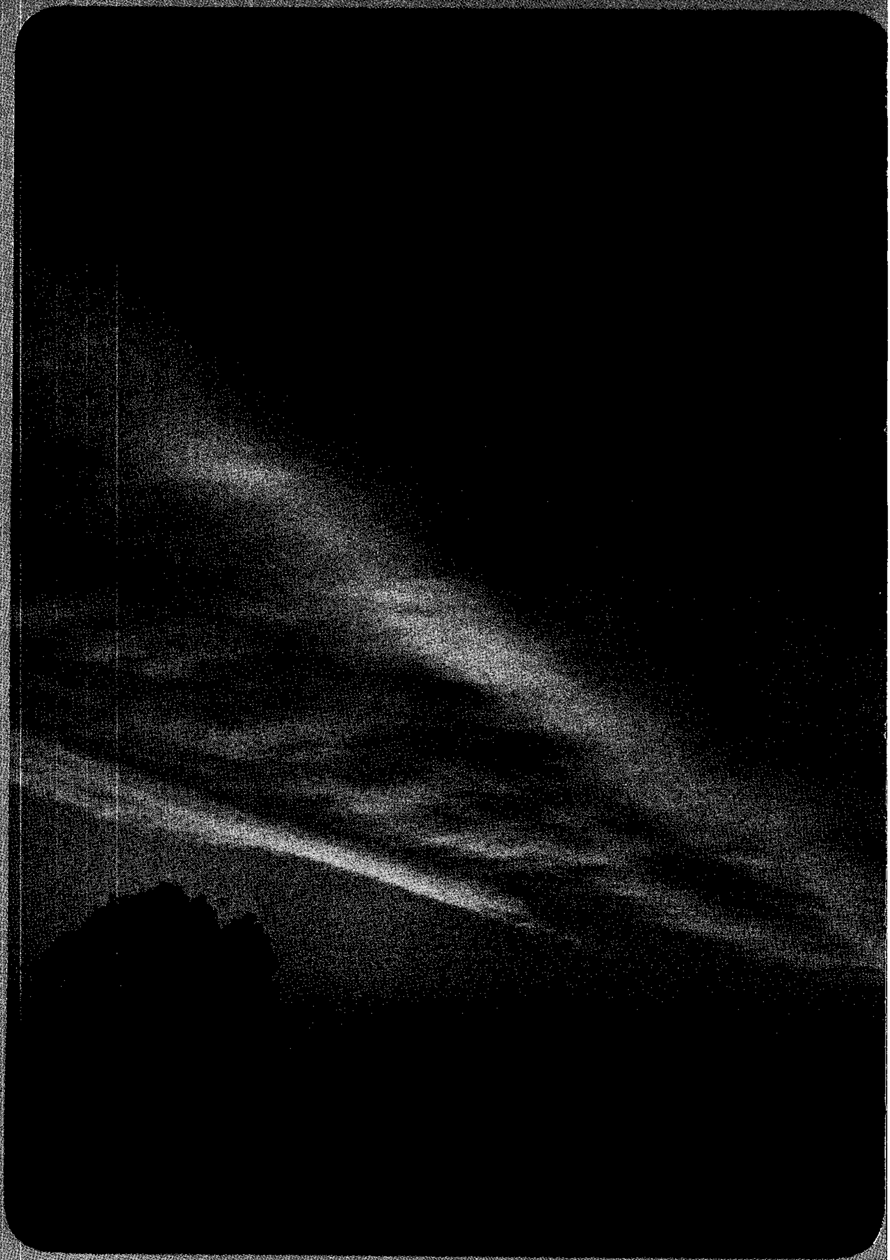


Clouds, more than anything else, make the ever-changing beauty of the sky. In these restless, multi-colored masses, flashes of morning blue open bright windows to herald the full-blown splendor of the coming day.

The hours pass and colors fade to simple blues and whites, but the excitement in looking upward never fails. Few hearts can resist the appeal of great clouds sailing freely across the limitless fields of blue.

On late afternoons, when pink-gold clouds like graceful birds fly homeward, they share their peace with you. The rich evening sky fills you with its restful silence—stronger than wine and more compelling than music.

If the evening is heavy with clouds at sunset, the sky becomes a vast fireside. All creation seems to lie in its warmth. Climaxing the day, such fiery skies will never cease to be nature's most inspiring spectacle.



As the day melts into night, you linger in the hush before darkness, and as you watch, it seems as if the gold-flecked clouds are writing an eternal promise in the skies—of new and ever brighter dawns to come.

by **VINCENT H. GADDIS**

The Day the World Didn't End

How one man's prophecy that Judgment Day was near launched a religious frenzy among his disciples from coast to coast

ON THOUSANDS OF HILLTOPS from Maine to Georgia, from New York to Illinois, the faithful waited for the October heavens to burst into brilliant light. Some of the groups sang hymns, others fixed their pale expectant faces on the sky. Dressed in white robes, their lips moving in prayer, they waited.

It was the hour of the Great Reckoning. Divine judgment of men and nations was at hand. Prophecies made two millenniums before were about to be fulfilled. At any instant the wealth of the world would be as dust; only the souls of the redeemed would have value.

Almost a million strong, the Millerites and their temporary followers, on that fateful evening in 1844, had left their homes, abandoned their crops, spoken their last farewells. With huge bonfires matching the fanatical light in their eyes, the faithful shouted, danced, sang, prayed and waited . . .

Behind this most incredible mass demonstration of religious emotionalism in America's history was the preaching of one magnetic man—William Miller. Born in 1782 in Massachusetts, the ministry of this devout Biblical student, in his later years, had consisted of dramatic wrestlings with Satan and thundering denunciations of sin in pulpits throughout the East.

In 1831 he began preaching on the second advent of Christ. In the belief that the Biblical periods spoken of as 2,300 days, the "seven times" of Gentile supremacy, and the 1,335 days in the Book of Daniel were prophetic periods, Miller added them up and found that the end of the world would occur sometime between March 21, 1843, and March 21, 1844.

Moreover, there were definite signs, as prophesied in the Bible, that the last days were at hand. There were to be wonders in the heavens—and in 1833 the greatest meteoric shower of all time had blazed for six hours in the skies. There were to be earthquakes in divers places—and violent shocks occurred in India, England, Mexico and the West Indies.

There were to be wars and rumors of wars—and the revolutions that followed the Congress of Vienna were in progress throughout Europe. Man would display great knowledge—and America was in the midst of an unprecedented inventive and industrial expansion.

MILLER LEFT HIS Biblical studies to warn his fellow men of impending doom. Not only would Christ return to earth again but, according to Daniel and Ezra, prophets of old, the earth would be destroyed by fire.

"The earth is reeling to and fro like a drunkard," Miller wrote. "At this dread moment look! The clouds have burst asunder; the heavens appear; the great white throne is in sight! He comes! He comes! Behold the Savior comes!"

But when March 21, 1844, passed without incident, Miller checked his data—and admitted a mistake in his calculations. Soon another date was set: October 22, seven months away. At once an intensive campaign was started, with 700 ministers united to win converts.

In cities, groups were organized to carry on propaganda. Pamphlets and periodicals poured forth from hundreds of presses. Literature was left on trains and placed on vessels leaving New York City.

As the weeks passed, excitement steadily increased. There was hardly a village in the East that did not have believers. Their enthusiasm and assurance spread like a mass mania inspired by fear and panic.

Suicides were numerous. Fights between the faithful and skeptics were of common report. Crowds of Millerites marched the streets waylaying sinners, and made house-to-house calls pleading for repentance before the hour of destruction.

As the fateful day approached, personal affairs were settled, possessions were given away or destroyed. Storekeepers threw open their doors and abandoned merchandise, farmers left their crops rotting. Judgment was at hand!

Then came the Great Day—dark and gloomy, with clouds threatening rain. Final preparations were made by the faithful, and in late afternoon, clad in white robes, they left their homes and gathered on hilltops and in cemeteries, where they expected to rise with the resurrected dead. Night came, and excitement increased. Huge fires were built. It was generally thought that at midnight the skies would split as the believers, living and dead, rose into heaven.

Some of Miller's white-robed followers had climbed into trees; others stood on roofs. There were shouts of joy over the bliss to come, and sobs of sorrow over unconverted loved ones who would be left behind to perish.

The seconds ticked away. Midnight came. A great silence fell over the massed throngs. Nothing happened. Anxious eyes looked at one another. Questions were whispered. Perhaps the miracle would happen at dawn. Perhaps their faith was being tested. Surely the Prophet Miller had been right in his calculations of Judgment Day!

But when dawn came, the sun, as always, rose in the East, and the song of birds, not the trumpet blast of Gabriel, heralded the new day. There was loud anger, soft weeping and a gloom beyond words among Miller's followers.

The groups disbanded silently, eyes downcast, robes wrinkled and soiled. With empty hearts they crept back to homes empty of food or furnishings, to endure the jibes of skeptical neighbors.

And William Miller, who had remained at home, wept like a child. Broken and suddenly aged, he checked his data again, trying in vain to find an error. While he worked, his followers disintegrated into conflicting groups with mounting dissension.

In his final statement to the world, Miller reaffirmed his faith and hope, but admitted failure. Toward the last he lost his eyesight and, still puzzled and confused, he died at Low Hampton, New York, in 1849.

But the answer to Miller's error was in the Bible he had studied so carefully. Perhaps he had simply forgotten the words of Christ as recorded by St. Matthew: "But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven . . ."

NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

Do you like interesting, thought-provoking articles and pictures about people just like yourself? The June issue of Coronet is chock-full of them. Here are some samples:

The Case for Marital Vacations: Should married people "take a vacation" from each other once in a while? Read this provocative article; it will make you sit up and take notice.

The Great American Diamond Hoax: The exciting story of one of the biggest jewel swindles of modern times!

The Search for Happiness: A heart-warming 12-page picture story of the hopes and dreams that each of us can realize.

Horse Racing: A Seven-Billion-Dollar Racket! An authentic exposé of the whole fantastic horse-racing machine, by a professor who devoted years to scientific research on the subject.

Your Stake in Social Security: The amazing story of how you and your family benefit from this remarkable system.

You'll enjoy these and dozens of other stimulating features in the June issue of Coronet, on the newsstands May 25.

RADIUM: NEW HOPE FOR DEAF CHILDREN

by C. LESTER WALKER

With the help of radium's magic rays, a remarkable new therapy has effected dramatic cures for the hard-of-hearing

THE BOY WAS seven years old and very deaf. Blue-eyed, curly-haired, he stood in the ear clinic to which his mother had brought him while nurses circled about him and shouted in an effort to make him hear.

"First he had a little hearing trouble," his mother tearfully explained to the ear specialist, "and couldn't keep up with his class. So our family doctor said to have his tonsils and adenoids taken out. But the deafness kept getting worse. Johnny had to be put in a 'handicapped class' and taught lip reading. Then the deafness got *very* bad . . . Doctor, do you think—you can make him hear . . . at all?"

The doctor tilted the boy's head back and ran a thin shiny tube, which had an electric light about the size of a melon seed on the end, into his nose. Gently he pushed it back into the pharynx, the space behind the nose. Then he squinted down the tube.

In a few minutes he took out the tube and put in something else—a little silvery rod with a tiny metal capsule attached to one end. After a minute or two, he took it out.

This must be a new kind of deafness treatment, Johnny's mother thought. Then he asked her to let him know if the boy's hearing changed.

It changed, all right—and quickly. Within a few weeks, the boy's hearing was practically normal. Five months later it was still fine. Evidently, the youngster's severe deafness had been banished forever.

What had happened? What was the thin, silvery rod the doctor slid into the boy's nose? What was on it, or in it? Had this alone brought about a seemingly miraculous cure?

Johnny's deafness had been overcome by the beta and gamma rays of radium. They are a kind of atomic energy (although not, of course, of such power as in the A-bomb); these rays, from a tiny speck of radium at the end of the little rod, had effected the cure. What had actually happened was this, step by step:

Looking into the hollow tube (it

is called a nasopharyngoscope) the specialist saw what he suspected as the cause of this particular deafness: a growth over the openings to the Eustachian tubes, which lead from the nasopharynx to the middle ear.

Johnny's tonsils and adenoids had been removed, and latent nodules of lymphoid tissue, not evident before, had then begun to grow, as often happens in children after this operation. They blocked the opening to the tubes—and this, the doctor knew, can easily lead to deafness.

Before the boy could hear again, these air passages would have to be opened. Surgery was impossible, so the doctor tried radium's atomic energy, a therapy which is as yet not commonly used.

"Lymphoid tissue," he explained to the parents, "is extremely sensitive to beta and gamma rays. Usually they shrink it and radically slow its growth."

In this case, exactly that had occurred. The tissue receded and the air passages to the ears were opened. The boy could hear again.

NOW THIS WAS not an isolated case—although it was an unusually dramatic "cure." Radium therapy today is proving successful in this type of deafness again and again, although sometimes several treatments are required.

Consider, for instance, the case of Edith, whose deafness began when she was a baby. It was not noticed until rather late, and Edith then had to be taught the finger alphabet used by the deaf. The effect on her personality was tragic.

One day Edith came to the ear clinic. The doctors had to put their lips to her ear and shout. They found the same old villain at the root of her troubles: nodules of lymphoid tissue.

This time the doctors operated to remove the excess tissue on the walls of the pharynx. Then, in the area where surgery is impossible—around the openings of the tubes—they used radium. This was repeated several times. A year later Edith walked into the clinic, a changed person. "No need to shout now," she beamed. "I can hear a whisper!"

Note that in these two actual case histories, both children had had their tonsils and adenoids removed. This does not mean that tonsillectomies are the cause of deafness, for often they will *check* or cure deafness in children. But the medical profession now knows that this common operation too often is followed by a growth of lymphoid tissue in the pharynx, nasopharynx and Eustachian tubes. And the deafness which follows is the most common type of middle-ear deafness known to adults. It is also the most sinister kind, for it may never be noticed until middle life.

There are about 10,000,000 people in America who are handicapped by impaired hearing, and no one knows how many tens of thousands of them have this common form of middle-ear impairment. For many, its origins go back to the time latent lymphoid tissue began to grow in childhood. Many such cases of deafness in adults might have been prevented with a few radium treatments, if the therapy had been known when they were children.

Today, however, the treatment opens up amazing possibilities. Eventually, some specialists hope, it will be used in all hospitals and even in schools as a preventive measure. But the examinations and treatment must be carried out by specially trained physicians.

"If all children in primary schools were examined at least once a year," say Dr. J. W. Baylor and Dr. S. J. Crowe (the latter is the innovator of this therapy), "and those with hyperplastic lymphoid tissue in and around the Eustachian tubes treated with radiation as often as necessary, the number of deaf adults in the next generation could be reduced by 50 per cent."

FORTUNATELY, THE cost of the radium rays is not prohibitive. Commercial radium companies rent the little rod applicators for $15 a month. Split over six patients, this comes to only $2.50 per treatment.

The applicator capsule may contain radon—a radium gas—which has to be renewed periodically. But one that lasts longer contains a radium salt called anhydrous radium sulphate. This type, bought outright, costs a doctor or clinic about $1,200. But it is good for a long, long time. Only half its strength is gone after 1,680 years!

The specialists who are now adopting this therapy sound several warnings. It will not *always* improve the hearing; results depend on the duration of the impairment and the cause. It is of no use for deafness of the *inner* ear, nor for *nerve* deafness, nor for the type called otosclerosis, which is often hereditary. And it is not a therapy which will *supplant* tonsil and adenoid operations. It supplements this operation and removes lymphoid tissue in locations inaccessible to surgical methods.

But—and here come some incidental dividends—it will sometimes ward off the necessity of tonsil operations in children; and it will sometimes stop an adult's deafness from growing worse, provided the damage in his middle ear is limited. And in such cases, it may even *improve* his hearing.

As to the radium supply, there is enough for all the treatments required for everybody. Today, the U.S. Public Health Service possesses more than enough to support a deafness-prevention program forever. What is urgently needed now is a national campaign to bring the radioactive-energy treatment to public knowledge, and to get the radium distributed for a war on deafness in its most insidious form.

Wise and Otherwise

She's the kind of girl who likes to whisper sweet nothing doings in your ear.
—*Broadcaster*

I often quote myself. It adds spice to my conversation.
—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

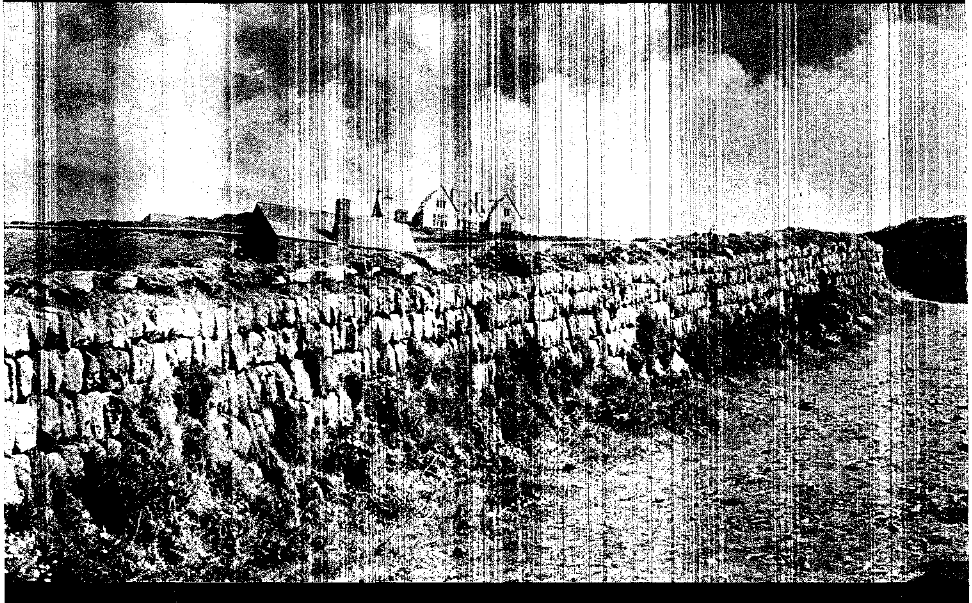
The man who boasts that he runs things in his house refers, very likely, to the lawn mower, vacuum sweeper, washing machine, baby carriage, the errands and occasionally the car.

Picture Story

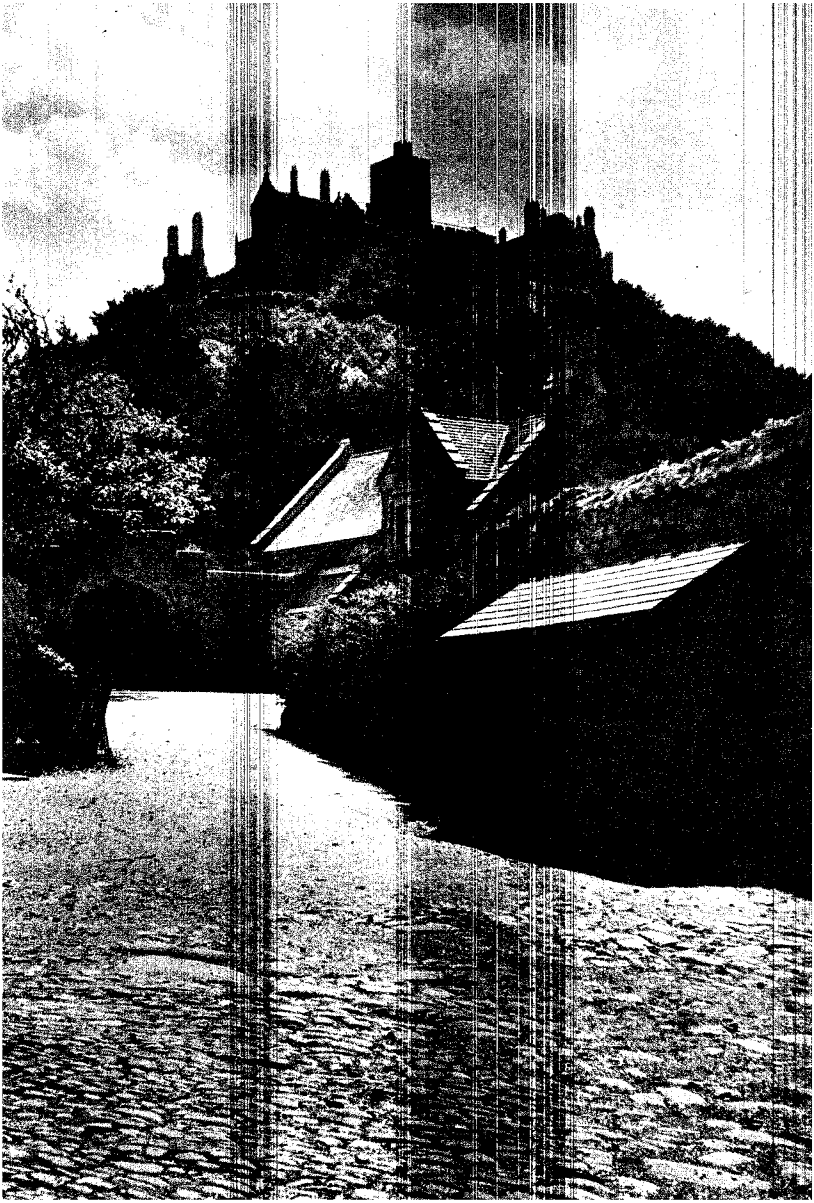
This is England

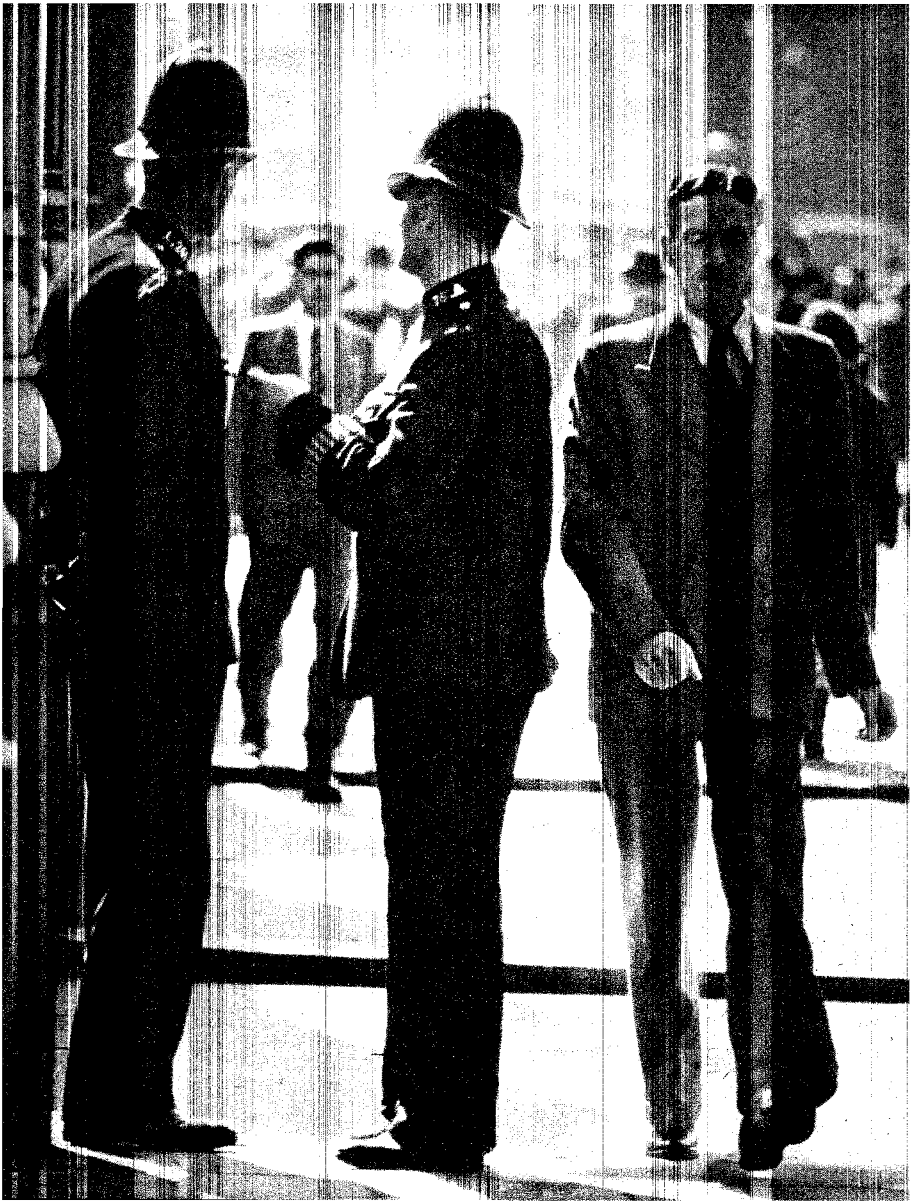
Towering above England's Houses of Parliament, Big Ben, London's far-famed clock, looks across the Thames River and out into the world—sentry and symbol of the tiny nation which is the capital of an empire. But Big Ben is only one of the faces of England. Behind the imperial dignity of the old clock tower lies another England—*the England millions of* veterans will remember pleasantly as a warm-hearted land of simple people and ancient charm. It is to this England that the pictures on the following pages take you. Selected especially by the editors of Coronet, they serve as a unique and intimate comparison between ourselves and the English people across the seas . . .

To the average American, the English landscape looks very much like home. The low, rolling hills of Dorset might be the hilly farmland of Connecticut. . .

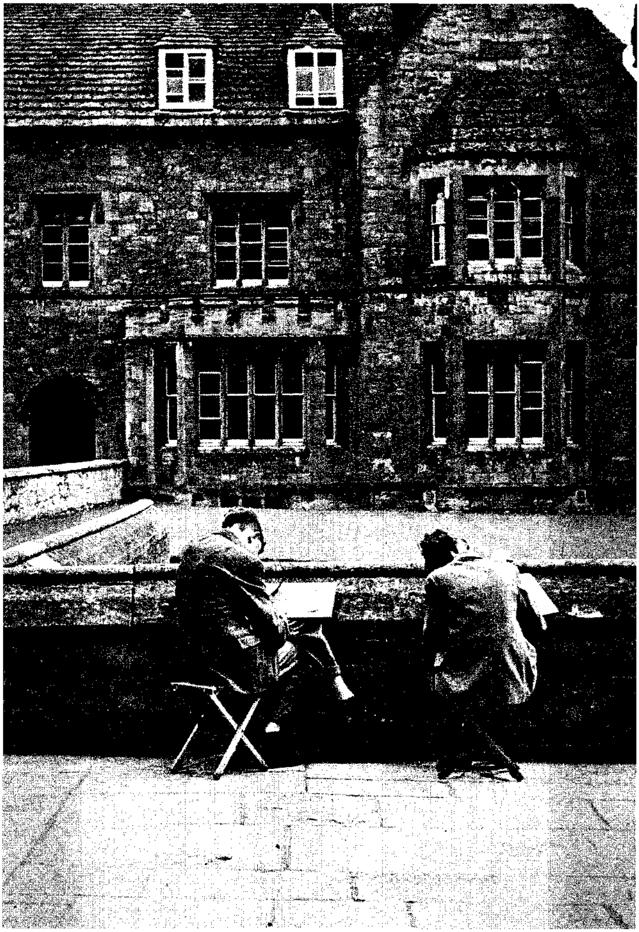


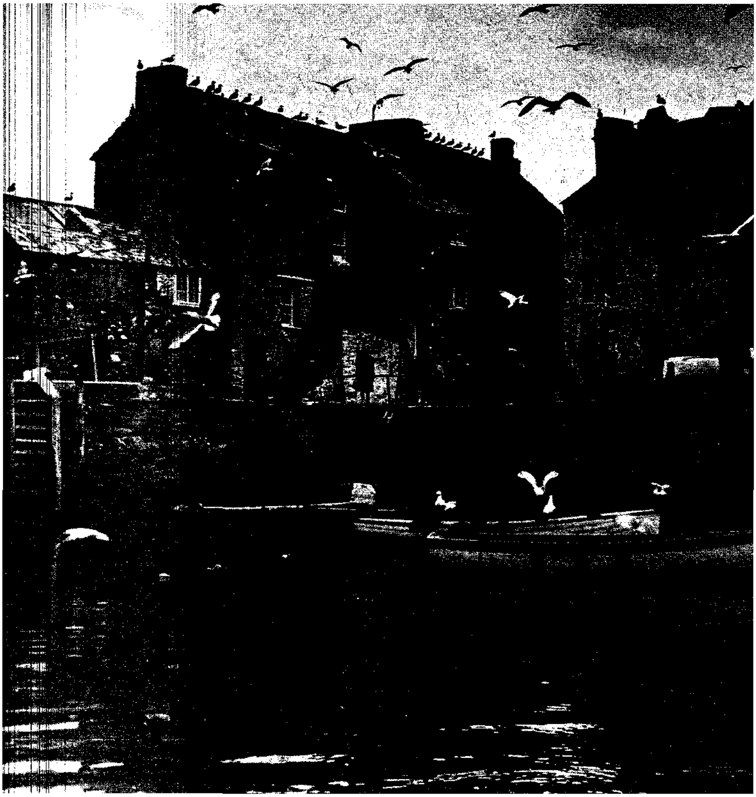
. . . but, very soon, differences appear. Here a rural lane bordered by an ancient stone wall leads to an old stone manor house, giving England the story-book atmosphere so rarely found in our country





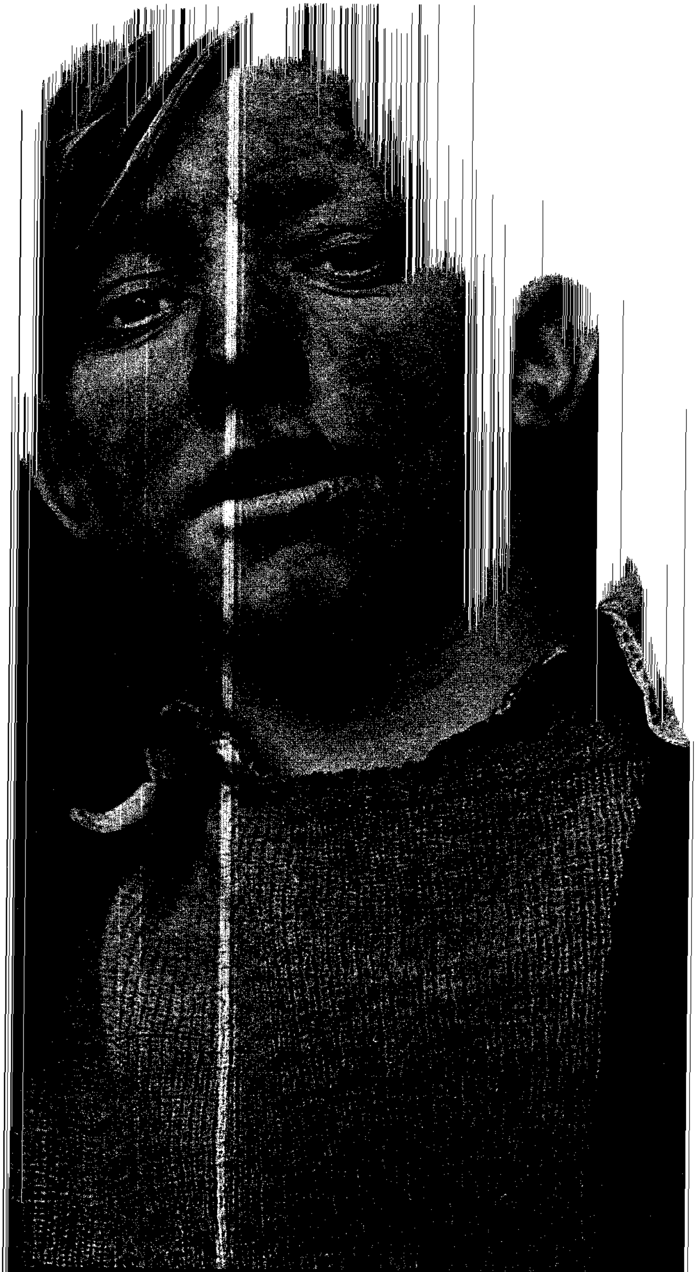
. . . and near-by, the King's personal guard, wearing time-honored uniforms, express the love of pomp and ceremony in a country that has never fully given up its past.





glishmen, like the salty Cockneys of Billingsgate—London's wholesale n market—have the same rough good-humor, the same capacity for rd work as any of us on this side of the Atlantic.

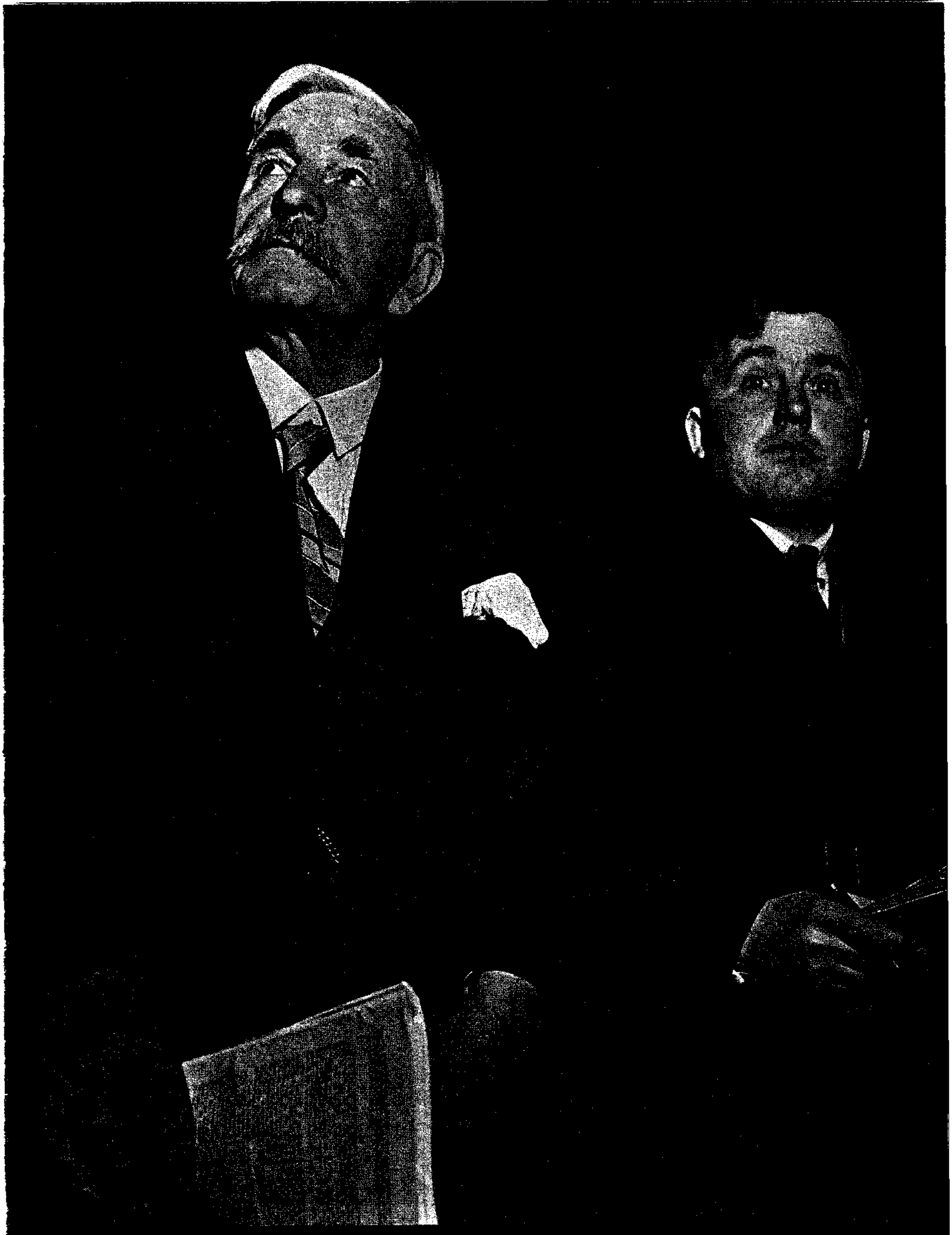
Behind the familiar seacoast and fisheries, England is dotted with villages and factory towns, where working men and women have the same cares and problems as folks in Ohio, Dakota or Oregon.



In normal times the English miner, mechanic, or storekeeper finds it as hard to get along as we do; and today, still burdened with the effects of war, he finds himself driving harder than ever to make ends meet.

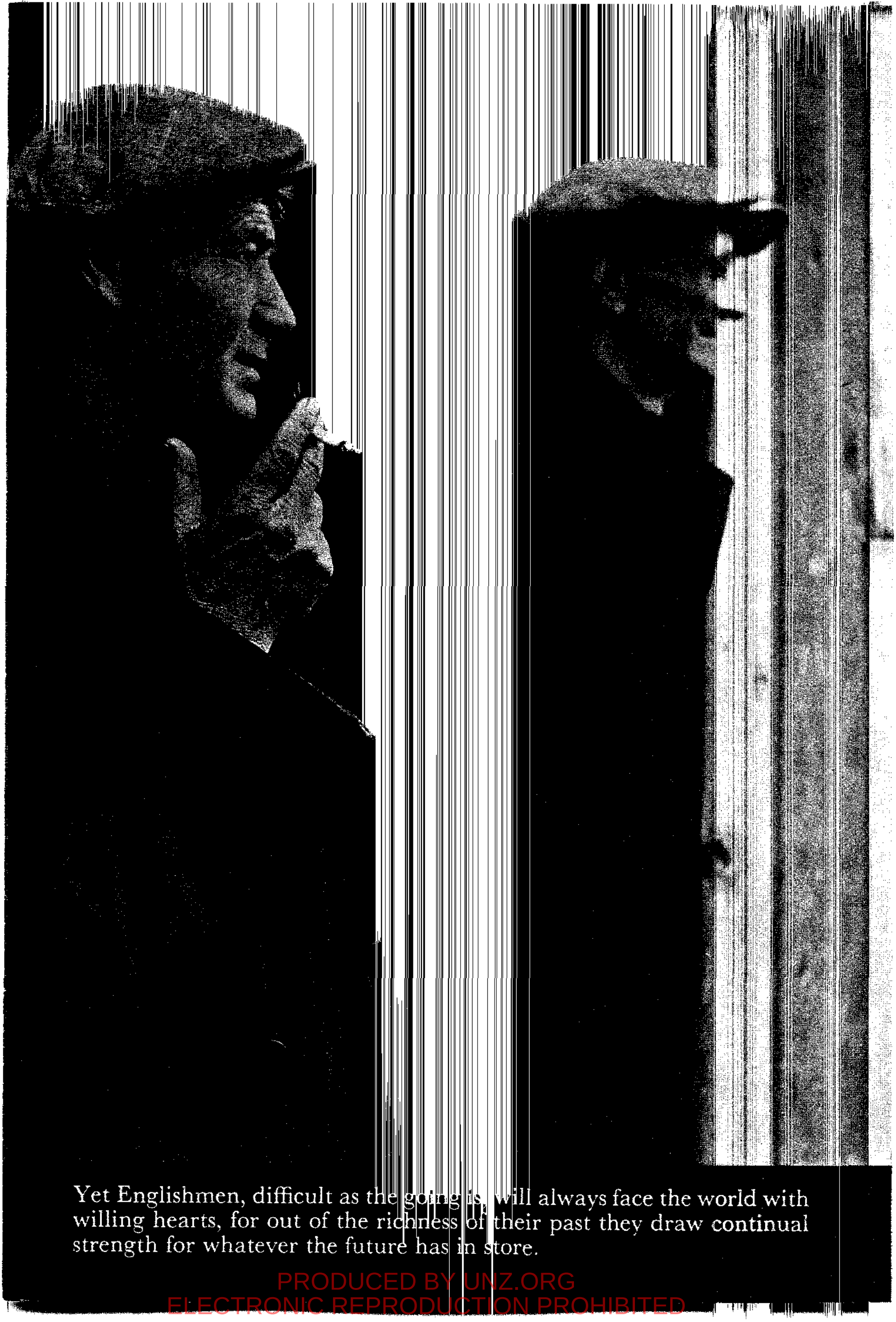
England's government, like our own, depends on the opinions of the average man for guidance. Thus, wherever Englishmen gather you hear the kind of talk that only free men can know.

Symbolizing freedom of speech in England is London's famous Hyde Park Corner, where any Englishman may speak without hindrance, just as any man may speak freely on the streets of America.



But with or without a platform, no Englishman's voice is ever stifled. He knows, as we know, that in his nation the right to determine his own destiny and his own way of life are forever assured.

Today we in America can sit in our pleasant churches and thank God for peace, but the English, sitting in churches that were rocked by Nazi bombs, realize more fully what peace means.



Yet Englishmen, difficult as the going is, will always face the world with willing hearts, for out of the richness of their past they draw continual strength for whatever the future has in store.

Boston's Snatch-and-Scramble Store

by **SAM SHULSKY**

It's every woman for herself in the rush of bargain hunters when Filene's in Boston stages a sale in its amazing basement

HITLER'S PANZER DIVISIONS were rumbling toward Paris on June 10, 1940. Within the ill-fated city, residents were feverishly gathering belongings to carry on their flight south and west. Meanwhile three buyers from the Paris offices of Filene's Automatic Bargain Basement were just as feverishly making the rounds of the famous modiste shops—Schiaparelli, LeLong and Chanel.

Paris, the buyers knew, was in no mood for fashion shows, so they picked up a large number of the latest models for a fraction of the normal price and rushed them across the Atlantic to that Alice-in-Wonderland bargain basement which Bostonians call the Happy Hunting Ground or the Mob Scene—with equal justice and accuracy.

Shortly after Paris fell, Filene's basement announced its merchandising "scoop," and the morning of the sale 15,000 women milled around the block-square store, jamming its 16 street-level and three subway entrances. There were housewives from Boston's wage-earner homes and sub-debs from Back Bay. Style-conscious women had come from New York, and the wives of a famous radio executive and a movie producer who had flown in from Chicago sat on the curb in Washington Street, waiting.

At 9:30 the doors opened and the breakneck dash downstairs was on. Within 60 seconds every dress was off the racks. Five minutes later they were in the hands of customers who bought them at prices ranging from $11 to $49. Which is a typical example of the way Filene's basement gets most of its bargain items—and the way it sells them.

For 38 years, the snatch-and-scramble emporium has been buying distress merchandise in all parts of the world and displaying it on cheap pine tables or hung from gas-pipe racks. As many as 150,000 persons swarm through its 56,000 square feet of floor space in a day.

An average weekday brings 25,000 bargain hunters, a Saturday 75,000, bent on getting such values as a mink coat marked down to $975, or the evening gown Lana Turner wore in her latest picture (priced at $18, proceeds to the USO). It is no place for la-di-da shopping. The patrician dowager, followed by her chauffeur, and the working girl looking for a $9.50 spring outfit, are equally aware of the rules—get your hands on the merchandise first!

Clothing is tried on or measured right in the aisles. A long bench serves as the shoe salon. If the shoe fits, buy it. If not, toss it back into the bin and try again. Filene's only interest lies in assuring customers value for whatever they spend or money refunded. The result, in staid old Boston, is a vast rumpus room with all the excitement of a country fair, a church social and a treasure hunt rolled into one.

But the basement offers still another astounding feature. Have you ever dreamed of shopping in a store where the customers mark the price tags? The basement's patrons do, thanks to that word "automatic" in its title. If the customers refuse to buy a dress at, say, the first price of $10, they can have it for $7.50 after 12 days. If that is still too high, they need only wait six more days and the price automatically goes down to $5. After six days more, it drops to $2.50, and if still unsold after six more—a month from the time the dress first appeared on the gas-pipe racks—it goes to charity.

This inflexible rule is hard on the store's buyers, who operate in a "seconds" and distress-merchandise field. Every 30 days they get the customers' decision on whether they bought wisely and well. Rarely, however, does the store have to admit a complete flop.

"But when we do," declares Harold Daniel Hodgkinson, general manager, "we take an awful shellacking. Several years ago an optimistic buyer cleared out the entire stock of a defunct collar factory. Exactly 1,125,000 men's stiff collars poured in, but when we unpacked we found we were in for it—there were a great many size 13 and 18½, hardly popular sizes.

"We priced the collars very low to start with, but I guess Boston's men run to normal. At the end of 12 days we cut them by 25 per cent; at the end of 18, by 50 per cent; at the end of 24, by 75 per cent. Then,

at the end of the month, we called up a favorite charity. They said: 'No, thanks, can't use them.' So we burned them all in a vacant lot."

Hodgkinson, when a buyer himself, bought some items which gave him sleepless nights. In December 1939, the liner *Queen Mary*, caught in New York by the outbreak of war, still had aboard the London haberdashery sold in the men-passengers' shop. Hodgkinson, at the head of a crew of five, descended on the Cunard pier. The vessel was deserted except for a maintenance crew; there was little heat aboard. Undeterred, the basement's shoppers hauled the stuff from storage cabinets and spread it on the bottom of the swimming pool.

There were ties, sweaters, lounging robes, pajamas—all London's best quality—and Hodgkinson was sold on the spot. But for several days he had to untangle red tape with the U. S. Navy, the U. S. Department of State, the Customs Office. Meantime, negotiations had to be carried on with the seller in London by phone and cable. Finally the deal was made, the merchandise shipped to Boston, and sold out in less than three hours.

THE BASEMENT SALES staff learned long ago to take anything—and everything—in stride. With buyers spread over this country and in South America, Europe and the Far East, each with authority to buy on the spot, there's no telling what will arrive at the receiving gate. In fact, even ill winds blow Filene's customers some good.

When a Vermont furniture store was swept by flames, the basement stepped in and bought what was left. There is no display place for furniture in the Filene basement, so the sale was held in the burned furniture store itself, even though the roof had been destroyed. For two days, clerks sold madly at ridiculous prices and prayed there would be no rain. They won.

When a Massachusetts factory yielded 1,000 "slightly imperfect" baby carriages, at a time carriage plants had gone to war, Filene's took the batch, lined them up at its Charles River warehouse and sold them all in a single morning.

After a fire last November in Dallas' fashionable Neiman-Marcus department store, Filene's paid about $400,000 for Neiman-Marcus merchandise whose retail value was about $1,500,000. The entire stock, ranging from mink coats to costume jewelry, was grabbed up in Filene's basement at about 45 per cent of the original retail price.

Much merchandise comes regularly from fashionable Fifth Avenue or resort shops winding up the season. Oddments of shoes and clothes are sent to Filene's automatically, often with no more notice than that the stuff is on the way. When it arrives, the basement puts it on sale without delay.

"Our sole aim," says Hodgkinson, "is to put the stuff where customers can see it, feel it, try it on."

This the customers do without restraint. Women don't hesitate to measure a girdle for size, standing before a mirror in the midst of a crowd. Shopping for shoes consists of grabbing as many pairs as you can handle, and struggling into them yourself, all the while keeping an eye on your handbag, coat—and your own shoes. Many a worn pair has been unknowingly bought by another customer.

But it's quite okay with the basement store's personnel. The carnival spirit prevails at all times. Where else, the employees ask, can you sell a pair of shoes made up of two rights, or pipes designed especially for men without teeth?

What other store will gamble a platinum-and-diamond bar pin against an automatic price reduction which slashes 25 per cent after the first 12 days, and 25 per cent more each six days thereafter? One buyer for the store brought in such a pin which an exclusive shop had priced at $975. It was sold in the basement for $200 on the first day.

A $300 diamond watch and chain went for $119; a $325 fitted leather case went for $95. Twelve mink coats, slightly imperfect, were grabbed up in 15 minutes for an average price of $1,000.

At the other end of the price scale are cotton dresses at $1, socks at 10 cents a pair. Twice a year men's suits are sold at $11, and daily sales run as high as 4,600 suits. A December blizzard brought 30,000 customers into the store for about as many pairs of cheap overshoes, while another cold day saw 3,400 overcoats carried away.

Famous shoppers are commonplace in the basement. A former governor of Massachusetts discovered it was the only place he could get his favorite type of campaign hat. Jack Dempsey has found shirts on the pine tables. General Marshall and former Ambassador Kennedy's family have bought gifts there. And the entire population of famed Pitcairn Island got its shoes in Filene's basement one year by the simple expedient of sending a man with pencil tracings of all the feet in the far-off Pacific colony.

Shopped by the famous and the lowly, Filene's Automatic Bargain Basement grinds on year after year. Displaying two-cent handkerchiefs and $1,000 fur coats, it provides for some a browsing place where they can note the world's merchandising mistakes, for others the excitement of a country fair. But for most patrons, it supplies the necessities of life at the only price they can afford to pay—which means "a bargain."

Improving on the Dictionary

Con-serv'a-tive—One who does not think that anything should be done for the first time. —*The Crusader*

Flat—What your feet get like walking around trying to find one.

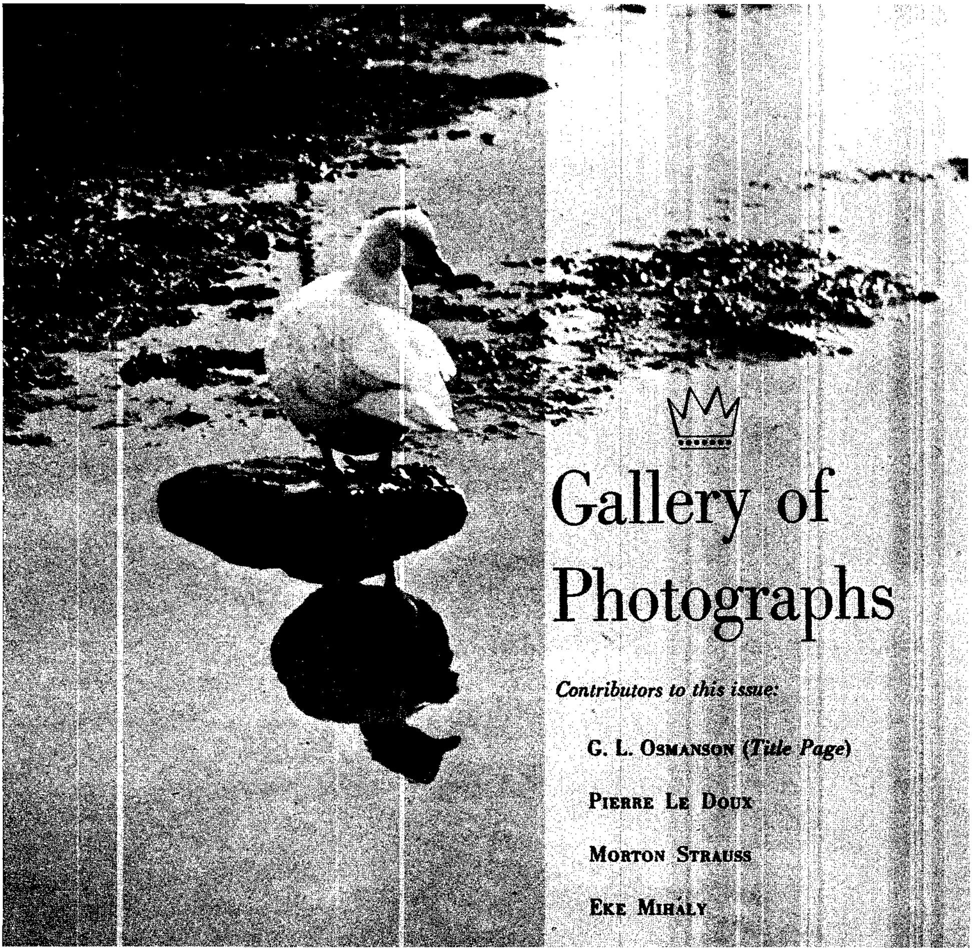
Hap'pi-ness—Something the Constitution guarantees you the pursuit of. —Paul H. Gilbert

Hu'la Dance—Wild waist show.

House'warm'ing—The last call for wedding presents.

Snow'flake—A raindrop wearing an ermine coat. —David McNeil

Lunch Hour—The pause that refleshes. —Mrs. H. S. Truitt



Gallery of Photographs

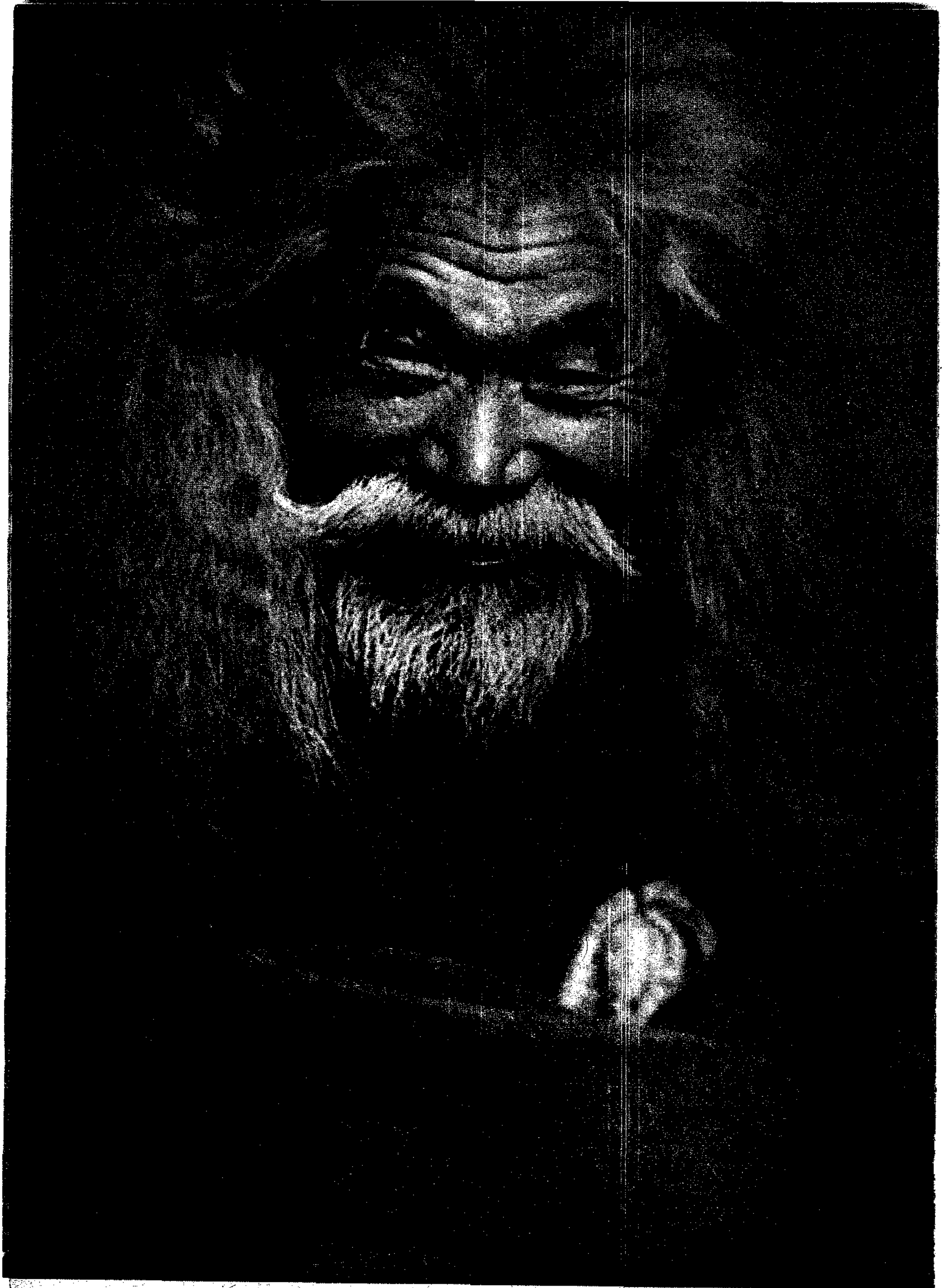
Contributors to this issue:

G. L. Osmanson (*Title Page*)

Pierre Le Doux

Morton Strauss

Eke Mihály



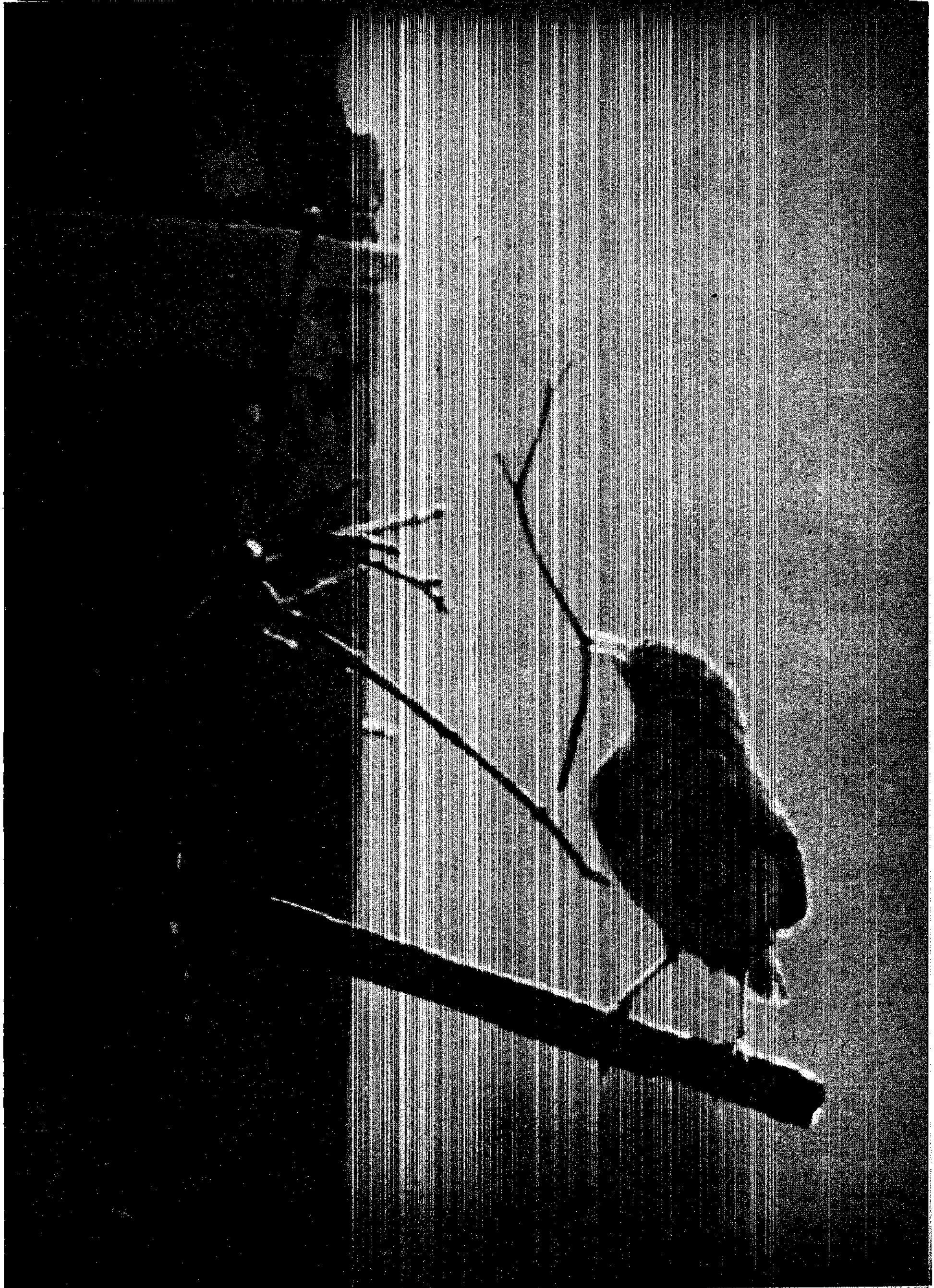
Honored Ancestor

P.A.A.

Pierre Le Doux; Wood, Wisconsin

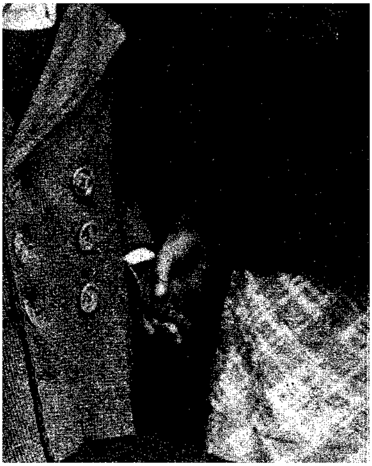
Bathtub Blues

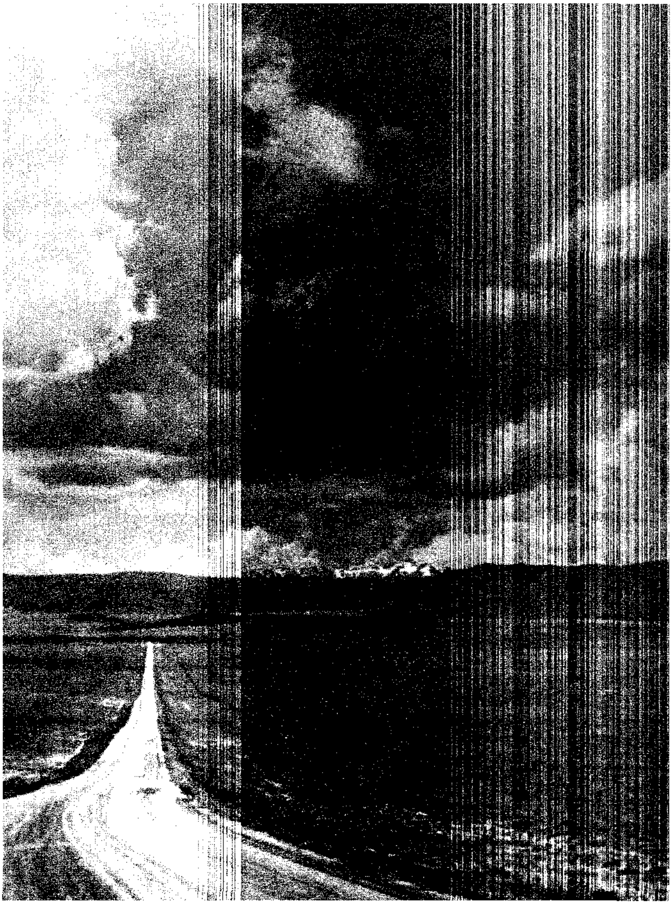
Moonlight Crossing **Morton Strauss; New York, N. Y.**



Eva Luoma; Holliday's Cove, W. Va.

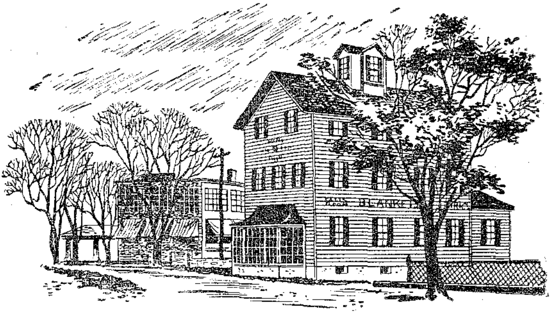
Hustler





Eaton Rapids, Michigan, is a tiny island of peace and plenty in a turbulent world

Small Town with Big Ideas



by **KENT SAGENDORPH**

I HAVE JUST RETURNED from a "field trip" to a typical small town—typical of America in this year of 1947. Eaton Rapids, however, is not a "hick" town: it is an energetic and up-to-the-minute Michigan community where a dollar is worth 100 cents and a man's job is his career.

My report on what I found there may appeal to certain of my city-dwelling friends, who are looking (without much optimism) for an alternative to house and apartment shortages, to smoke and dirt, to noise and confusion, to all the tarnish and tinsel that hide the better things of life from countless thousands of urban families.

Eaton Rapids lies south of Lansing, the capital of Michigan, and is the only place in the world with that name. It is restful just to drive down broad, quiet Main Street under a gothic arch of ancient elms. It is soothing just to talk with Eaton Rapids folks—to sit on their wide verandas and admire their gardens. They seem to have enough time to enjoy things like roses and shimmering lawns, yet they make surprisingly good incomes and live on what we like to call the fat of the land.

In Eaton Rapids, money still has enduring value and a day's labor is given in full measure. It is the kind of place far off major highways, where farm wives drive buggies into town to trade eggs for groceries. Yet it has a surplus of electric power, a new water filtration plant and miles of fine paved streets. The local airport will accommodate craft up to the size of DC-3's, and the railroad freight yards handle thousands of tons of produce annually. But the town has no modern hotel, no advertised motor courts, no night spots, no fancy restaurants catering to people from near-by cities.

Many tourists have never heard of Eaton Rapids. In fact, the old town has gone right along in its placid way as if there were no such things as depression or inflation. It grows a surprising percentage of its own food, has built many of its fine homes from Eaton Rapids brick and Eaton County lumber, manufactures some 50 different necessities of life.

The site on which Eaton Rapids stands was explored in 1836 by four well-educated and ambitious land-seekers looking for a good water-power site. Stalking through the virgin forests westward from Detroit, they came upon a rolling plain and a magnificent hardwood forest, with a hurrying river winding back upon itself in a big loop. Protruding limestone shelves at this point made the river a veritable watery wildcat: white water rapids which effectively stopped flatboat navigation.

The pioneers recognized water-power in this phenomenon, so they took off their broadcloth coats, spat upon their hands, and started cutting timber for cabins.

The pioneers—Amos Spicer, Pierpont E. Spicer, Christopher C. Darling and Samuel Hamlin—"had only the materials which God had placed here in the wilderness." With broadaxe, plumb and square they built a millrace, a gristmill, a waterpower sawmill. Soon, settlers came into the Grand River Valley in long wagon trains, attracted by the rich lands and prosperous mills at Eaton Rapids.

In 1841, a hotel was built to accommodate farmers coming to town with wool and hides. To the furniture store, general store and brick kilns, a wool-carding mill was added in 1844. And before long, the small but robust community was almost independent: only grocery items, iron tools, nails and glass, paint and drugs were being freighted in over primitive mud roads.

TO MOST OF US, THE post-Civil War era is ancient history, but to Eaton Rapids people it was only yesterday. Then the town grew mightily, in size and wealth. Then big, high-ceilinged homes were built, which today blend so gracefully with Main Street's wide lawns. Then the productive farms of Eaton County offered bountiful harvests: men worked all their lives to make them better, and handed them to their heirs with pride.

These sons and grandsons now live in Eaton Rapids, where many are employed. Yet they are still tied to the land. Frank Parks has a dry-goods store which he opens only about once a month, for his real love is his rich farm. A busy foundry which makes steel flasks for other foundries is on a farm. And one of the community's leading industries, Miller Dairies, sprawls over rich agricultural acres on the edge of town.

Eaton Rapids believes that life goes in cycles. In good times when jobs in town monopolize attention, people are likely to let their farms run down. But should depression or inflation strike, swiftly the farms again come into their own. Right now is one of those times.

There are few shortages in Eaton Rapids. During the recent meat famine, prime cuts of farm-fresh meat went into frozen-food lockers at prices which would make a New Yorker groan in envy. Housewives churn their own butter in the kitchen, from cream supplied

—and plentifully—by farm or dairy.

Garden cooperatives operate informally throughout the valley, and if the Eaton Rapids groceries never saw another can of beans there would still be plenty. Even after years of living in town, the average Eaton County matron cans enough food each summer to start a trading post of her own.

There is no acute housing shortage in Eaton Rapids—and no great influx of population to cause one. Enough homes have been built in the last decade to care for most new arrivals, as well as for local couples who preferred new houses when they married.

Some of those big 1880 homes in Eaton Rapids have been occupied continuously for three or four generations. Yet they look so Victorian on the outside that visitors think instinctively: no modern conveniences there! Actually, most of these brick-and-frame manors have outgrown several heating plants, a couple of wiring jobs, at least two major replacements of plumbing. The people who built Eaton Rapids also built homes to last; foundation walls are two feet thick, and basement timbers still show the marks of the pioneer's adze.

Today, the old-fashioned enclosed stairways have gone, along with a multiplicity of small "parlors." In the basements, chrome-trimmed bars in rumpus rooms occupy space once used for storing firewood. Upstairs, bathrooms have replaced the huge clothes closets where great-grandmother once hung her hoopskirts.

When a house like this is offered for sale, the price causes apoplexy among big-city buyers. A dollar is still a dollar on Eaton Rapids' assessment rolls. Just before World War II, I was offered a big brick manor with white columns and 12 rooms, half an acre of lawn and a prodigious carriage barn, for $7,000. There was also parquet flooring throughout, and an automatic gas-heating plant installed by the old couple who had occupied the house before their death.

New homes being built today don't cost as much as in big-city suburbs. Land is less, and other building items are way below the exorbitant prices quoted elsewhere. As one Eaton Rapids carpenter said: "We don't pay freight on building materials if we can get them here."

Brick is usually plentiful; sewer-tile is made at a local tile works: first come first served. The Eaton Lumber Company says it can't keep a stick of lumber in the yard, yet when things get really scarce they can usually persuade a farmer to trim his woodlot.

Eaton Rapids factories are patiently awaiting materials to build additions. Richard Toncray, Sr., who operates Horner Woolen Mills, the town's largest industry, says: "It's a policy around here that the town comes first. It's always being remodelled, improved, modernized, but not getting any bigger. We like Eaton Rapids the way it is."

He recently talked with a big-city visitor who made a common mistake. The city man went into raptures about the town, praising its industrial sites, power, room for expansion and so forth, and gushed: "Let's promote the town! Let's advertise it, tell people what we've got. We'll double the population."

Toncray had to tell him, patiently, that the townspeople don't want to double the population.

Mayor Jack Davidson, 40 years old and well-traveled, feels the same way. Although a native of Philadelphia, to him Eaton Rapids is paradise. "We've got a town," he says, "that's just about right. Our people are loyal to it and to each other. They live here from choice. Lots of them could get better-paying jobs in a city, but why? They'd lose more than they'd gain."

Charles Miller, late production manager of the ice cream plant owned and operated by Miller Dairies, added a strong argument in support of the Eaton Rapids way of life. "How far is it to Times Square?" he asked me shortly before his recent death in an airplane accident. "Overnight—in a Pullman. Or four hours by air. Millions of people who live in metropolitan areas don't get downtown any oftener than I do!"

Lansing, a city of 100,000, was 15 minutes from his colonial home by motor highway. He could fly his own plane to Chicago in an hour and a half; to Detroit in less than an hour. He had the plane, and the license to fly it. So has his brother George, sales manager of the Miller family-owned company.

Eaton Rapids has national luncheon clubs, such as Lions and Kiwanis. It has so many veterans' organizations, lodges and fraternal orders that nobody can keep track of them all. Yet the town is so small that any real booster is likely to belong to four or five. His boss in mill or shop is his friend and neighbor in the lodge.

Local businessmen pay for playgrounds or other community projects because the people who benefit are their friends. That was why the Miller family constructed a hydroelectric plant at one of their biggest dams, and built an experimental transmission line to five kerosene-lamp farms. Now that dam supplies scores of farms up and down Grand River Valley.

Eaton Rapids people like to do things like that. The Horner mills runs a retail store in a remodeled section of a gristmill built in 1882. Here, each fall, the whole town rushes to get fluffy woolen blankets, mackinaws, children's snow suits, work coats and dozens of beautifully-made woolen articles which are hard to get elsewhere.

THE TOWN IS A LITTLE island of peace and plenty in a sea of national uncertainties. It goes along about the same, each generation following in its turn, living in sturdy old houses and giving visitors an impression that nothing much has happened since the Chester A. Arthur administration. Yet behind the screen of old-fashioned traits, a welcomed guest will find the energy and ability of a modern city.

You meet the factory manager who makes his own color movies in sound; the factory boys who buy and fly their own planes; the farm owner who, at 75, recently piloted his own schooner from Detroit to the Gulf of Mexico, across Lake Okeechobee, Fla., and then up the Atlantic Coast to New York and Albany, and back to Detroit on Lake Erie; the radio "hams" who know more people in Europe than they know in Lansing.

You see high-school kids making

intricate phonograph recordings in living rooms where, two generations back, their grandmothers were learning to crochet. You see them playing baseball together, the factory owner's son and the factory sweeper's son, while the minister, the doctor, the judge, the industrialist and the workers stand together on the side lines in one noisy, happy, neighborly mass.

Like the storied "Middletown" of a decade ago, Eaton Rapids is a sociological test tube, demonstrating that the America we symbolize and idealize as "God's country" is still with us. But you won't find the thousands of places like Eaton Rapids on main highways. They are back in the forests, in the hills, far out on the prairies and the deserts, minding their own community businesses and going along year after year in their own quiet way.

In a topsy-turvy world, the knowledge that they are there is a comfort—and a kind of insurance against the dire events that the pessimists like to prophesy for this new atomic age.

Blank Moments

DR. SAMUEL GARTH, famous English physician, was not a conspicuous success during his student days. The night before his final examination in therapeutics, he "crammed" all night.

Next morning, he continued going over the answers in his mind. So when the chairman of the examining committee asked, "What is your name?" he replied confidently, "One drop!"

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DWIGHT MORROW USED to explain to his friends that he was not absent-minded—only preoccupied. Nevertheless, one day as he hastened down the street he met a friend and accepted his invitation to lunch.

Morrow suggested that they eat at his favorite restaurant, which was near-by. As they ordered, he remarked: "I just want something light, I'm not a bit hungry."

"Excuse me, sir," broke in the waiter, "but you just ate here a few minutes ago!"

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DR. ALBERT EINSTEIN IS generally held to have the most brilliant mind of any living scientist. But once he received a $1,500 check, used it for a bookmark for a month or two—then lost the book!

• • •

PAUL EHRLICH, INTERNATIONALLY famous bacteriologist who discovered Salvarsan, could read a complicated chemical formula and remember it the rest of his life. But he had to write himself post cards to keep from forgetting birthdays and anniversaries! —WEBB B. GARRISON

BROADWAY HASN'T FORGOTTEN

by **Jhan and June Robbins**

More than 10,000 wounded ex-servicemen have experienced New York's hospitality as guests of the unique 52 Association

One wintry night at Reuben's midtown restaurant, fashionable New Yorkers laid down their forks and stared in fascinated silence at a party of disabled sailors. It was not the crutches and plaster casts or the Purple Hearts that commanded respectful attention, but the bluejackets' gigantic appetites.

The astonished after-theater crowd had never seen anything like it. For an hour, waiters scuttled back and forth to the sailors' table with lobsters, triple-deck sandwiches, beer, three-inch steaks and plates heaped with ice cream. When at last the amazing mariners stopped eating and waved for the check, ten strangers leaped from near-by tables to stand treat. Arnold Reuben, Jr., proprietor, settled the argument by tearing the $52 check into shreds. Then an idea hit him.

"If we could get 52 guys to pitch in $52 each," he mused, "we could take a bunch of wounded vets out on the town every week for a year."

The ten patrons, a diverse but singlehearted group of manufacturers, night-club habitués, Wall Streeters and Broadwayites, nodded agreement. Scattering, they began to talk with other diners, and before the restaurant closed that night in February, 1945, the 52 Association had a full membership and $2,704 in the treasury.

But the idea didn't stop there. Hundreds of softhearted, well-heeled New Yorkers were eager to spend an evening steering disabled servicemen along the Main Stem—and footing the bill. Restaurants, theaters and night spots fell into line, providing at cost the best in orchestra or ringside seats and delectable menus.

Doing the town proved to have sensational therapeutic value. One Navy pilot was having such a good time at a night club, beating time to the music, that he forgot the neurosis that paralyzed his legs. Pushing his crutches aside, he took to the dance floor in an exultant Lindy Hop. He has never used crutches again.

A similar miracle was accomplished a few weeks later through the medium of a hot pastrami sandwich. An ex-infantryman, hospitalized for stomach wounds, had been fed intravenously for a year. Physically, he had long since been cured, yet he was still convinced there was something awry in his innards. But he couldn't resist the smoking spiced beef that a 52'er set before him. Before he knew it his teeth were biting deep.

"This'll cost me a fortune in pensions," he grinned, reaching for a dill pickle, "but it's worth it!"

52 pays for its good works by annual contribution of $52 from each member at the time he joins, and thereafter on the anniversary of his membership. And since members are accepted any day in the year, receipt of income becomes not an annual event but a daily one.

Although more than 10,000 wounded men have been shown the bright lights under 52's wing, the entertainment has never been put on a bulk-cheap basis. The men are sent out in small groups, usually with three sponsor-members. And 52's parties are cosmopolitan, including representatives of all races and nationalities.

52 recently discovered, somewhat to its surprise, that there are a goodly number of "longhairs" among disabled vets and servicemen. So parties now go as regularly to the ballet, opera and concert as they do to the night-club circuit, the men indicating when they accept an invitation which type of entertainment they prefer.

At the end of its first six months, 52's enrollment stood at 486 members. Then came VJ Day. For some 500,000 bandage rollers, doughnut handlers and canteen workers, the war was over. Active membership of voluntary services dropped alarmingly. But the 52 Association had just begun to fight.

Today, 52 is probably the only war-born volunteer group that continues to grow at a wartime rate. Since its start, 52 has spent $80,000, has never run out of money and probably never will, because members, besides annual dues, occasionally contribute extra checks for hundreds of dollars. The New York roster, now 1,600, has tripled since the war ended, while new chapters created by word-of-mouth publicity are forming in Chicago, Detroit, Portland and other cities as far west as Honolulu.

At National Headquarters in a Manhattan hotel, members of 52 are constantly thinking of new ways to serve wounded servicemen, sometimes pulling strings to accomplish the "impossible" for them. Often, over the hamburgers and coffee that wind up Broadway tours, their wounded guests grow confidential. Mainly they worry about getting a job.

"What's for me when I get out?" a crippled artilleryman said bitterly. "A paper-flower maker? Or a broom-weaver?"

"No!" the 52'er exploded. "You come around and see me when you're ready. Then," he added recklessly, "I'll see to it that you get a real man's job."

Out of scores of such promises, issued individually, came the association's employment service. As most members employ large numbers of people, or have friends who do, promises are now translated into action.

A blinded marine and his pretty wife wanted to open a gift shop in their Iowa home town. But the bank would not approve a loan until they could guarantee their ability to stock the store. Could 52 help them to obtain merchandise?

The association could do better than that for the couple. The president of a national gift manufacturer's association was in 52's card files, fairly perishing to be helpful. He not only smashed trade barriers that stood between the marine and his store but even helped him to select a sure-fire stock.

Coolly, 52 resists offers of employment from firms that wish to capitalize on a veteran's disability. Recently a New York bank asked for a "presentable" one-armed veteran who could play host to city-touring guests. Mortimer Karpp, job placement director, turned down this request because he felt it would be sheer exploitation of the veteran.

"If they had wanted a one-legged man as a teller, that would have been different," he sputtered. "But of course, a wooden leg doesn't show in a cashier's cage!"

Karpp is an ex-army personnel non-com who worked five years for the U.S. Employment Service and handled veterans' counselling programs at Rhoads General Hospital in Utica. Hired by 52's vocational advisory committee of psychologists and educators, he cooperates closely with USES and other governmental and volunteer services.

WITH 52'S MEMBERSHIP covering nearly every field of professional and commercial endeavor and including such celebrities as Bill Stern, NBC commentator; Representative Sol Bloom; columnist Ed Sullivan; and Harold Hoffman, ex-Governor of New Jersey, advice comes, so to speak, straight from the horse's mouth. If a GI hankers to try advertising or show business or manufacturing, there is sure to be at least one member who knows all the ropes.

Only once were they stopped. That was the time when a shy, city-born lad wandered into the office and asked if anyone could tell him how to be a farmer.

"Actor, broker, carpenter, doctor," they pleaded, running down the membership list, "editor, fish merchant, grocer."

But the youngster shook his head and stubbornly repeated, "I want to be a farmer!"

Finally Karpp said: "Come back in a week. By that time we'll know more about it."

And he did. In four days and nights Karpp read almost every self-help pamphlet issued by the Department of Agriculture. Then he had the lad taken to a state agricultural school in New York, where he talked to students and faculty members. As a result of these talks, the youngster registered for a course in farm mechanics. This is an example of the concrete, voice-of-experience help that is always on tap at 52.

The association, eager to see its crusade spread across the country, points out that any group of men in the vicinity of an army, navy or veterans' hospital can embark on a food-and-fun program. Meanwhile, inquiries at these hospitals, at local Veterans Administration offices and at USES bureaus will reveal what vocational aid is needed by the wounded already discharged as patients and now seeking jobs.

Headquarters of 52 at the Hotel Capitol, 840 Eighth Avenue, New York City 19, will gladly advise how to form a 52 branch in any community in the U. S.

Currently, a movement has been started within the New York association to include wounded veterans of World War I on outings, which now number a dozen a week, including seagoing excursions around Manhattan Island and fishing trips.

But entertainment on Broadway and vicinity is still tops with 52's guests. Secret of the high hilarity that prevails on all parties is the sponsor's refusal to treat the wounded like invalids. Disabilities are ignored or treated as a matter of course.

"Since I got smashed up in Europe," wrote one earnest Tennessee boy who had been a guest at a 52 party, "you guys are the only civilians I've met who've treated me like a man instead of a piece of broken glass."

That kind of response (and it comes to them often) warms the hearts of the members of 52. It is all the repayment they ever want or expect for living up daily to the association's exacting motto:

"America's wounded shall never be forgotten."

"It's Fun to Sell Subscriptions!"

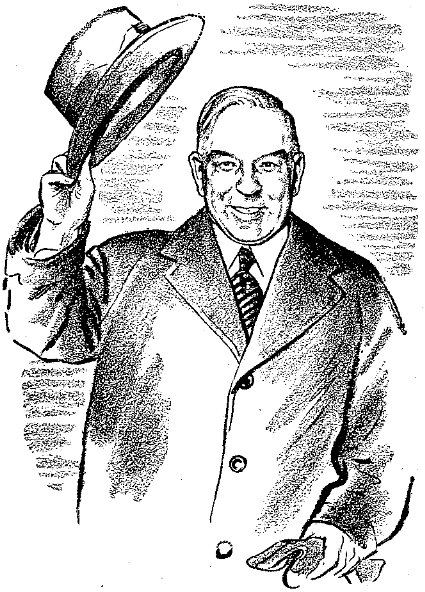
Read what Mrs. N. M. of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, volunteers about Coronet's new plan for Community subscription representatives:

"I enjoy my spare-time job as authorized subscription representative for Coronet and all other leading publications very much. I am a housewife and the mother of three strapping youngsters of pre-school age, so most of my spare time is taken up at home, but I still find selling magazine subscriptions interesting and stimulating!"

* * *

Coronet's new plan makes it easy to earn as much as $3 to $5 during an otherwise idle hour by just selling new and renewal subscriptions to friends and neighbors in your community. You represent the world's finest magazines and can easily build a substantial spare-time business that will bring you extra income and extra pleasures year after year. No experience or investment required. Get started today by sending 25 cents in coin with your request, to: Coronet, Dept. 212, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois. Valuable information and a complete sales kit will be sent to you by return mail to help you establish your own magazine subscription business and start earning money in your spare time.

TOP MAN of CANADA



by **THOMAS DRAKE DURRANCE**

Mackenzie King, an austere intellectual, has skillfully guided his country to an imposing new position in world affairs

ABOUT THE TIME FRANKLIN Roosevelt was being groomed as a Democratic vice-presidential candidate in the United States and Winston Churchill, as Secretary for War, was sitting in the British Cabinet for the first time, a stocky, serious, round-faced young man named William Lyon Mackenzie King was elected leader of the Liberal Party in Canada.

Neither north of the St. Lawrence nor elsewhere in the world was the event heralded with the screeching of whistles or marching in the streets by joyous multitudes. But then, who could tell in 1919 that a new era had begun in Canadian history?

Not even the few people who knew him well guessed that this austere, high-collared intellectual would some day so dominate the Canadian political stage that, with extraordinary finesse, he would be performing as producer, director, leading man and prompter simultaneously.

Yet just two years later, Mackenzie King—at 47—became the second youngest prime minister Canada ever had. And from then until today (except for the five years he was out of power, 1930-1935) this strange, severe little man has been six times elected boss of his country. No man in modern history, outside the lunatic fringe, has ever exerted greater influence over a nation than King has over Canada.

When he first clasped his stubby fingers around the managerial reins, Canada was an unimportant country, known primarily as a playground for wealthy American sportsmen. Yet she emerged from World War II in full-blown maturity, second only to the great powers in global influence. Today Canada is surpassed only by the U. S. and Britain as a trading nation. Her strategic location at the top of the world, plus her extensive uranium fields, makes her a bastion of the Western World.

At war's end, Canada—with fewer people than New York State—had the fourth largest air force among the United Nations. Her standard of living was the world's second highest. She had achieved national identity by discarding one by one the garments of subservience to the British Empire. Last year she made great strides toward a national flag to replace the Union Jack, and enacted laws establishing Canadian citizenship, granted to all Canadians by proclamation on January 1.

Guiding Canada from adolescence to adulthood has been the stern hand of "Willie" King. A short (5½ feet), paunchy, semi-bald, 72-year-old bachelor, King lacks many of the qualities usually regarded as essential to a successful politician. Yet he has been Prime Minister longer than anyone before him—20 years last summer—and the government he heads is one of the oldest democratic governments in the world.

King was born in 1874 in Berlin, Ontario (the name was changed to Kitchener during World War I). From his grandfather he inherited a hero's name, that of William Lyon Mackenzie, an impoverished Scotch journalist who came to Canada as a young man and in 1837 led a brief, unsuccessful rebellion against an autocratic provincial government.

In high school King was known as a studious, sober boy who played good cricket. At the University of Toronto he studied political economy, went on to postgraduate work at Harvard and the University of Chicago. After making a study of trade-union organization and slum conditions in Chicago and London, he passed up a chance to teach at Harvard in order to enter Canadian politics. He broke in at the turn of the century as Deputy Minister of Labor, and eight years later, at 35, became full Labor Minister in Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Cabinet.

After the Liberals were defeated in 1911, King took a job as director of industrial research for the Rockefeller Foundation. Assigned to solve a labor-management dispute at Rockefeller-owned mines in Colorado, King formulated the Rockefeller employee-representation plan, later a model for American company unions.

Laurier's death in 1919 split the Liberal Party wide open. Post-war dissension within the ranks called for a successor to the great French-Canadian, capable of holding together vastly divergent elements;

Thomas Drake Durrance, a native of Jacksonville, Fla., was educated at Washington & Lee University and at Harvard, where he did graduate work. During the war he served in the Washington News Bureau of the OWI and later, as a member of the American Field Service, drove an ambulance with the British Eighth Army in Africa and Italy. In 1944 he joined the staff of a weekly news magazine which he represented in Rome, Vienna, Jerusalem and Ottawa, Canada. Since last October he has been senior staff editor of a business magazine in Washington, D. C.

on the convention's fourth ballot, King—already with a reputation for compromise—was chosen. Thus began his domination of the Canadian political scene.

WHEN PEOPLE WHO HAVE been associated with King for a long time are asked for an honest appraisal of him, they usually hedge: "Will's a very strange man." For the truth of it is that King is virtually a recluse in his own country: few profess to know him well, none intimately.

Unlike both Roosevelt and Churchill, King is not a man's man. He has no old cronies, tells few jokes, drinks water, shuns tobacco. Even in small social gatherings, King's cordiality is touched with iciness.

The Prime Minister lives and does much of his work in Laurier House, a rambling old mansion in downtown Ottawa. Week ends he goes to Kingsmere, his estate 15 miles from the city. Here, accompanied only by his Irish terrier, Pat II, he works, reads and takes lonely strolls among the ruins which he has collected the world over and made into a garden—stark columns, ancient bird baths, bleak doorways of stone. His guests at Kingsmere are few; no one dares just to drop in.

Convinced that his is the role of the leader, not the mingler, King lives in an antiseptic vacuum as though he were disinclined to touch the people of Canada with a ten-foot pole. Yet he is able to keep an uncannily sensitive finger on the Canadian political pulse. He rarely ventures beyond the city limits of the national capital, but he seems to know intuitively what most of Canada's 12,000,000 citizens are thinking.

Canadians are convinced that he follows a master line. They believe he knows just where he and Canada are headed; in their eyes he is steady, reliable and methodical. Whenever a crisis arises in government, the Canadian man-in-the-street remarks: "Leave it to the old boy. Willie knows what he's doing."

King capitalizes on this blind faith. One of his favorite methods of perpetuating the legend of his own infallibility is to quote old speeches. "Umpteen years ago," he is fond of saying, "I told the people of Canada such and such would happen. Well, you see now that it has . . ." To this end, the Prime Minister's public utterances are coiled with qualification, riddled with verbal escape hatches.

Not too fond of details of government, often a procrastinator when it comes to making important decisions, King has stayed on top by his sheer determination to be head man. He is ruthless in dealing with political enemies, clever in his manipulation of political friends. Like the two sisters in *Arsenic and Old Lace*, King is capable of dispensing poison with a kindly smile. The figurative corpses of his political opponents would cram the biggest cellar in Canada.

Despite his ruthlessness, the Prime Minister continues to exact full devotion from the young men who act as his political and diplomatic tools. Such top Canadian officials as Norman Robertson, High Commissioner in London; Lester "Mike" Pearson, Undersecretary of State for External Affairs; Hume Wrong, Ambassador to the U.S., and Arnold Heeney, Clerk of the Privy Council, are all men a generation younger than King, yet infused with his thinking and fascinated by his challenging personality.

Likewise, his Cabinet is sparked by competent aides. Impatient with details, King allocates responsibility wherever possible. One of his favorite sayings is, "Each of my ministers is a prime minister"—meaning they are bosses in their own departments. His underlings don't love King, but they live in constant awe of the old man. And—which is what he likes—they work like hell for him.

Today, at 72, King is still a man of unflagging energy. When Parliament is in session he works 18 hours daily, often going without food from 6 A.M. until late afternoon, when he stops for tea. Similarly indifferent to sleep, he seldom gets more than six hours a night.

The enigma of King's long term in office is partly explained by the simple fact that there isn't an opponent in Canada worthy of doing battle with him. Because governmental salaries are unbelievably low, politics is not financially attractive in Canada. Most young Canadians with talent prefer private enterprise in Montreal, Toronto or Vancouver, while thousands of their countrymen migrate across the border annually to seek careers in the U.S.

Within King's Liberal Party there are no younger men with enough experience to equip them for handling a premiership. The opposition Progressive Conservative party is led by an ex-professor of agriculture from Manitoba, who has been called as "exciting as a laundry list." King, the only true professional politician in his country, stands absolutely at the head of his class, ready to rap the knuckles of anyone who might dare to challenge his supremacy.

WHETHER KING IS MORE than just an astute politician has always caused heated discussion in Canada. Those who would rank him a statesman rest their claims mainly on the belief that only a master statesman could have ruled such a politically complex country so successfully during the Depression and through the war years.

Yet the Prime Minister's fence-straddling and negative political credo are scarcely those of a statesman. "The most important thing is not what action you take to make desirable things happen," he has said, "but the action you take to keep bad ones from happening."

A potential giant among nations, Canada's growth is still retarded by more racial, political, economic and geographical conflicts than in any other democracy in the world. Spread-eagled across rich northern lands, she finds her strength sapped by the passion with which her Anglo-Saxon and French peoples dislike each other, the deep-rooted suspicion with which the prairie farmer regards the Eastern businessman, and the endless struggle for supremacy between the federal government and the nine provinces.

To run such a complex nation effectively, to prevent it from going up in smoke, the Prime Minister of Canada must be a master at compromise. He can never hope to win too many friends, he can only strive not to make too many enemies;

such a man is "Willie" King—and such has been his career.

Colorless, cautious and deeply religious, King in many ways is an embodiment of the Canadian people. They have a reputation for being robust, hell-for-leather extroverts, but nothing could be further from the truth. Puritanical in some parts of their country, shot through with middle-class morality, Canadians fret about themselves a lot. They need to be cajoled and enticed into decisions, and King does this type of nursing beautifully.

Last year was a tough one for King. The Liberals lost several by-elections and their majority in the House of Commons was cut to the narrowest margin any Canadian government has had in 20 years. With sections of its industry strike-bound most of the year, many of its veterans homeless, its cost of living rising, Canada seemed headed for political revolution. The Prime Minister's grasp on the electorate was tenuous.

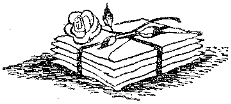
But Canada came out of its post-war shakedown cruise in good shape. By an ardent courting of the lusty young Socialist party, the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation, King has been able to exert a tighter control over Commons than party numbers would indicate.

If he can pull the Liberal Government through this session of Parliament, chances are that Mackenzie King will fulfill his fond wish of retiring as champion before the next regular election in 1950. He has already served notice that these are his intentions.

Can he make it?

"Sure," says the average Canadian confidently, "sure he'll make it. Willie always does."

Speaking of Love Letters



THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT of Venezuela accepts love letters at half the usual rate for first-class mail—provided that the missives are placed in special bright red envelopes!

THE MARRIED LIFE OF Nathaniel Hawthorne and Sophia Peabody was one of the great love stories of all time. When they were separated even for a few days, each wrote the other daily. And Hawthorne always washed his hands before reading a letter from his wife!

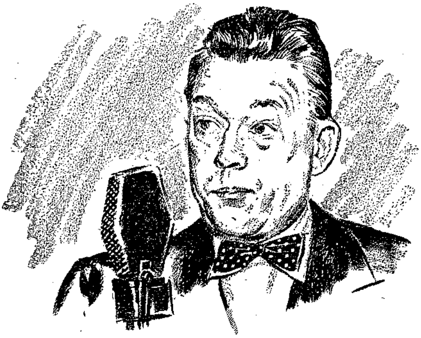
MARK TWAIN'S LOVE LETTERS may not have been great literature, but his wife kept every one. In fact, she treasured them so much that when they went away from home for any length of time she always took the letters to the bank for safekeeping.

HARRY HOUDINI, the world-famous magician and escape artist, was never too busy to write love letters to his wife.

Instead of mailing them to her, he usually just tucked them away in unexpected places for her to find accidentally. —WEBB B. GARRISON

Game Book Section

With a special flourish, Coronet rolls out the welcome mat for this month's guest editor—the inimitable Fred Allen, who is now enjoying his greatest popularity in almost 15 years of radio broadcasting.



FRED ALLEN, GUEST EDITOR

A Game of Names

As the only man on record ever to settle for the $2 question on *Take It or Leave It*—the kind of fellow who doesn't know horizontal from vertical in crossword puzzles—I nevertheless accept the temporary job of Game Warden for Coronet and offer herewith a selection of quizzes, games, stunts and miscellaneous fun which I hope will provide you with a full month's entertainment—excepting, of course, for one-half hour each Sunday night over N.B.C.

For instance, take this first little puzzler. All the names listed in the adjoining column are *first* names of men—but most of them happen also to be *last* names. By matching up names from the list you should be able to put together at least 15 pairs, each pair consisting of the first and last name of some well-known man, living or dead.

For example, if you couple name No. 16 with name No. 1, you'll have Fred Allen. Of course all of the names aren't *that* famous, but how many others can you get? If you get more than eight you are to be congratulated (I wouldn't know by whom). If you get only four, you're not very bright. (I got one other besides my own.) Answers are on page 123.

1. **Allen**
2. **George**
3. **John**
4. **James**
5. **Arthur**
6. **Benjamin**
7. **William**
8. **Henry**
9. **Howard**
10. **Louis**
11. **Marshall**
12. **Stephen**
13. **Benny**
14. **Irving**
15. **Walter**
16. **Fred**
17. **Jack**
18. **Leslie**
19. **Chester**
20. **Milton**
21. **Douglas**
22. **Washington**
23. **Franklin**
24. **Gilbert**
25. **Bruno**
26. **Joe**

Follow Directions

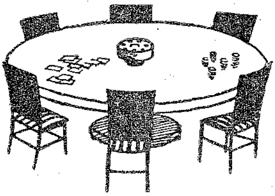
Senator Claghorn, riding the Kilocycles, has always been a thorn in my side—south side, that is—so here's a game in which we've drawn the line. I speak of the controversial Mason-Dixon line. The following posers are involved only with the North, East and West, leaving Claghorn (whose class at college voted him the man most likely to secede), and his Rebel ilk plenty of time to go to Alabama and take a ride in their merry old Mobile. (That's a poke, son!) You should be able to take these *like Grant took Bergman*. See page 123 for the answers.

1. Glenn Davis and Doc Blanchard
2. Shoot Polaris
3. A rare sight at night
4. "C'm up 'n *see* me some time"
5. A class of cheap fiction
6. What artists look for in a studio
7. To send a night letter, call—
8. A novel by Kenneth Roberts
9. The fair sex in Masonry
10. A ballad by Rudyard Kipling
11. Between Norway and Denmark
12. The poorest district of London

♣ ♦ ♥ ♠

Find Joe's Brother

Six men sat down to a game of poker at a circular table.
Peter dealt the cards.
Harry sat next to Joe's brother and opposite Charlie.
The man who sat to Charlie's left sat opposite Joe.
Joe's brother sat opposite the man who sat next to the man who sat opposite the man to Joe's right.
The man who sat to the right of the man who sat next to the man who sat opposite Joe is George.
Can you place all the men in their proper places around the table and locate the correct position of Joe's brother? (Of course you could always call his wife—she knows exactly where he is at all times. But that isn't fair.) See page 123 for the solution.



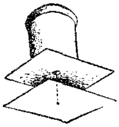
The ONE and ONLY

Everyone subjected to Cupid's ubiquitous darts knows the true meaning of the One and Only. In Jack Benny's case, however, it's money. In George Bernard Shaw's case, it's Shaw. Of course, in their cases, it is purely a matter of opinion. But there are other one-and-onlys which are NOT matters of opinion, and here are some of them. If you can't answer No. 1 you had better go back to northern Greenland. The others are *not quite so easy, and if you get* more than five right you are doing very well. Correct answers are on page 123.

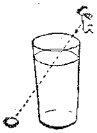
1. The only President to serve more than two consecutive terms was____________________
2. The only metal that is a liquid at ordinary room temperature is____________________
3. The only President of the United States who never married was____________________
4. The only state which touches only one other state is________
5. The only mammal that has wings and can fly with perfect ease is a____________________
6. The only four letter word in the English language that ends in ENY is____________________
7. The only star that is bright enough to enable you to see your own shadow is____________________
8. The only woman ever to be appointed to the Cabinet of the United States is____________________

You Won't Believe It!

My sponsor suggests these two stunts:



A thin piece of cardboard with a hole in it is glued to one end of an ordinary spool. A playing card is held loosely in place by a pin. If you hold this playing card with the pin in it against the card glued to the spool and *blow* hard through the other end of the spool, what happens if you let go of the playing card? Will it be blown right off the spool? Try it and see!



Who says drinking water is transparent? Fill an ordinary glass full of good clear water and place a coin behind it, as shown here. Now try to see the coin by looking over the top of the glass as indicated. If you can see it you have remarkable eyesight! (Don't throw the water away when you're finished, says my sponsor—make a cup of tea with it). Both stunts are explained on page 123.

Make Your Own Sound Effects

Our sound effects man gave me this one—his idea for combining pleasure with practice for his business. This is a game for the ears instead of the eyes. You produce various noises from another room or from behind a screen in the same room and, as each noise is made, the players must write down what makes that noise. As some suggestions for noises we offer the following: 1. Wrapping up a package. 2. Filing a piece of metal. (Most guests will guess it's Jack Benny playing his violin). 3. Rubbing two books together without the paper jackets on. 4. Rubbing a piece of sandpaper on glass. 5. Spinning a half dollar on a wooden table or on the floor. 6. Exploding an atomic bomb. You can make up your own noises, and the winner should certainly get a prize—perhaps a big wad of cotton.

So YOU Think You Can Read!

This tongue twister makes about as much sense as does Allen's Alley sometimes. But nonsense can also be fun, so let's see how fast you can read the passage below. Next, read it as an elocution student might—with expression. Finally, explain the situation described—without laughing (as though you were in our studio audience).

Mr. Go and Mr. Went were to see a ball game together, so:

Go went to Went to get Went to go but Went refused, so Go went. Went went after Go not knowing Go went to phone Went not to go. Why Go went to phone Went not to go and why Went went and told Go to go before Went went after Go is not quite clear.

If You Don't Know, Guess!

If an ordinary housefly were increased in size one billion times, how big would that housefly be? Hint: guess high (but no fair going out and measuring a housefly!)

If a band of steel were stretched tight around the earth at the equator so that it touched that imaginary line everywhere, how much would that band increase in length if it were raised one foot above the earth? Hint: guess low.

If the national debt were paid in pennies, all placed next to each other, how long a line of pennies would result? Hint: guess high—the national debt is more than $250,000,000,000.

See page 123 for the answers.

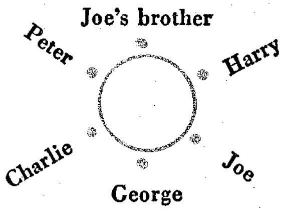
Answers

You Won't Believe It!

The card stays close to the spool because the air, rushing between the two cards, causes unequal pressure on the loose card. The air pressure below is greater and holds the card against the spool.

You cannot see the coin because the water refracts the light.

Find Joe's Brother



Follow Directions

1. West Point
2. The North Star
3. The Northern Lights
4. Mae West
5. Westerns
6. North light
7. Western Union
8. *Northwest Passage*
9. Eastern Stars
10. *Ballad of East and West*
11. The North Sea
12. The East End

A Game of Names

16-1 2-11 3-20 19-5 6-23 7-24
26-10 12-21 17-13 3-11 25-15 18-9
8-4 22-14 3-24 2-22 7-4 8-2

The ONE and Only:

1. **Franklin D. Roosevelt**
2. **Mercury**
3. **Buchanan**
4. **Maine**
5. **Bat**
6. **DENY**
7. **The Sun**
8. **Frances Perkins**

If You Don't Know, Guess!

The housefly would be larger than the moon. It is more than 5mm. long, and a billion times this is 5,000,000 meters. The moon's diameter is more than 2,000 miles or 3,200,000 meters.

The band would be only 2 pi or 6.28 feet longer.

The line of pennies would reach from the earth to Mars and back several times, or about 300,000,000 miles. One million pennies would make a line about 12 miles long, so 25 trillion pennies (the National debt in pennies) would make a line 25,000,000 times 12 miles, or 300,000,000 miles long.

RADIANT HEAT for Tomorrow's Homes

by HARLAND MANCHESTER

Something's being done at last to cut fuel bills and give householders greater comfort

THUMB THROUGH RESORT travel-folders and sooner or later you'll find that smiling young lady who always goes skiing in her bathing suit. She doesn't know it, but she is giving an excellent scientific demonstration of an efficient new method of domestic heating now being installed in thousands of homes in the U. S. and abroad.

The temperature of the air around that girl is freezing, or there wouldn't be any snow. Yet she is not freezing, or there wouldn't be any smile. The answer is *radiant heat.* Rays of the sun pour down upon her and keep her comfortable, no matter what the thermometer says.

In radiant heating of the living-room variety, the sun's job is done by heated floors, panels, walls or ceilings which broadcast heat waves, keeping you comfortable even though the air is cooler than in a room heated by ordinary radiators.

In its simplest form, radiant heating consists of a gridiron of hot-water pipes, imbedded in a concrete floor and heated by any ordinary furnace. This network of circulating hot water turns the entire floor into a heat-wave broadcaster. These waves do not heat the air as they pass through it, any more than the sun heats the air around the skiing girl. But they do warm any solid object they encounter. Some fall upon you directly, others strike the ceiling and are reflected back.

And here let us pause a moment to consider the human body. You are a radiant heating plant yourself. Your bodily furnace converts fuel into heat, and your skin constantly radiates about as much warmth as a 100-watt bulb. So long as you lose heat at about the rate you produce it, you feel comfortable. But when cold floors, walls and ceilings drain heat rapidly from your body, you say you are getting cold.

Using that simple fact, radiant-heating engineers decided it was needlessly wasteful to burn enough fuel to heat all the air in a house. Just criss-cross the rooms with rays of radiant heat, directed at chairs, desks and other places where you spend the most time, and you will feel perfectly comfortable with the thermometer at 65 or so, and save about a third of your fuel bill.

But economy is only one advantage of the new system. The cooler, crisper air makes you more alert—that dead, scorched steam-heat smell is gone. There is less shock when you leave the house on a cold day, while inside you get a quicker warm-up. Once your floor or other heat-broadcasting surface is warm, the radiant heat jumps at you with the speed of light, and you don't have to wait for all the air to be brought to a tolerable temperature.

With ordinary heating, your head is warmer than your feet, when for comfort and alertness the reverse should be true. Hot air rises, and if the ceiling is high, there may be a difference of 10 or 15 degrees between floor and ceiling. Radiant heat irons out these differences.

Radiant heat also is cleaner. Conventional radiators circulate air currents which carry dust and deposit it unevenly. When heat is radiated, there is little air movement. Still another benefit is the elimination of unsightly radiators and pipes which detract from living space in a home.

THERE ARE A NUMBER of ways of installing radiant heating. In many office buildings, factories, schools, hospitals and cellarless modern houses, hot-water pipes are imbedded in concrete floors, with insulation beneath to prevent wasting heat on the ground. Both wrought-iron and copper pipes are used, although copper pipe is easier to bend.

An engineer who built his own house in Boise, Idaho, imbedded coils of thin copper in the ceiling. An architect in Connecticut bolted hot-water pipes to a sheet of corrugated iron and mounted it flush with the sloping ceiling of his study so that the heat rays were beamed on his desk. Many schools in England and on the Continent are heated by inconspicuous radiant wall panels which beam heat upon the desks where pupils spend most of their time.

While most radiant heating is done by hot water, steam is also used, and in some buildings hot air is sent through tile ducts in floors or walls. The Lincoln Brothers, manufacturers of Marion, Virginia, have built a model prefabricated house in which radiant and conventional heating are combined. Hot air heats the floors and then enters the rooms through registers.

Hot air is also used in the radiant-heat home of Howard M. Sloan, head of the H. M. Sloan Construction Company of Glenview, Ill., because "there is nothing to freeze and nothing to leak." The four-bedroom, three-bath house has a sheet-steel floor beneath which warm air circulates in winter, providing radiant heat that responds quickly to any changes in outside temperature.

Ducts in the wall, connected with the open spaces under the floor, lead to window-sill grilles and provide an upward and moving current of warm air to offset the cooling effect of glass areas. The thin steel floors respond quickly to the temperature of the air circulating beneath, and the uniform warmth throughout the house amazed architects and engineers who made temperature tests.

In summer, cool air circulates under the floor, then escapes into the room through the window-sill grilles. After circulating through the house, the air returns to the conditioner, removing smoke and cooking odors.

By another radiant-heat method tested at the University of Illinois, the baseboard has been constructed as a continuous radiant panel. Made of hollow cast iron instead of wood, it conducts hot water around the coolest part of the house—the bottom of the outside wall—and directs its barrage of heat rays inward. When the baseboard comes to a door the pipes dip under the floor. Less than two inches wide and painted like the woodwork, the baseboard is inconspicuous.

Another use of radiant heat has been adopted by householders who are allergic to snow shovels. If you run a length or two of hot-water pipe under that cement driveway to the garage, and under the walk to the front door, you won't have to dig yourself out after a heavy snowfall. Factories also use this snow-melting system on traffic approaches; one notable example is a plant of the American Cyanamid Company, where a 600-foot, two-lane roadway is kept free of snow and ice.

RADIANT HEATING MAY seem bandbox-new to the average homeowner, but the Romans used it 2,000 years ago. Ruins of Roman baths in Pompeii and in England reveal ducts beneath stone floors through which hot gases from charcoal fires were circulated. Fireplaces, for centuries the only method of house-heating, are radiant heaters, although inefficient and wasteful of fuel.

Modern radiant heating got its start in the early 1900s, due to the curiosity of an English inventor named Arthur H. Barker. He noticed that one room of his house seemed warmer than another, although thermometers in both gave the same reading. He investigated and found that one wall of the comfortable room contained several flues which converted the wall into a broadcaster of radiant heat; then he ran hot-water pipes through the walls of other rooms and carefully checked the results.

Barker's experiments put a scientific foundation under radiant heating, and aroused the interest of architects and heating experts throughout the world. The Bank of England, the Liverpool Cathedral and several other large institutions installed the system. Radiant heat was also used in part of the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore and in an inn near Schenectady, N. Y. Then, in the late '20s, it was installed in the Sacred Heart Church in Pittsburgh and in the British Embassy in Washington.

Some architects said that radiant heating might be all right in England, where the climate is mild and people apparently like to be cold, but it would never do in our Northern latitudes. Then Frank Lloyd Wright installed it in his triumph of modern architecture, the Johnson Wax Building in chilly Racine, Wisconsin, and another pioneer, George Fred Keck, used it in a score of houses in the Chicago area. When one of Keck's clients moved in, the box springs for the beds in the children's room were delivered without bedsteads, but the floor was so warm he decided to do without them.

When the war halted nonessential construction, there were at least 1,000 radiant-heated buildings in the U. S., ranging from big factories to the log cabin which R. H. Wallace of the physics department of the University of Connecticut built for himself. All these buildings became meccas for admiring visitors, and one harassed home-owner on Long Island had so many callers that he considered charging admission.

When building was resumed, radiant heating began to boom as fast as the supply of iron and copper piping allowed. Today there are some 5,000 radiant-heated buildings already erected or under construction. This is a modest beginning, but the enthusiasm of owners is a wonderful and contagious thing.

Radiant heating costs more to install than a conventional system. Moreover, it should be installed with care by a man who knows his job, and today there are not enough qualified men to go around. Pipes carelessly laid beneath a concrete floor may break, due to uneven ground temperatures, and if a radiant coil is placed beneath a floor or wall of unseasoned wood, no one can predict the results.

While costs differ in various climates and buying areas, this will do as a rule-of-thumb: radiant heating will cost you about 20 per cent more than conventional systems, and will give a fuel saving of about one-third.

There is, however, nothing inflexible about that rule. Most of today's radiant-heated homes are occupied by families of middle-class income or better; but with increased demand, prices will come down. R. G. LeTourneau, Inc., makers of the fabulous "Tournalayer," the "mechanical hen which lays a concrete house," have tested hot-water radiant heating in some of their houses designed to sell for less than $6,000 complete.

Where summers are hot, radiant cooling is another possibility. If heated floors and walls will keep you comfortable even in cool air, the reverse is true: circulate cold water through the pipes and you can stay cool when the mercury is high. In a laboratory test, human guinea pigs felt no discomfort in a room heated to 110 degrees, because excess heat radiated from their bodies to artificially cooled walls. This use is now limited in practical application because cooled surfaces get damp on hot, humid days, but engineers are working on the problem. So far, summer air conditioning is a luxury for the

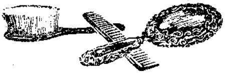
Harland Manchester, one of the foremost writers on scientific subjects in the U. S., is a graduate of Dartmouth College and a veteran of the Marine Corps. After serving his writing apprenticeship on newspapers in Boston, he became a free-lance contributor to national magazines and the author of a book, *New World of Machines*. He now spends much of his time in research centers and production plants throughout the U. S., observing new machines and methods, and interviewing leading scientists, inventors and engineers.

well-to-do, but if the answer is found, radiant systems may bring year-round comfort to the millions.

It won't be long now before this new method of beating the weather makes its debut in every neighborhood. Last fall the greatest radiant-heating plant in the world was partially turned on in the new nine-acre factory of the A. O. Smith Corporation at Kankakee, Illinois. Every hour, 180,000 gallons of hot water surge through 40 miles of pipes hidden in floors and ceilings. And since the Smith people manufacture water heaters, they ought to know what they are doing.

For decades our industrial scientists and engineers have been turning out better and faster cars and planes, and perfecting television sets, boxes to bring us soap operas, and pens that write under water. Meanwhile, we have struggled with wasteful and sometimes comfortless heating systems, little changed in principle since the McKinley era. Now something is being done, and most householders will agree that it's about time.

Overhead



BLONDES WERE NOT always what gentlemen preferred. In ancient Greece most women were natural blondes. It was too much of a good thing, so they dyed their hair brown, red or black to attract male attention.

MESSALINA, WIFE OF Emperor Claudius, wore a yellow wig as a disguise for her extramarital expeditions. The wig became an insignia for the courtesan, and the name Messalina came to be applied to ladies of dubious morals.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS and archenemy of Queen Elizabeth, wore a different wig every other day while in prison. She even donned one for her execution.

DURING THE MIDDLE Ages, red hair was believed to denote a bad temper. Queen Elizabeth, famous for her irascibility, emphasized the characteristic by wearing red wigs. She is supposed to have had more than 80 of them.

TO SIGNIFY MOURNING, ladies in ancient Greece wore their hair cut short. The Roman gentleman's badge of mourning was a long beard.

THE EXPRESSION "pin money" had its origin in the elaborate feminine headdresses of the Middle Ages. To keep them in place required a great many pins, which were quite expensive.

IN THE EIGHTEENTH century an elaborate hair-do would be maintained for weeks, with a little retouching and perfuming daily. This created a special problem, which was solved by the "scratcher," a dainty ivory, gold or silver stick with a hook on one end.

—FROM *The Mode in Hats and Headdress* BY R. TURNER WILCOX, PUBLISHED BY *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

A Flower for Each Grave

The Civil War was over, but the news brought little joy to the sleepy town of Columbus, Mississippi. Of the hundreds of men who had marched away, only a few returned. But this was a time for work, not tears. Columbus had stood in the path of bloody campaigns, and the dead must be given a last resting place. Soon the cemetery held hundreds of Confederate soldiers and some 40 men who had worn the Blue.

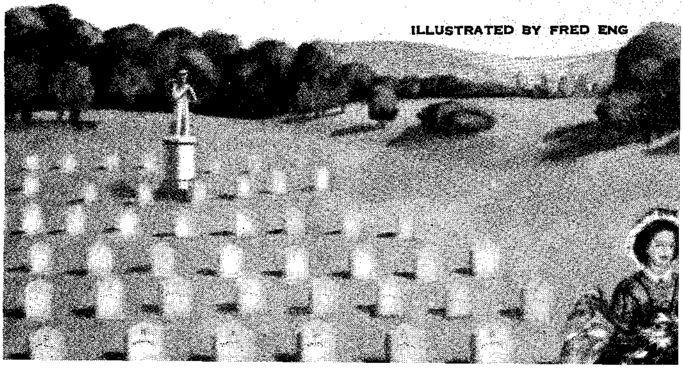
One spring day in the late '60s, three young women of Columbus, their arms full of flowers, began to tend the graves of husbands and sweethearts. One day they invited the young widow of a Confederate soldier to join them.

As her three companions knelt to place their bouquets, the widow stood erect, gazing over the other bare and forlorn graves. What a pity that these should be forgotten!

"Why don't we break our bouquets and place a flower on each grave?" she suggested. The women hesitated—then quietly untangled the bouquets and placed a blossom on each mound.

Soon thereafter, Columbus saw an unusual procession: a long line of young women in white and matrons in mourning, arms heaped with flowers, walking to pay homage to their country's dead. And that day, for the first time, *every* grave received a floral tribute.

The ceremony became a yearly custom, then spread to other towns and cities. And thus was born one of our great traditions—the solemn ceremony of Memorial Day.



ILLUSTRATED BY FRED ENG

PORTRAIT BY ROBERT S. SLOAN

Helen Keller: *The Unconquerable*

by CAROL HUGHES

THE STAIRWAYS OF history, winding back over the years, are thronged with the figures of men and women who conquered physical handicaps in their ascent to greatness. And out of their courage and gallantry have come imperishable stories that inspire millions of the living today.

Yet not even the long sweep of history has produced a more inspiring and symbolic figure of fortitude than Helen Keller, whose legendary achievements, from childhood to maturity, have been recorded within the comparatively brief span of the times we live in.

Blind, deaf and dumb at the age of two, she was considered a complete idiot in 1882—a useless fragment of humanity, a subject for pity, condemned to be led and fed. Helen Keller, however, did not choose to accept this verdict, typical of public attitude toward the handicapped only 60 years ago. She chose to fight back with a courage that brought world-wide acclaim.

Yet even with a background especially suited to struggle against seemingly unconquerable handicaps, the story of her accomplishments has not been enough to batter down a common belief that Helen Keller, the woman, is not quite human. Through repeated exposure by the press of the world, she has emerged as a sort of namby-pamby creature who, in her endeavor always to be sweet and angelic, speaks only to answer, and listens only to agree.

☆ ☆

Great Living Americans XII

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Nothing could be further from the truth. In her autobiography, Miss Keller deplores this convenient and conventional picture of herself with the tongue-in-cheek, sarcastic wit which has made her a worthy opponent of America's best humorists. She writes:

"I have learned from the press that I was born blind, deaf and dumb; that I educated myself; that I could distinguish colors, hear telephone messages, predict when it was going to rain; that I was never discouraged, that I could do anything anybody else could do with all his faculties. They said this was miraculous—*and no wonder!*"

Helen Keller is about as placid as a volcano, and can erupt with as much violence. As a child she was a holy terror. As a teen-age student her teacher wrote of her: "Sometimes I wonder if I will ever tame this little savage." As a young woman she chose to go to Radcliffe College because, as she told her friend, President Wilson, "Radcliffe didn't want me, and I am stubborn by nature. I chose to override their objections."

As a young lady of 20, when the world was still shouting "idiot, oh, pity, pity." Helen Keller was shouting, "I want my own door key, to come and go as I please!" As an adult she was the first to fight and triumph over the ancient taboo that venereal diseases should never be mentioned in public. She brazenly wrote an article declaring that they were the cause of two-thirds of blindness in children.

When Andrew Carnegie became interested in her, even offering her an annuity, she fought so strongly with him on socialism versus capitalism that he threatened to take her over his knee and spank her. When she went out to raise money for the American Foundation for the Blind, she was such a formidable fund-raiser that one millionaire groaned: "Get her out of here! I'm afraid she'll decide I would be happier as a pauper, and I know in an argument she would win."

In short, Helen Keller fits the picture of the "gentle little maiden" about as neatly as Joe Louis. To date, she has shown none of the virtues that have inspired the good-minded people to canonize her a saint—except in her good deeds which have marched across the country. By nature she is no more equipped to be a "do-gooder" than the average person. A more versatile, adventurous and effective salesman could hardly be found, nor a more thoroughly independent and outspoken person.

She gets angry, she says, "like everybody else." She gets morosely discouraged, too. She has had to undergo shame, fear and a loneliness that know no assuaging. But what she has above all else is *will.* And she knows how to mix gentleness and tenderness with strength.

It was no namby-pamby who was chosen universally as one of the 12 great women *leaders* of the past 100 years, who inspired the New York *Times* to couple her name with Thomas A. Edison in its evaluation of great outstanding Americans. It was a warrior of some mettle who received this accolade from Mark Twain: "The two most interesting characters of the 19th century are Napoleon and Helen Keller."

Helen Keller *is* great. At times she shows almost a Solomon's wisdom: her year-in and year-out efforts on behalf of the world's cried-down people prove that she has a world compassion. But as Carl Sandburg once said: "If there is any pity to be wasted in connection with Helen Keller, bestow it upon her companion and opponent of the hour. He's sure to need it."

Finley Peter Dunne, the author, in talking to Mark Twain about Helen Keller, once observed: "How dull it must be for her! Every day the same and every night the same as the day." To which Twain retorted: "You're damned wrong! Blindness is an exciting business. If you don't believe it, get up on the wrong side of the bed some night when the house is on fire and try to find the door."

Helen Keller casts the same spell over anyone who sits with her for a few hours. Her eyes seem to look straight into yours. And they are alive and pretty eyes. It is impossible to think of her as deaf, for she seems to be listening to you. No one would interrupt her conversation, for few people have such a command of English. It is not curiosity that brings the world's great to her door. It was Harpo Marx who said of her humor: "I'll best her yet! I'll learn a new joke."

John D. Rockefeller once said to her, after a long conversation about financial matters: "Helen, it's a good thing you weren't born a man. I wouldn't have wanted to compete with you." Alexander Woollcott exclaimed after an evening in her house: "How can one small lady hold such a vast store of knowledge?" And Broadway showman Billy Rose quipped, "You confound the most amazing people."

HELEN KELLER WAS born a normal child in Tuscumbia, Alabama, on June 27, 1880. Both her mother and father were related to illustrious families, but like most Southerners of the time they were land poor. Her father, Captain Keller, was a newspaper editor who dabbled in politics. As the first child of the family, the bright and pretty Helen came, saw and conquered. She was the spoiled spitfire of a very happy couple.

Then one night, when she was 19 months old, tragedy struck—a mysterious fever described as "acute congestion of the stomach and brain." No hope was held for recovery. All night long the battle for her life went on, and into days and nights that followed while the fever held its grip. Then one morning the disease left as mysteriously as it had come. She lay calm, white and seemingly conscious. But when the parents held out a doll, no hand reached for it.

Her gray-blue eyes looked up but showed no signs of recognition. When they spoke to her, she did not reply. Then the doctor said gently: "She is alive, and that is all. She can neither see you, hear you nor speak to you."

The weeks that followed were filled with horror for the Kellers. Their daughter, according to the belief of the times, was a complete idiot. A hopelessness descended on the house and its shuttered windows. But then, one day, little Helen proceeded to get out of bed. And things began to happen. She wanted to run, to laugh, and to play. She could only stumble and fall. She wanted to shriek and laugh and be with other children. She could not utter a sound. All her emotions lay heavy and cold, locked inside her.

She became a little hellion, this girl who had been a vivacious, laughing, happy child. Now, with only primitive reflexes left, she had no outlet for mirth or anger—except violence. When she was pleased she would smile and giggle. When she was angry she would kick and scratch. Moody, idle, intelligent, the uneasy silence that cloaked her became almost unbearable. In her book she says: "I felt as if invisible hands were holding me and I made frantic efforts to escape."

Her mother and father could not, would not, put her in an institution. In desperate hope Captain Keller journeyed to Washington to see Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, who had been doing some work for the deaf. Dr. Bell, quickly interested in Helen's case, wrote to the Perkins Institute for the Blind in Boston and asked them to send a special teacher. Thus, Anne Mansfield Sullivan arrived at the Keller home on the day "the little hellcat" was seven years old.

A person blessed by divine touch, Anne Sullivan was well equipped to deal with the tantrums, the cunning and the intelligence of Helen. Orphaned as a child, she had been brought up in an almshouse until, blinded herself, she had been sent to Perkins. After several years an operation was performed and she regained her sight. "It was as if a Master Mind had planned the whole thing," she once said, "because I knew so well the terror that infested the mind of Helen Keller."

Anne agreed to take over the education of a child who could only be taught by touch, taste and smell—certainly a doubtful career for a lovely girl of 20. Her only guidance was a "loving heart, the personal experience of blindness and a firm belief in a child" who was about as approachable as a rattlesnake. What was to become a friendship that lifted two people to a pinnacle of world respect started out as a pitched battle between two strong wills. Mutinous and misguided, Helen was accustomed to having her own way: she decided to get rid of this new hindrance. "Teacher" thought otherwise.

Each gauged the other's strength by maneuvering. Even getting Helen to do the simplest things, such as combing her hair, was a struggle. When Teacher tried discipline, Helen rebelled. One day she locked her mother in the pantry, then laughed as her mother pounded on the door. She tormented Negro children on the plantation by tearing off their clothes. She upset her baby sister's cradle, and was not even concerned as to whether the infant had been injured.

"I suppose I will have many battles with this little woman," Anne wrote to a friend, "until I can teach her two things—obedience and love."

After countless sporadic storms, Anne begged the Kellers to let her take Helen and live apart in a cottage on the property, for she knew that discipline was impossible in the parents' presence. Reluctantly they agreed. From that day on things were different. "My heart is singing," Anne wrote after a few months. "The little savage has learned her first lesson in obedience and finds the yoke not too hard."

This first lesson began with a doll. Anne gave the doll to Helen and then spelled d-o-l-l in the manual alphabet in the child's hand. This simple word took two days to learn. But the infinite patience of Anne Sullivan continued.

The second great step in Helen's education came about by accident. All morning, Teacher had been trying to get her to understand the difference between a mug and the milk in the mug. Discouraged, she took Helen for a walk, during which they passed a well where water was being pumped. She put Helen's hand under the water and then tried to impart the connection between the feel of the water and the texture of milk.

Suddenly Helen received the intuitive flash. A thrill ran through her. Later she wrote of the incident: "A misty consciousness as of something long forgotten came over me; and the mystery of language was revealed. The word w-a-t-e-r startled my soul and it awoke . . . "

That night for the first time Helen crawled into bed with Teacher and put her arms around her neck. The little savage had been tamed at last.

HAVING EMERGED from her dark cell, Helen was like a healthy little animal. With a heart on fire, a brain possessed, a soul haunted by a strange impelling something that would not let it rest, she wanted to learn everything—and at once. In a fever of excitement she explored everything, asking Teacher so rapidly for explanations that it was difficult to keep pace with her learning. The world was suddenly so vast, so terrific, so beautiful that she wanted to catch up with it fast.

Anne Sullivan spelled out for her: "The best and most beautiful things in the world cannot be seen or even touched, but just felt in the heart." These words have lived with Helen Keller ever since, and have enlivened her world.

In March, 1890, Helen and Miss

Sullivan went to Boston and entered the Horace Mann School for the Deaf. The school had agreed to work with the girl's voice and see if she could learn to speak. After several lessons she was able to pronounce haltingly but triumphantly: "I am not dumb now."

They knew then that they could teach her to speak, but she must accept the discouraging reality that her voice could never sound normal. Today her voice is low-pitched and somewhat difficult to understand, but with people who know her well she converses with ease.

By the time she was ten years old, Helen had become a national figure. The Perkins Institute published a report of her progress and the press descended. While the publicity was distasteful to modest Anne Sullivan, she knew it would be useful to Helen, for it introduced them to a coterie of outstanding people and devoted friends who meant a lot to them later on when the financial situation became acute.

Everybody wanted to see Helen. President Cleveland received them at the White House; the Rev. Phillips Brooks undertook to enlighten Helen on religious matters. She exchanged letters with Oliver Wendell Holmes and John Greenleaf Whittier. William James called on her at Perkins Institute, and her oldest and best friend, Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, took her to "see" Niagara Falls.

Later when she went to New York to study at Wright-Humason School, her social contacts included almost all of *Who's Who in America*. Witty, bright, argumentative, rebellious and very much alive, she enchanted such notables as John D. Rockefeller, William Dean Howells, Woodrow Wilson and Henry van Dyke. Harsen Rhoades and H. H. Rogers raised money for her education. She met Mark Twain, and the moment they clasped hands she felt they were to be friends for life. And they were—until his death.

Since the age of eight, Helen had resolved to go to college, and now her restless intellect reached out beyond ordinary things. She longed to know mathematics, science and the politics of our country. Having at her disposal the best intellects of America, she drained them dry of knowledge. And in return, her once-diseased body and mind gave stimulus to lordly souls. Andrew Carnegie said to her: "There was a time when I would have had no time for you. But look what you have taught me!"

When she broke through the stern serenity of Radcliffe College and "made them take her by passing entrance exams," she met her severest test. For both Helen and Teacher, the college presented a struggle, the most difficult obstacle being lack of time and books. Everything had to be put into Braille for Helen, or translated hour after hour into her hand. She could not hear or see lecturers; she could not read their books. She wrote of Miss Sullivan's agility: "Her words rush through my hands like hounds in pursuit of a hare."

She read Braille until her fingertips bled. She worked in an atmosphere of grim determination and excitement. Long after normal bodies and minds were asleep, little Helen, who needed no lights for her work, was rushing through Braille. Sometimes she never went to bed, but directly to class: yet at times discouragement bore down until her mind almost cracked.

A few instructors finally sensed her fine mind, and Charles Townsend Copeland inspired her to write an autobiography. "You have something to say," he told her, "and your own way of saying it." She decided to start right away, to provide funds for her expensive education, for she didn't like being dependent on anyone. Between the book and her college work, she almost had a breakdown.

In 1904 Helen Keller was graduated from Radcliffe "cum laude." The college paid no attention—but the world did. She was the first blind deaf-mute in history to receive an academic degree. She had not only earned it, in the face of antagonism, but she had earned it *with honors*. From that day onward, the tide turned for all the handicapped people of the world. The will, the strength, the fighting courage of Helen Keller had lifted the spirits of millions of unfortunates doomed to despair.

EVEN THOUGH Helen had won her first major victory, there was still the problem of earning a living. What could she do? Striving to make herself independent, she was constantly warding off the sympathy of curiosity and proffered sums of money. But if appeals for help came in, she gave whatever she had.

When she won the Annual Achievement Award of $5,000 from *Pictorial Review*, she gave it to an agency for the blind. When Andrew Carnegie offered her an annuity, she refused, preferring to be on her own. He let the offer stand "on probation." It stood a long time before Helen Keller accepted it—and never for herself.

In her efforts to earn a living, she had tried farming, writing, lecturing, vaudeville and the movies. By the time she had finished college, she had earned enough from writing to buy a little farm. Meanwhile John Macy, a young man from Harvard, had been hired to type her manuscripts and translate books into Braille. She, Macy (who later married Anne Sullivan) and Teacher bought another farm in Wrentham, Massachusetts, and moved in. But since they knew little about farming, the project failed.

It was while at Wrentham, however, that Helen began her efforts to help the blind on a full-time scale. It was there she made her important contribution to the prevention of blindness in children by fighting the taboos that cloaked venereal disease. Today, a solution of silver nitrate or some other preparation is used against the germ that may attack the eyes of children at birth.

It was inevitable that Helen Keller and Hollywood should mix. Movies were young in those days, and grasping for ideas. They hit upon Helen Keller as a means of bringing "a message of hope to a war-weary world." She went into movies as full of bounce as a rubber ball. Moreover, she thought the film might save Mrs. Macy from financial difficulties, for Teacher's health was failing and Helen felt responsible for her.

But when the picture finally opened, the critics drew a kindly veil across it. Helen was delivered financially by accepting Carnegie's offer, which would help to take care of Teacher. And when Teacher had recovered from the rigors of motion-picture making, the two were invited into vaudeville.

At first it seemed strange to appear on the Orpheum Circuit with trained seals and acrobats, but the act was kept dignified and Helen Keller swept the country with her charm, her excitement, her obvious love of the theater. Even the question period never stumped her. She always had a witty response.

Her first lecture in Montclair, New Jersey, however, so unnerved Helen that she ran from the stage. But her later lectures were a great success, and she and Anne toured the country, until at last faithful Teacher collapsed in a hotel room and Helen was helpless. John Macy had gone away and both women knew he would not be back. Anne Sullivan Macy was losing her eyesight again, and there was no one as yet to take her place with Helen.

By now Helen Keller had become more of an institution than a woman. She was asked to speak before meetings and legislatures, to serve on commissions, to write articles, to raise funds, to travel abroad and interest European countries in the cause of blindness. Her mail was an engulfing torrent, sometimes mounting to thousands of letters a week; she was a clearing house for all information concerning the blind. All of this had become much too much for Teacher and Helen.

Shortly after Teacher's collapse, Helen bought a home in Forest Hills, New York, and sought someone to help with the multitude of details. It was then that Polly Thompson arrived on the scene. Before Miss Thompson came, everyone said: "What will Helen do when Mrs. Macy has gone?" After she arrived people were soon saying: "What would the two of them do without Miss Thompson?"

She started as secretary, remained to become counselor, adviser, friend and companion. With the passing of Anne Sullivan Macy, she was more than ready to step in as full-time secretary and companion.

The death of Teacher was a blow to Helen Keller. Shortly after Anne's death she wrote: "I lived too long with Teacher's scintillating personality to be content with ordinary folk. I shall look about despite myself for the sparkle with which she charmed the dullest person into a new appreciation of beauty, justice and human rights. My fingers will cry out for her descriptive touches, her exquisite tenderness, her bright summaries of conversation and books. But I shall go on with my work because I know Teacher would have said I should."

Helen has gone on. Incessantly active, she has earned a handsome living with her prolific writing on a thousand subjects. When the American Foundation for the Blind was set up in 1923, she became a staff member and has since become one of its most valuable assets. In the past two years she has visited hundreds of veterans' hospitals. When one hardboiled sergeant heard she was coming, he exclaimed: "Why she must be 100 years old!" When she left he said: "I thought I was handicapped until I met her. Why, I'm only blind!"

Today, at 66, Helen Keller

shows no signs of exhaustion. Physically, the most striking thing about her is her animation. She is fair-complexioned; her blue-gray eyes are alive and active, with none of the fixed stare usually associated with the blind. Infinitely feminine, she is always well-groomed and delights in a shopping spree. Her hats are as gay as Hedda Hopper's.

In conversation or argument, she has a thousand expressions. Her quiet talk is of ordinary things—her garden flowers, the feel of air and sun. Her expressions are truly colorful: gray is "a soft shawl around the shoulders"; blue is "the wide sweep of the sky"; red is "warmth, courage and companionship." George Bernard Shaw told her: "If only all Americans could see as well as you do."

When Arcan Ridge, her home in Westport, Connecticut, burned to the ground last November while Helen Keller was in Europe, her large and cherished collection of books in Braille was destroyed. Upon hearing the news, the people of England presented her with a complete set of Shakespeare in Braille. With Polly Thompson and a small household staff, Miss Keller is now living temporarily in a Westport house loaned her by friends.

In "listening" to people talk, Helen Keller places her thumb on the speaker's throat, the first two fingers on the lips and the third finger on the base of the nose. If they "don't get embarrassed," she can *hear* everything they say. Meanwhile, Polly Thompson is translating the entire conversation into Miss Keller's hand so swiftly and accurately that nothing is missed.

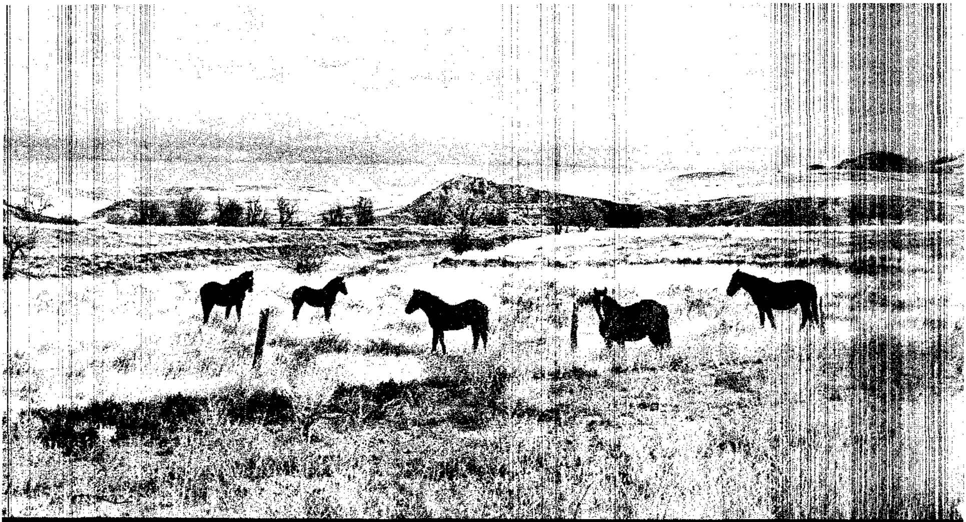
Sensitive to the moods of friends, Helen Keller can tell by the way their hands touch hers just how they are feeling. She scoffs at the idea of a sixth sense, or at the suggestion that her powers of touch or smell are more acute than others just because she is blind and deaf. "I have been pinched, pricked, squeezed, buzzed, everything but vivisected," she laughs, "and I still come out just normal."

Helen Keller's spirit abounds with the joy of living. Inevitably she must have spells of depression, but she never permits them to go beyond her own borders. "I seldom think about my limitations," she says, "but sometimes there is just a touch of yearning, vague like the swift perfume of a flower."

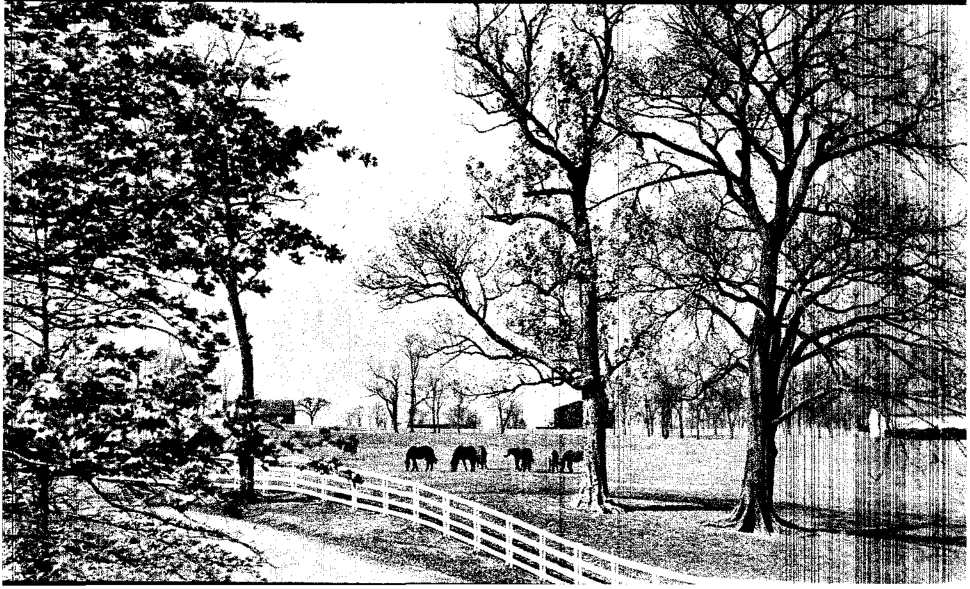
A friend has paid her the tribute accepted generally: "Hers is a soul that accepts whatever conditions come to it—a great and dearly loved human being."

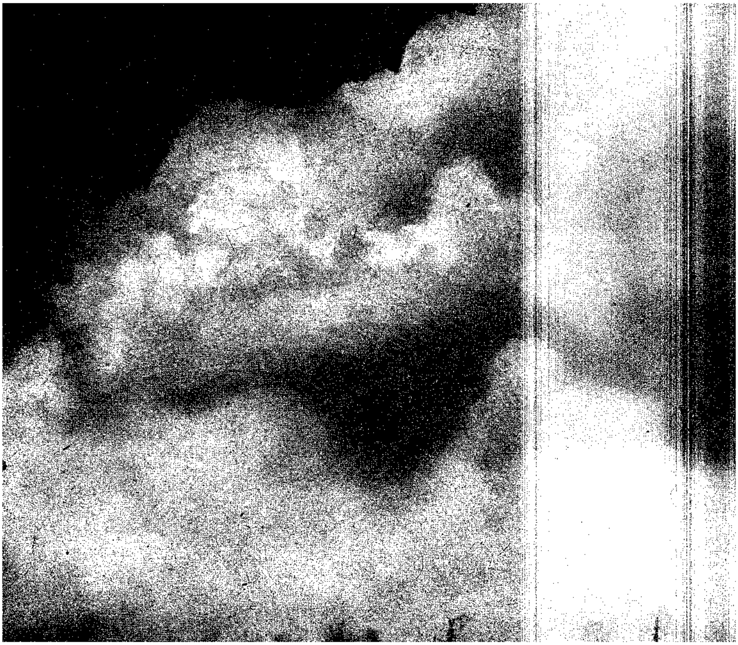
Secret of Success

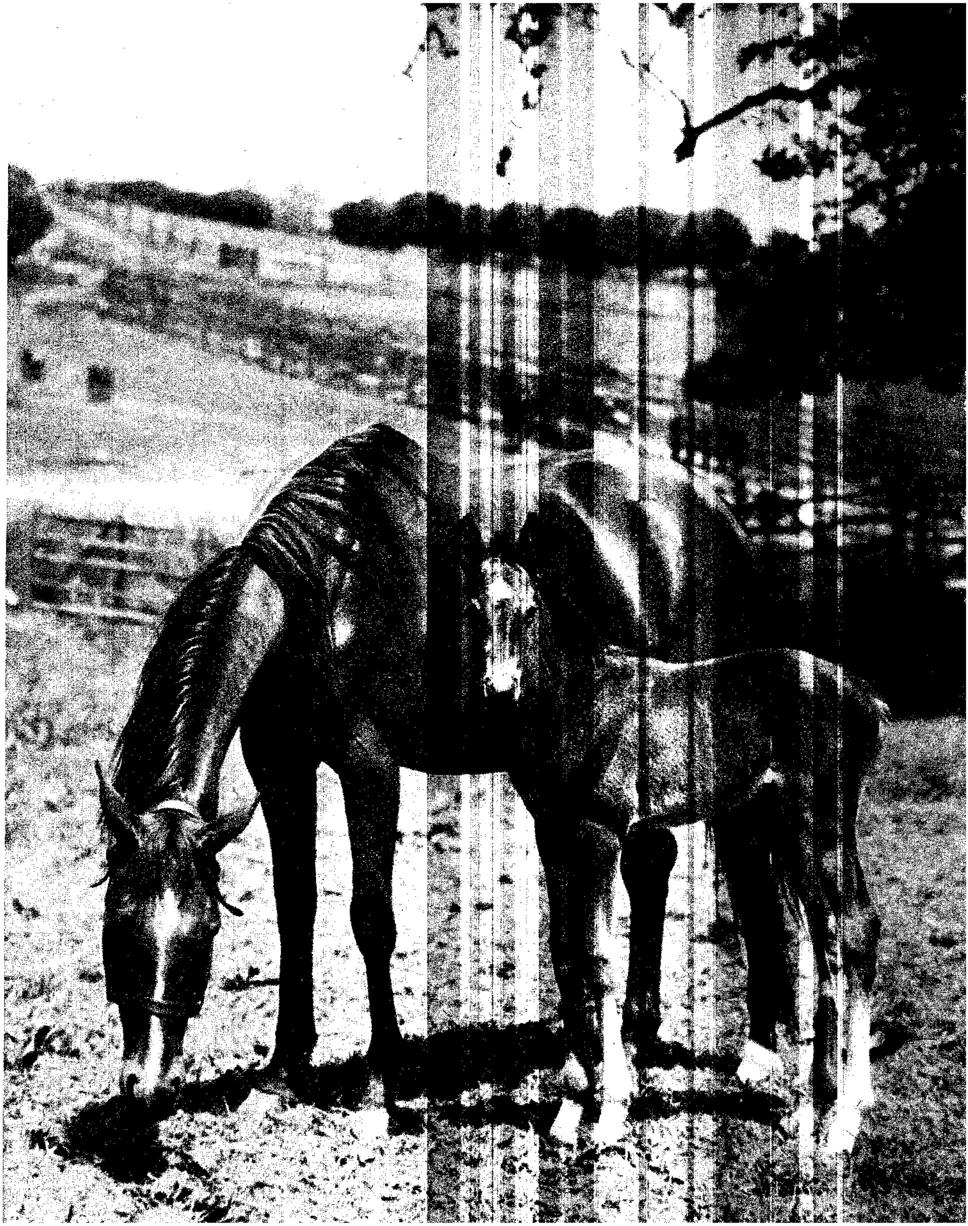
THE EDITOR OF a country newspaper retired with a fortune. When asked the secret of his success he replied: "I attribute my ability to retire with $100,000 savings, after 30 years in newspaper work, to diligent application to work, pursuing a policy of strict honesty, always practicing rigorous rules of economy, and to the death of my uncle who left me $110,000." —JOHN QUILL orses o



Coming to America with the Spanish adventurers, moving across the continent with the pioneers, helping to build the world's richest farms, the horse has become a living symbol of our history.

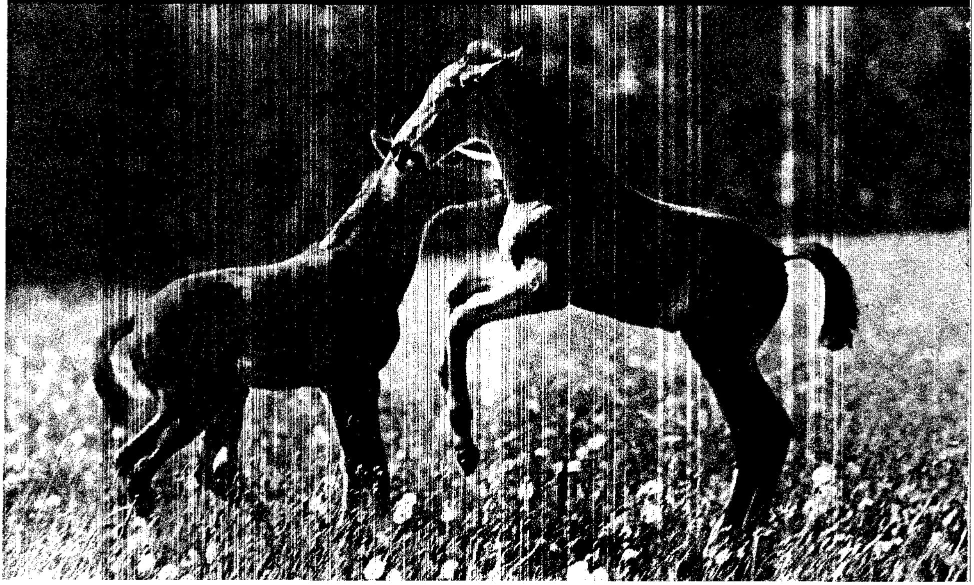






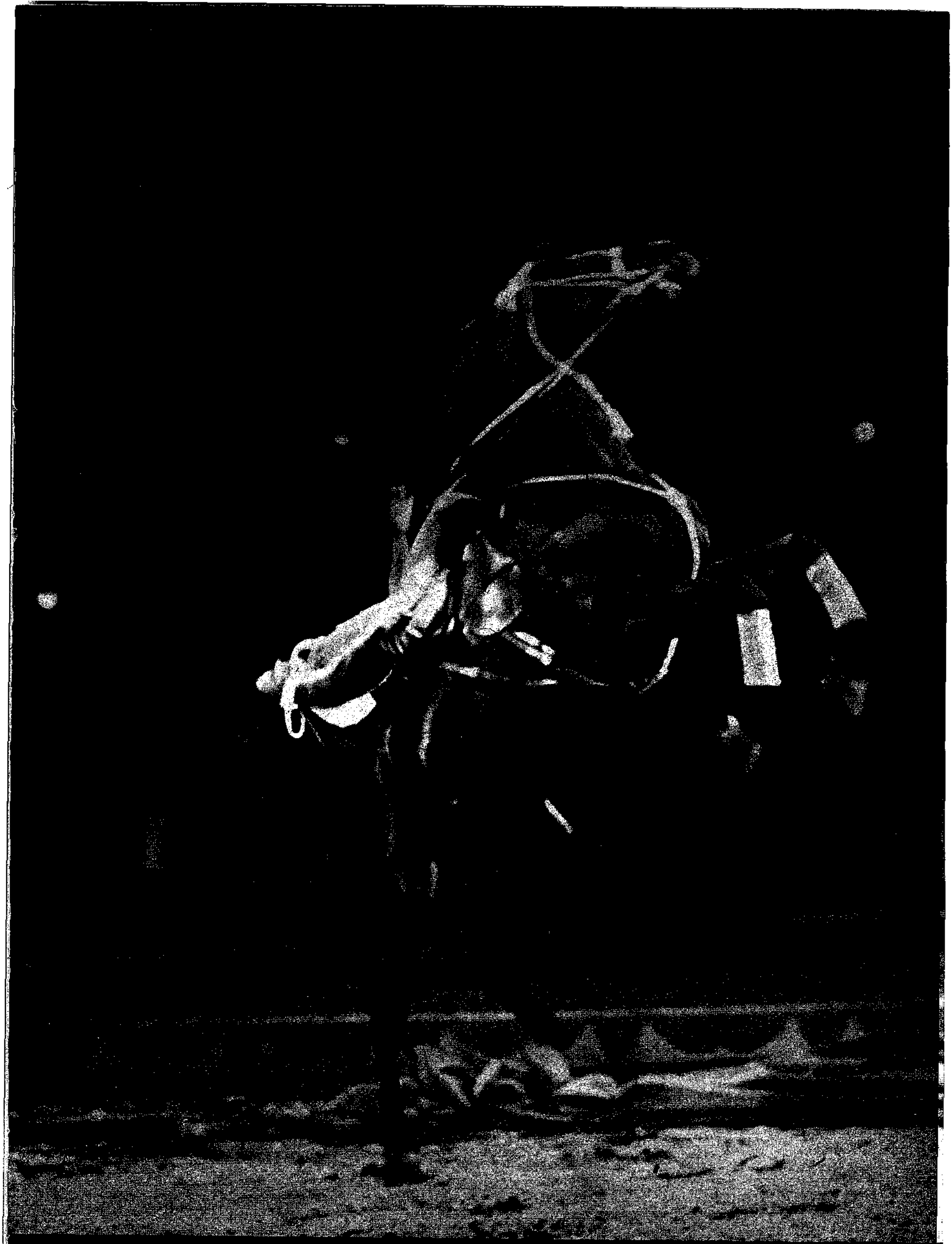
. . . and though his knees are knobby and his wobbly baby legs need constant rest, he seems already to know that he owns the earth.

Like a small boy, the colt has a cocksure curiosity and an eagerness to learn about the grown-up world . . .

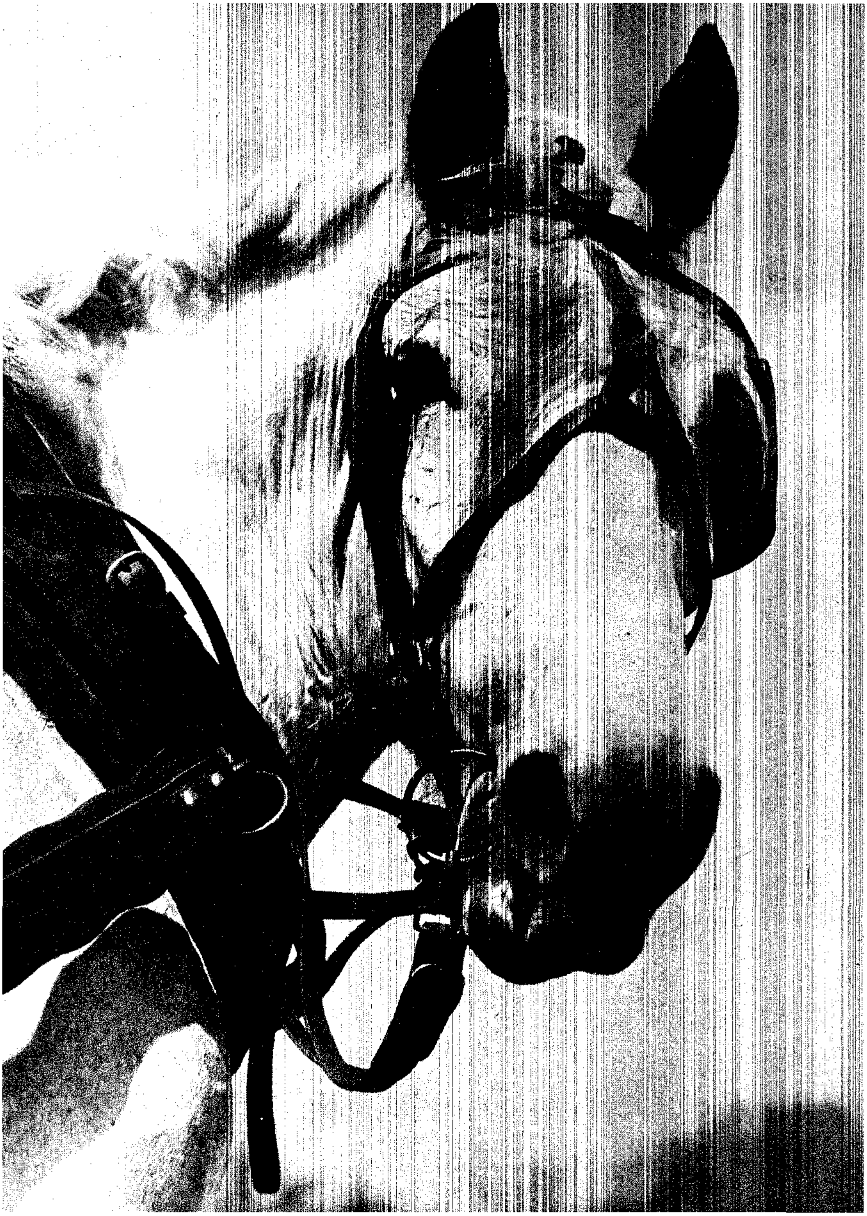


. . . and when his body begins to fill out with rippling muscles and he feels the joy of hard hooves on solid ground, he learns the kind of pride that sets him apart from most other animals.

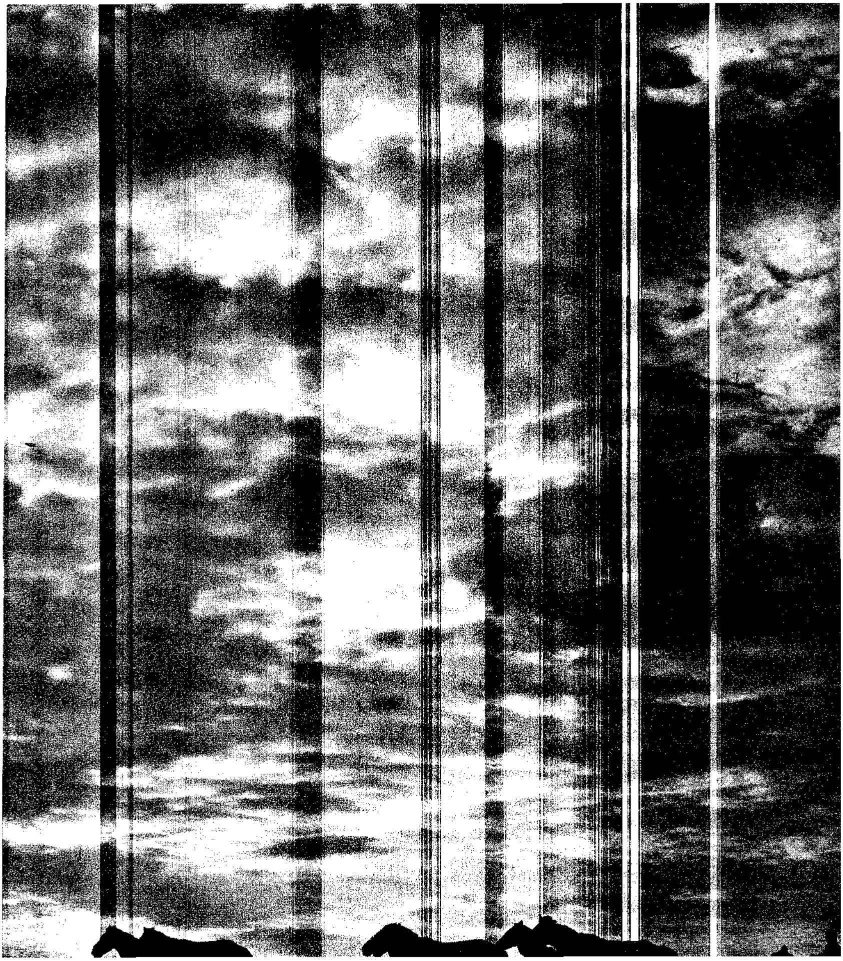
A proud horse will reach maturity with the bearing of a prince. And his *spirit*, his sense of personal strength, will keep him loyal to a master wiser than he, but cruelty will break his heart.



Brave and daring, confident and wise, almost every horse has a dash of showmanship in his soul—the kind of showmanship that turns plain skill into superb and thrilling performances for breathless audiences . . .



s that no matter what the horse does—whether he's a farm
a gentleman's mount—men love him . . .



Grin and share it

Edited by **IRVING HOFFMAN**

A POVERTY-STRICKEN ARTIST'S rent was long overdue, and the landlord had come to collect.

"You should be more patient with me," protested the artist. "Some day people will look at this studio and say 'Doakes, the famous painter, used to work here.' "

"Is that so?" was the grim retort. "Well, if I don't get the rent by tonight, they'll be able to say it in the morning, mister."

—*College Chronicle*

TEACHER: "If a number of cattle is called a herd, and a number of sheep is called a flock, what would a number of camels be called?"

Bright Little Boy: "A carton."

—JOAN CHARLOT

SHE WAS AN INNOCENT appearing, wide-eyed girl as she sat on the witness stand explaining how it was all wrong that she had been given tickets for speeding, running through traffic signals and driving without a license. Even the gray-bearded judge took a fatherly interest in her and decided to be lenient.

"Now, my dear," he said, "I'm inclined to believe you but I want to make sure. You know what happens to people who tell lies in court, don't you?"

"Yes, your Honor. My lawyer told me about it."

"What did he tell you would happen if you told a lie?"

"Well, he said we *might* win the case."

—DAN BENNETT

"SAY," YELPED THE IRATE farmer, "how come you didn't say that horse you sold me was blind?"

"Well," shrugged the dealer, "the man who sold it to me didn't mention it either, so I naturally supposed he didn't want it known."

—A. C. BERADINA

"AND HOW DID YOU meet your second husband?" Mrs. Drake asked her maid.

"Ah, that was something, Mrs. Drake," the maid replied. "I was walking across the street with my first husband, and along came my second husband in an automobile and ran over him. That was the beginning of our romance."

—L. DUKE SLOHM

JONES FELL ASLEEP at the wheel, and the next thing he knew, he had driven smack into the living room of a roadside cottage. Embarrassed and humiliated, he climbed out of the car and mumbled, "Can you tell me the way to the next town?"

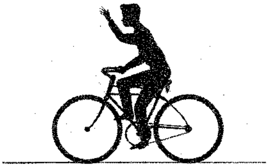
The farmer's wife said coldly, "Straight ahead through the curio cabinet and turn left at the grand piano."

—*Covered Wagon*

by EDWIN J. BECKER

The World Is Their Schoolroom

Thanks to the Youth Hostels, our young folk have found a new road to learning about their own and foreign countries



ON AN ICY DECEMBER night in 1934, Isabel and Monroe Smith of Northfield, Massachusetts, were hosts to a group of high-school students who were blazing a new trail through the world of education. The Northfield farmhouse was the first youth hostel in America, the students were the first pass-holders of the American Youth Hostel movement.

As questions flew back and forth across the supper table, one student asked for an over-all definition of the purpose of the new movement. Monroe Smith, a veteran educator and youth leader, gave the answer promptly:

"To help young people to a greater knowledge, understanding and love of the world by providing travel hostels for them in America, and by aiding them in their trips both here and abroad over bicycle trails, footpaths and highways."

Hosteling is old in Europe, new in America. Basically, it is a way of travel—not a frantic dash by plane, train or car, not a fast and furious round of visits to parks, monuments and museums — but a leisurely method of moving from place to place so that the eye and the ear have a genuine opportunity to educate the mind.

You make your own way under your own steam. You hike, you bike, you canoe, you follow ski trails, you ride horseback. In brief, you take your time and learn to understand the lives and activities of the people around you. According to the Smiths, it is a uniquely effective way for American youth to get a clearer comprehension of the ever-changing world.

With boys and girls spending only a dollar a day, hosteling has removed the bugaboo of high travel costs. A hostel is usually a farmhouse or farm building—approved by a local committee representing schools, churches and civic clubs. Farm folk act as "house parents," watching after the youngsters' health.

In the hostel are separate sleeping rooms and washroom facilities for girls and boys. But when chow time comes, both sexes share the cooking chores in a common kitchen and eat in a common dining room. Each hostel is provided with cooking utensils, as well as mattresses, bunks, blankets and brooms!

Today there are more than 250 chartered hostels in 18 states, where the boy or girl pays a nominal fee—25 cents at this writing—for an overnight stop, plus a 15-cent maximum for fuel. Everywhere, they are broadening the cultural attitudes of high-school boys and girls and promoting fellowship among diverse nationalities.

Dave Frantz, Jr., who has led youngsters along the hostel trail in New England, says: "Such a simple thing as sharing a stove with someone, or pushing up the same hill, does more to overcome the barriers of language, race or custom than the babblings of any number of hilarious vacationists."

Last year, Monroe Smith traveled to Europe, visiting war-swept countries where thousands of hostels were once a keystone in the education of young people. After conferring with Ministers of Education, it was decided that American Youth could help re-establish many of the bombed-out hostels.

In June, 100 American students left for Europe, each equipped with a bicycle, plus dehydrated food, sleeping bag and other trail equipment. In England they were joined by 30 members of the Youth Hostel Association of England and Wales.

One-third of the hostelers visited Holland, where a Dutch engineer helped them to erect a new hostel and repair an old one. A second group journeyed to Luxembourg and worked on the ancient castle of Ansenbourg which, in pre-war years, was a popular hostel. The third group visited the French Alps, the Pyrenees and the Jura Mountains hostels, which had fallen into disrepair. But all the groups were rotated so that each American worked side by side with hostelers from three European countries.

TODAY, HOSTELING IN THE U. S. is being developed in four ways. First, the high-school student can break in his travel feet among the people of his own state. Once he has learned the simple but rugged rules of hosteling, his experience broadens to embrace regional travel—the second step.

The third step is the transcontinental journey. But unfortunately this is not available to all students, unless the jaunts are subsidized by schools or private philanthropy. The fourth and ultimate hosteling experience spans the ocean to Europe. These trips, however, are expensive too, with costs for a summer excursion totaling $600 or more for each student.

When the Roslyn High School of Long Island took up hosteling, the students bicycled through the Pennsylvania Dutch country, learning by direct association the ideals and folklore of the people. In Syracuse, students have prepared exhibits of things seen and learned on their travels, and have made hosteling a favorite volunteer school activity.

When Isabel and Monroe Smith decided to introduce hosteling to America, they were told that American parents would not permit children to hit the road with only a bicycle, sleeping sack and maps;

but the Smiths had supporters too, among them Dr. Mary E. Woolley, president emeritus of Mount Holyoke College. She thought the idea excellent, and today she is honorary president of the American Youth Hostels—an altruistic, non-profit institution mainly dependent on generous friends for the work it is doing for American youth.

The dream of most students is to make an annual trip on the "rolling youth hostel," a railroad car equipped with upper and lower bunks, separate washrooms and a kitchen for simple meals. Attached to an express train, the car can be sidetracked anywhere on the trail, and thus serve as a home base for 20 hostelers and their leaders.

When the rolling hostel halts, the youths take off on side trips, sometimes by foot, sometimes by horse, often on bicycles which are carried in the baggage car. They enjoy beautiful scenery, but what they really want to see is people: how they live, play and work.

The rolling hostel leaves Northfield every June. It goes first to Montreal, then westward to Banff, Jasper and Vancouver, with stops along the way. From Vancouver the group travels by rail to Seattle, Portland, San Francisco and Los Angeles. Then the boys and girls move to the Grand Canyon, the Ozarks, and finally to Washington.

At Northfield, adults yearly attend a training school to learn the art of leading youngsters along the hostel trail. The school's basic theme is that unless youth has a chance to see the life, resources and human activities of North America, much book learning is wasted.

Hostelers have journeyed to Alaska to visit fishing villages, mining towns, Indian settlements and Mt. McKinley Park. They have bicycled through Mexico, marveling at ancient ruins, verdant tropics, snow-covered volcanoes. But always they contact the people—the real objective of their travels.

Although hosteling is primarily for youth, it has been amply demonstrated by adult hostelers that this method of traveling and learning is for anyone—as long as he is young in heart. So whether you are 14 or 74, if you like the outdoors and want to know the people of your own and foreign lands, hosteling is the best and the most inexpensive way to achieve your goal.

Sign Language

Highway sign sighted on a Tennessee back road:

TAKE NOTICE: WHEN THIS SIGN IS UNDER WATER ROAD IS IMPASSABLE. —*Empire Crown*

Sign in a Connecticut restaurant:

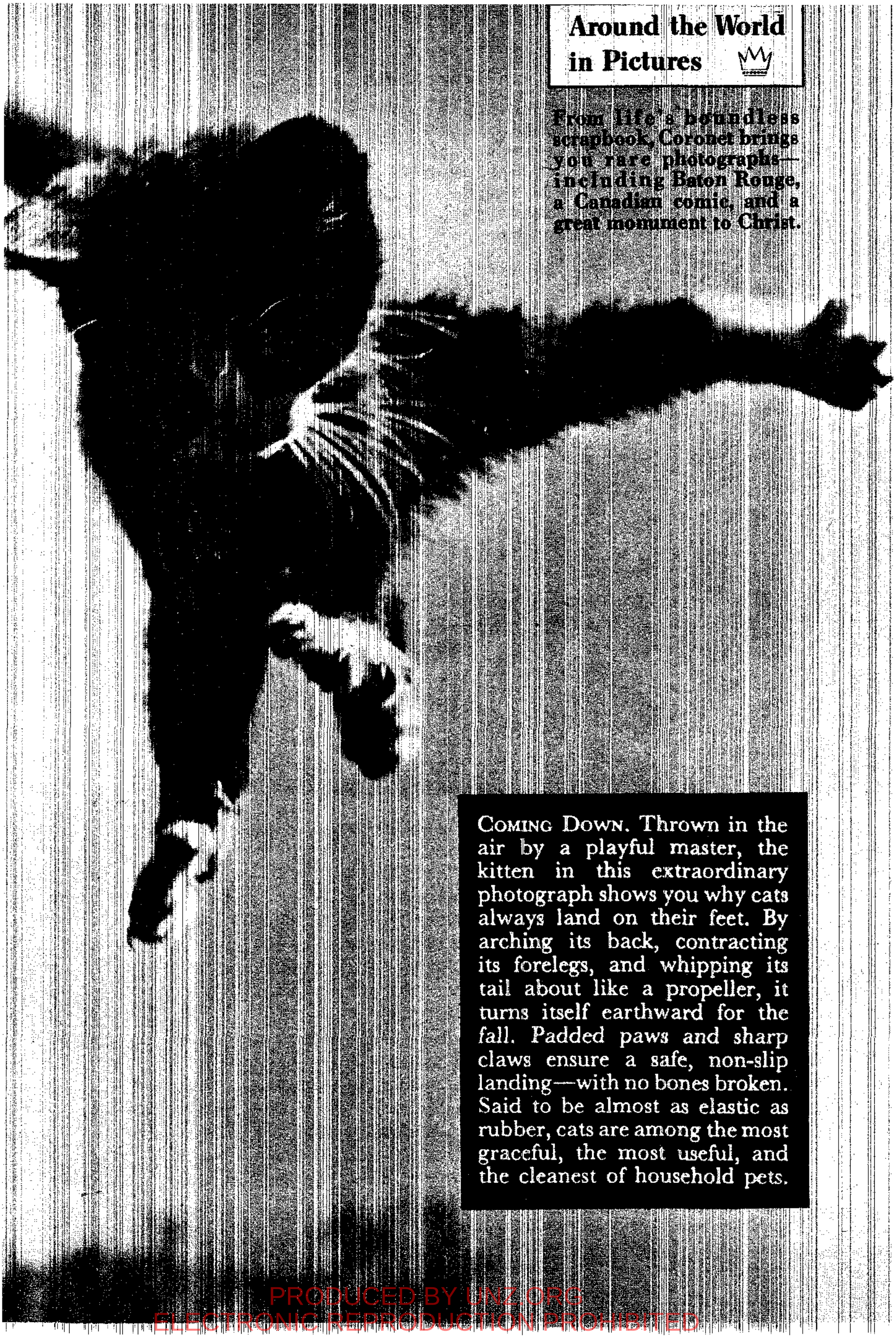
If your wife can't cook, eat here, and keep her as a pet.

Sign in local shop:

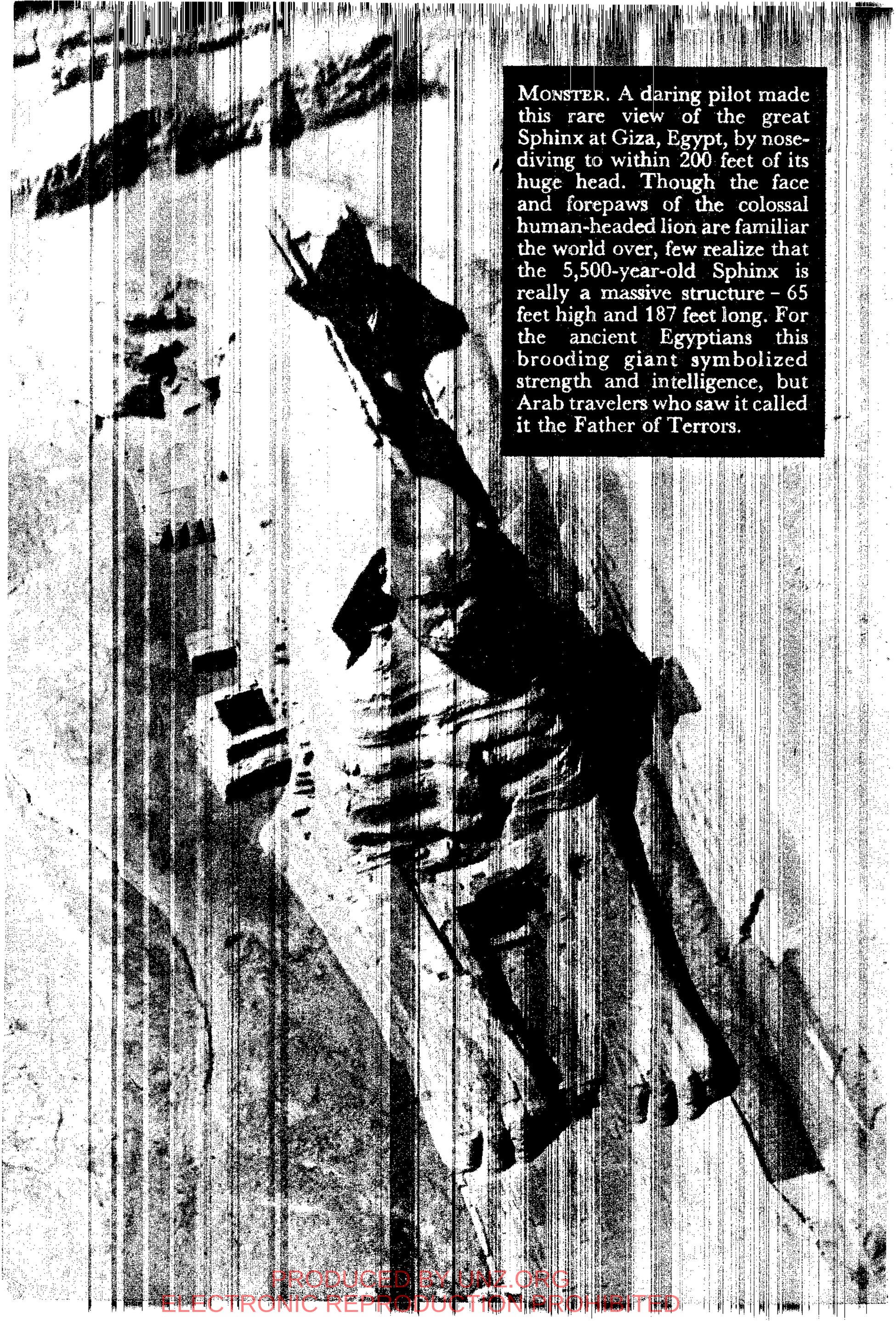
Our Lingerie Is the Finest. Smart Women Wear Nothing Else. —EDITH GWYNN in *Hollywood Reporter*

Around the World in Pictures

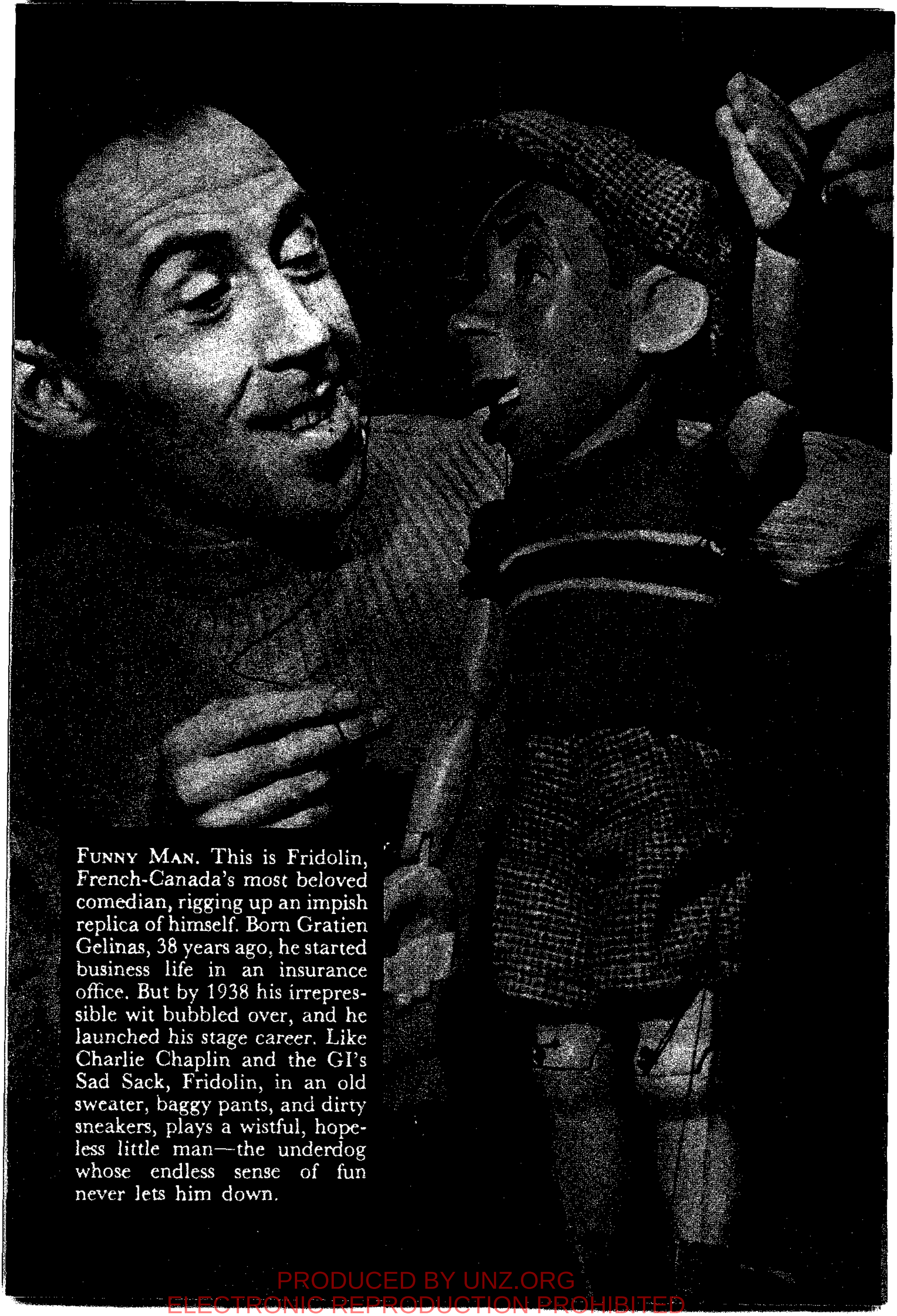
From life's boundless scrapbook, Coronet brings you rare photographs—including Baton Rouge, a Canadian comic, and a great monument to Christ.



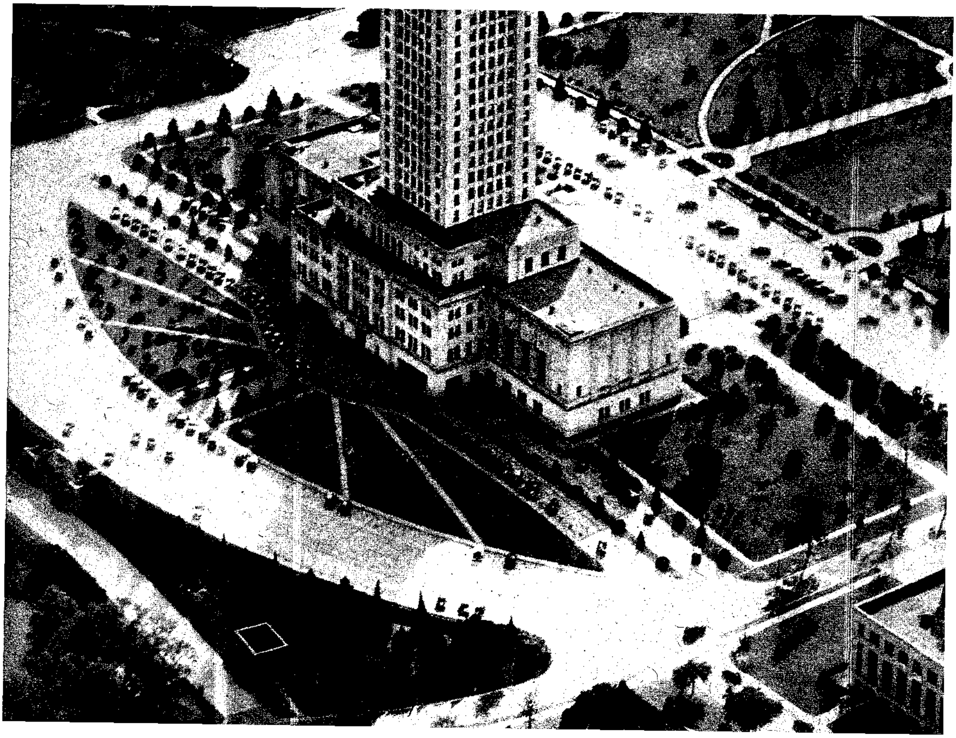
COMING DOWN. Thrown in the air by a playful master, the kitten in this extraordinary photograph shows you why cats always land on their feet. By arching its back, contracting its forelegs, and whipping its tail about like a propeller, it turns itself earthward for the fall. Padded paws and sharp claws ensure a safe, non-slip landing—with no bones broken. Said to be almost as elastic as rubber, cats are among the most graceful, the most useful, and the cleanest of household pets.



MONSTER. A daring pilot made this rare view of the great Sphinx at Giza, Egypt, by nose-diving to within 200 feet of its huge head. Though the face and forepaws of the colossal human-headed lion are familiar the world over, few realize that the 5,500-year-old Sphinx is really a massive structure – 65 feet high and 187 feet long. For the ancient Egyptians this brooding giant symbolized strength and intelligence, but Arab travelers who saw it called it the Father of Terrors.



Funny Man. This is Fridolin, French-Canada's most beloved comedian, rigging up an impish replica of himself. Born Gratien Gelinas, 38 years ago, he started business life in an insurance office. But by 1938 his irrepressible wit bubbled over, and he launched his stage career. Like Charlie Chaplin and the GI's Sad Sack, Fridolin, in an old sweater, baggy pants, and dirty sneakers, plays a wistful, hopeless little man—the underdog whose endless sense of fun never lets him down.



The Pride of Louisiana

THE TRADITIONAL CAPITOL building, with classic dome and spiring columns, is a familiar sight in most state capitals. But not in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. There, instead, sight-seers gaze skyward at a lavish skyscraper whose elegance reflects the millions of dollars it cost to build. But imposing and majestic though it is, some Louisianans refer to it irreverently as "Huey Long's Silo."

Started in 1931 after designs conceived by Long, the 34-story building—tallest in the South—stands at the edge of University Lake in the center of a magnificent park. Facing it are the sunken gardens where Huey Long lies buried, and standing watch over the grave is a 12-foot bronze statue of "The Kingfish" which cost the state an additional $50,000. The remainder of the fund for the statue was raised by popular subscription. On the marble base are bas-reliefs depicting scenes from Long's remarkable political career.

The exterior of the Capitol is constructed of Alabama limestone, but the interior boasts 30 varieties of stone and marble imported from many parts of the U.S. and Europe. A wide, impressive flight of 48 steps leads up to the massive bronze doors of the main entrance; each step is engraved with the name of a state and the date of its admission to the Union. On either side of the great staircase stands a monumental piece of sculpture by Lorado Taft—"The Patriots" on one side, "The Pioneers" on the other.

Beyond the great bronze doors is Memorial Hall. There the colorful history of Louisiana, from the early days when it was still a French possession, is recorded in paintings and sculpture by noted American artists. Other massive bronze doors, elaborately ornamented with bas-relief scenes from the state's picturesque past, lead to the Senate in the west wing of the building and to the House of Representatives in the east wing.

Huey Long took great pride in his Capitol. As it rose into the sky, he saw in it a permanent testament to his own rise from farm boy to U.S. Senator. But he little suspected that, in 1935, it would provide the setting for the violent climax to his fabulous career.

For it was in a corridor leading to the Governor's office that Huey Long's climb to power ended—suddenly and dramatically—as an assassin's bullet smashed his dream of one day ruling a nation.

LONE SKYSCRAPER. Soaring 34 stories above a magnificently landscaped park in Baton Rouge, the state Capitol of Louisiana is one of the most elegant structures of its kind in the country. Built by Huey Long, it cost $5,000,000, and is the South's tallest skyscraper.

Meet the Mauby Vendor

Wherever you go in Bridgetown, capital of the little pork-chop-shaped British West Indies island of Barbados, you're likely to see the mauby girl. You'll find her weaving her way among the donkey carts, cars, bicycles and pedestrians that throng Broad Street. And you're sure to see her down at the docks, selling mauby to crowds of ebony-skinned stevedores.

Mauby, a bittersweet soft drink extracted from the bark of a tree, is a favorite with thirsty Barbadians. And the friendly mauby girl, moving with easy grace despite the heavy container she balances so expertly on her head, is a favorite, too. She's never too busy to talk with customers as they drink—relaying news she has picked up on Milk Street, at the Municipal Market, or on the docks.

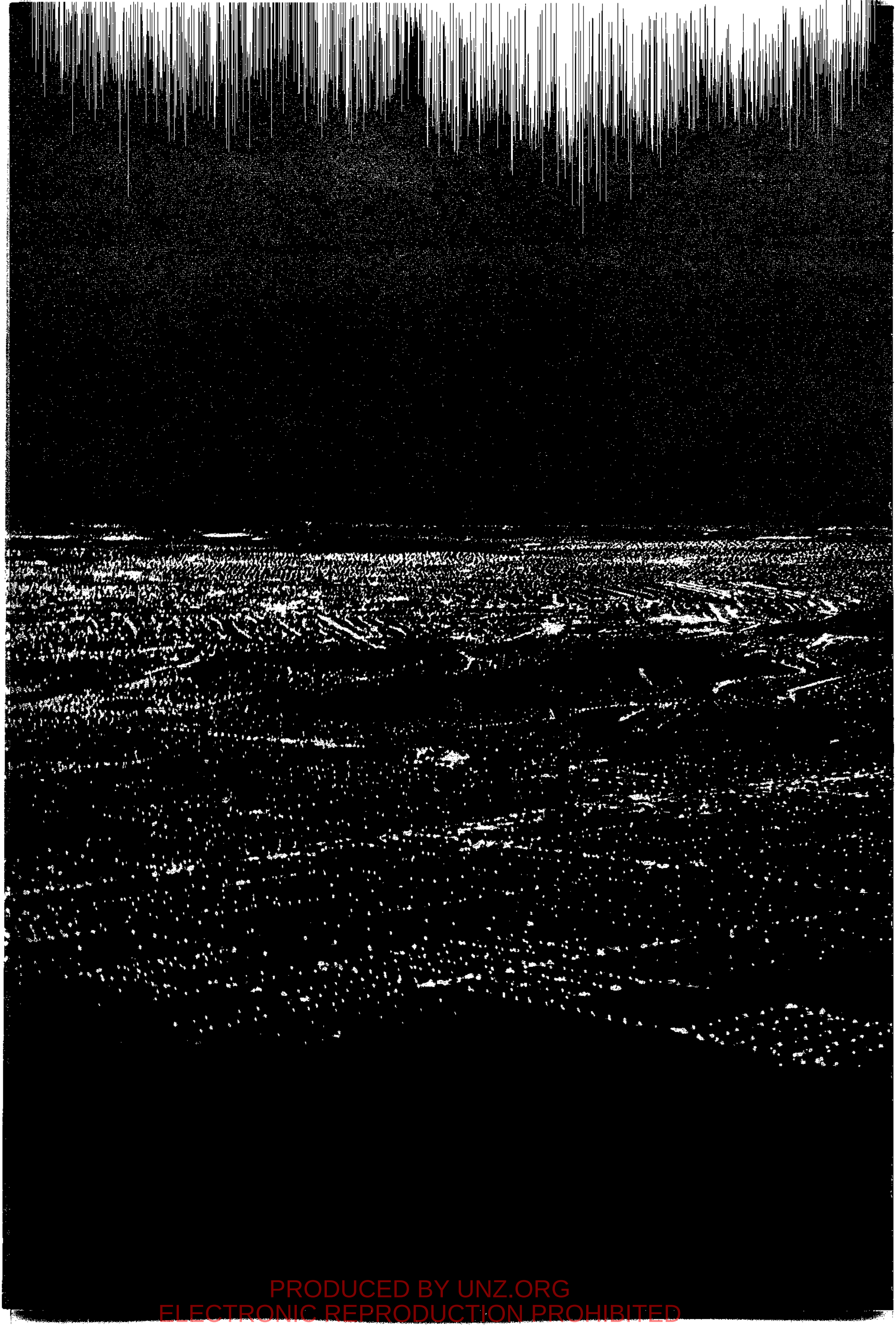
Her customers don't seem to mind that everyone uses the same glass. They give her pennies which she drops into her apron pocket. Then, after rinsing the glass in the bucket of water on her arm, she holds it in front of her; with the other hand she turns the spigot of the container, and the golden mauby pours into the glass. She seldom misses—seldom spills a drop.

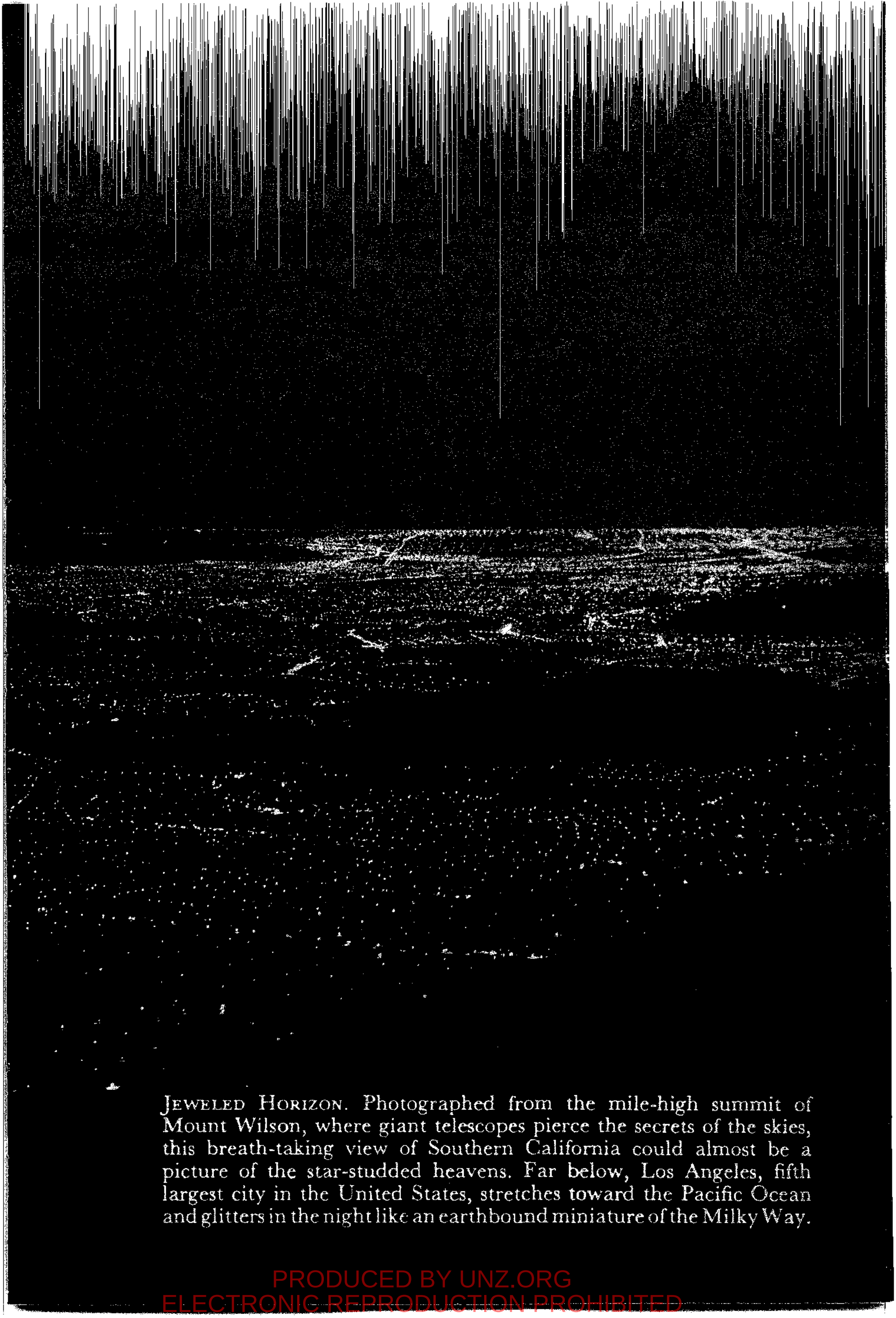
The mauby girl is a picturesque figure on this picturesque little island—21 miles long and 14 wide—where sugar is king. Barbados is like one endless field of tall, green, waving cane. Sugar dominates the lives of the island's 200,000 inhabitants, about 90 per cent of whom are Negroes or of mixed descent. Those who do not work on the plantations are employed in rum distilleries or on the docks from which raw sugar and sugar products are exported.

No modern machinery is used in reaping the sugar cane where manual labor can handle the work, for the island is so densely populated—more than 1,200 persons to the square mile—that every job is desperately needed. This struggle to maintain a toehold on his tiny, overcrowded island has kept the Barbadian Negro alert and active, and he is famous for his wit, intelligence and physical energy.

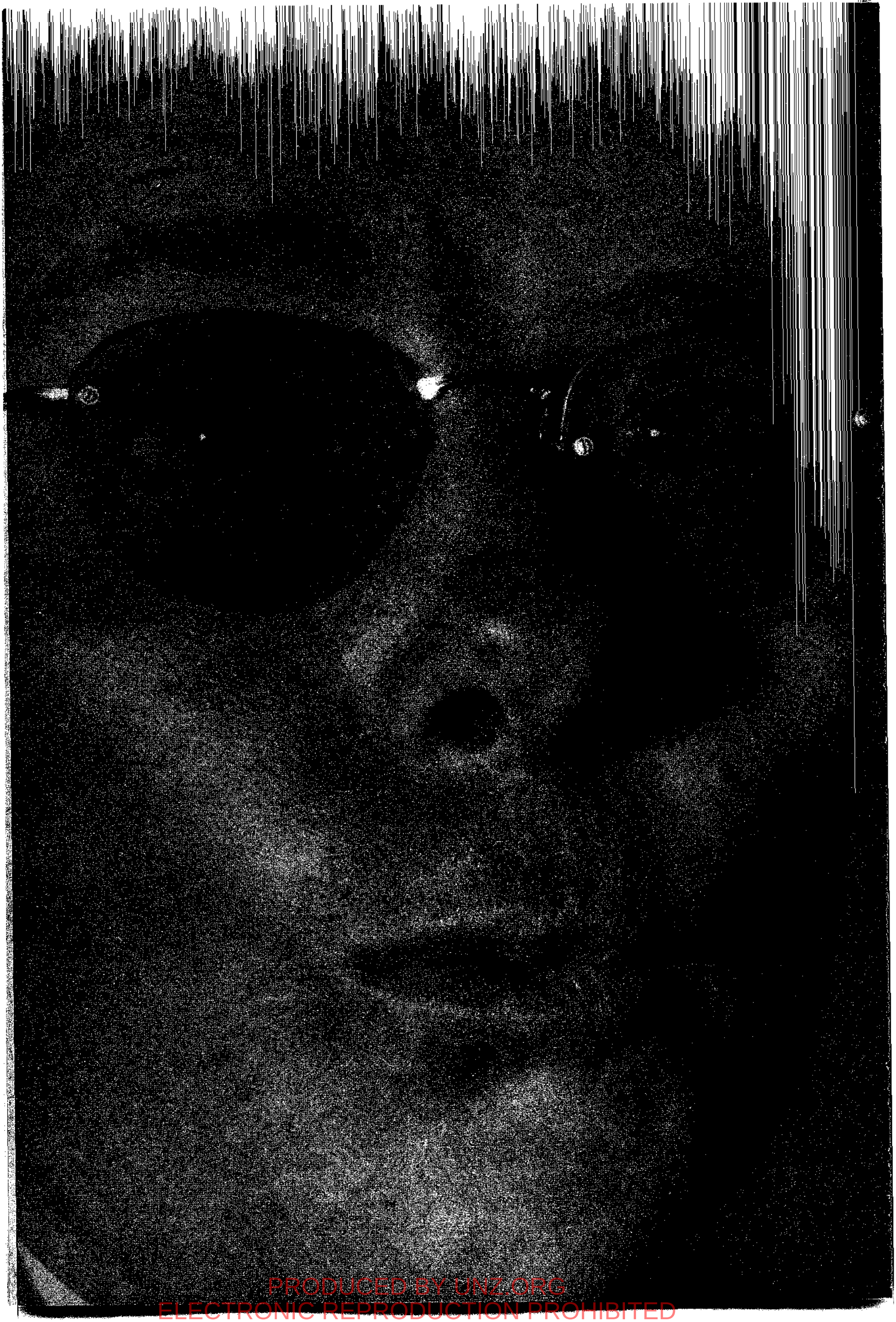
But hard as the struggle for existence may be, the Ba'jan loves his island and never thinks of moving elsewhere. The true Barbadian could never be happy away from his island home—away from the cheerful, noisy bedlam of the docks where stevedores sing as they work, and where the sturdy, friendly mauby girl hawks her wares.

Mauby Girl. Here a typical Barbados mauby vendor pours her odd drink for a customer on the busy docks of Bridgetown. A turban wound around her hat makes a base for the wooden platform on which she expertly balances her container of bittersweet mauby.





JEWELED HORIZON. Photographed from the mile-high summit of Mount Wilson, where giant telescopes pierce the secrets of the skies, this breath-taking view of Southern California could almost be a picture of the star-studded heavens. Far below, Los Angeles, fifth largest city in the United States, stretches toward the Pacific Ocean and glitters in the night like an earthbound miniature of the Milky Way.



Whistling as an Art

"PEOPLE DON'T WANT to see a guy whistling while they're having dinner," a New York night-club owner once told Fred Lowery.

That café impresario deserves a page in theatrical history all to himself—as the world's worst talent scout! For the musician he turned away—a lad from the little town of Palestine, Texas—has been applauded in night clubs and theaters from coast to coast, has been featured on top radio shows, and could live comfortably on the royalties from his recordings alone.

As if that were not enough, he has won critical recognition from John Charles Thomas, Alec Templeton, Fritz Kreisler and others. Kreisler, in fact, was so impressed with Lowery's talent that he did a special arrangement of his *Caprice Viennois* for whistling.

Lowery first learned to whistle by imitating birds in the Texas cotton fields. Orphaned as an infant and partially deprived of his sight by a childhood illness, he spent ten years in the State School for the Blind at Austin. Summers he picked cotton on his grandmother's farm. When a whistler named Ernest Nichols visited the school Fred got an audition and was advised to make a career of whistling.

Within a year he was giving concerts, and soon afterward got a staff job with a Dallas radio station. New York was the next step and there, despite many rebuffs, Lowery was soon whistling with big-name orchestras and appearing on network radio shows.

One of the secrets of his success was knowing the right and wrong way to whistle, almost from the start. The right way, he says, is with lips relaxed, not puckered. Puckering minimizes the wind content of the mouth and creates a narrow rush of air and harsh tone.

"The lips should be held almost normally, but firmly," Lowery points out. "When you achieve good tone at any pitch, you can start double-noting. To do this, you place the tongue as if to make a T-sound, and permit the air to flow over and under it."

Between engagements Lowery lives in North Hollywood, California. There, to the delight of his five-year-old son, he holds whistled conversations with the birds.

You would expect Lowery to be a completely happy man, considering all he has achieved. But his happiness won't be complete, he confesses, until he has made whistling a recognized art.

Perfect Whistler. In this picture America's foremost whistling virtuoso, Fred Lowery of California, shows the correct way to whistle. A concertmaster once said that the partially blind whistler's pitch and tone were "as true as any piccolo I have ever heard."

The Girl in the Window

FASHION MANNEQUINS who grace the windows of department stores and smart shops are elegant, lissome creatures who lead altogether enviable lives. In their well-arranged, worry-free world, these plaster, paper or papier-mâché beauties wear advance beach styles and bask in simulated sunshine during winter months. Or, attired in fabulous hostess gowns, they sit gracefully on luxurious couches, sipping cocktails from expensive glasses.

Yes, the fashion mannequin of 1947 lives well. More important, she looks well—because she looks real. Yet it was not always so. During the last century, fashions in mannequins have changed just as much as fashions in ladies' finery.

If the lovely and lifelike mannequin of today could speak, she would probably express pity and not a little amusement at the appearance of her ancestors. Her great-grandmother, back in the 1850s, was a wire, cloth and sawdust contraption who didn't vaguely resemble anything human. In the '90s, her grandmother, a wax figure with impossibly rosy cheeks, vacant blue eyes and an annoying habit of collapsing in the heat, was displaying the latest thing in leg-of-mutton sleeves.

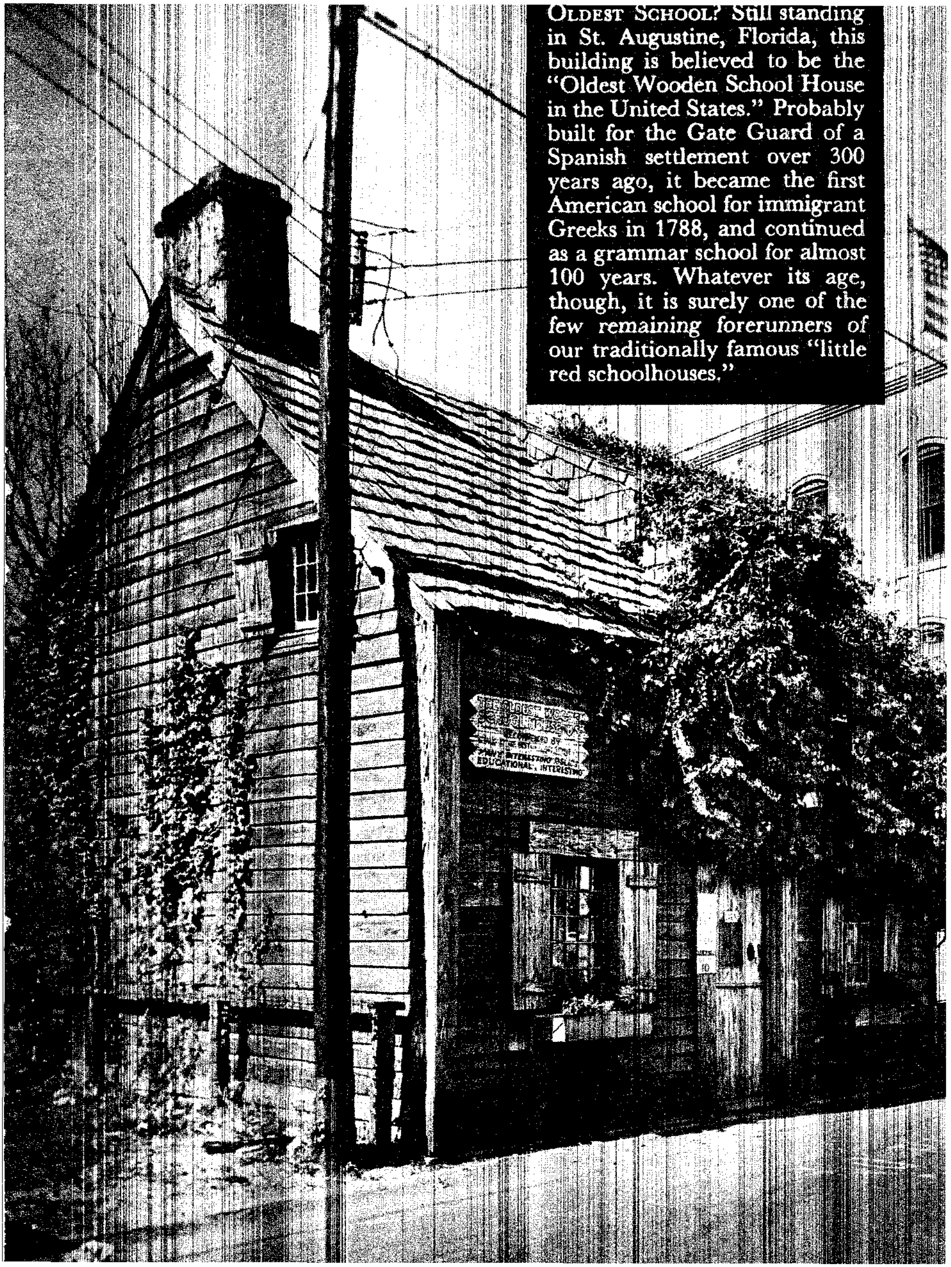
Her mother, the heavy, clumsy plaster mannequin of other days, made her debut during the first decade of this century. Because of weight and immobility, she was not, by nature, a frivolous soul—but during the 1920s she was evidently caught in the Flapper craze and quite literally lost her head. For several years headless torsos were extremely popular with store-window artists.

Then, with the Depression, a trend toward realism began. Display men, looking for mannequins less expensive and easier to pose, found the answer in lightweight paper and papier-mâché models. And thus was born the lovely lady who can look elegant and natural at the same time.

Like her flesh-and-blood counterpart, the American girl, the modern mannequin is emancipated. No longer doomed to spend her useful years standing with feet together or one foot forward, she can perch on the arm of a chair, climb a ladder or stand pigeon-toed if the window dresser so desires.

Truly, today's mannequin lives in a never-never world. Yet she has become so lifelike that her world now seems possible, probable and completely desirable.

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER. Around 1850, this jersey, wire and sawdust lady was one of our best-dressed fashion dummies. Today, she sits in the Metropolitan Museum of Art—not far from her streamlined descendants in the fashionable shops of New York's Fifth Avenue.



OLDEST SCHOOL? Still standing in St. Augustine, Florida, this building is believed to be the "Oldest Wooden School House in the United States." Probably built for the Gate Guard of a Spanish settlement over 300 years ago, it became the first American school for immigrant Greeks in 1788, and continued as a grammar school for almost 100 years. Whatever its age, though, it is surely one of the *few remaining* forerunners of our traditionally famous "little red schoolhouses."

Guardian. This magnificent monument of Christ the Redeemer, overlooking the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, expresses the unity and reverence of Brazil's people. One of the world's most compelling portraits of Jesus Christ, the 125-foot statue, standing on a mountain 2,500 feet above the sea, dwarfs the workman on its shoulder.

He Makes
Natural History Pay

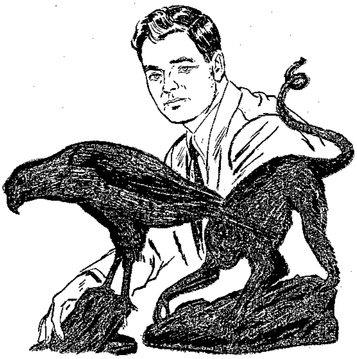
by RHODA RODER

The director of one of America's largest museums is giving new color and drama to once-stuffy exhibits

NATURAL HISTORY museums are generally looked upon as somewhat dull and stuffy storehouses dedicated to ancient civilizations and remote lands. In the past, when great areas of the earth were still unexplored, museum staffs were mostly concerned with compiling a representative inventory of the world's contents. The emphasis was on Antarctic birds and Siberian tigers, Egyptian mummies and Congo witch masks, rather than on the significant facts of nature surrounding man in his everyday life.

Today, due to the vision and energy of Dr. Albert E. Parr, young director of New York's American Museum of Natural History, the aims of museum research and exhibition are slated for reform.

By renovating old displays and adding new exhibits emphasizing the importance of the natural sciences in our daily lives, Parr plans to teach the visitor about natural miracles in his own back yard. Out of this will come something of value to the American public—a better understanding of how nature works for or against the individual, and how it can be harnessed for the welfare of the citizen and his country.



When Parr became director of Manhattan's most noted museum in 1942, many of the sections of the venerable institution were more than fifty years old and had never been changed. In long, dark halls, thousands of specimens, tagged with Latin labels, were crowded in glass cases resembling department-store counters. In other rooms elaborate habitat groups, showing various animals and the regions in which they lived, had been assembled by expeditions that covered the far reaches of the globe, from remote islands of the South Pacific to the ice fields of the Arctic.

Explorers were foreign correspondents reporting with microscopic accuracy the news of nature. Whether the goal of an expedition was dragon lizards or Congo gorillas, hunters were accompanied by museum preparators who collected specimens of plants, trees, soil and rock—authentic props for the trophy cabinets.

Staff artists went along to paint landscapes in correct colors and proportions. One artist scaled Mt. McKinley before painting it as a backdrop. Another, making his studio the ocean floor, viewed seascapes through a diving helmet as he painted underwater scenery for museum exhibits of ocean creatures.

Before the war, about 25 expeditions were conducted yearly. In the rocky highlands of Abyssinia a field party hunted long-horned antelope for the museum, while another group searched the vast Gobi desert for dinosaur eggs. One museum schooner visited tiny islands of the South Pacific in search of birds; at the same time another ship headed north for the walrus grounds of the Arctic.

In New Guinea anthropologists observed the customs of primitive natives, and in Wyoming paleontologists excavated the fossils of giant reptiles.

Every discovery was a gem beyond the value of money. After one trip, when it was found that a half-inch bone from a prehistoric animal was missing, another expedition went to the same spot in Arizona and sifted eight tons of earth through a fly screen until the missing part was recovered.

When specimens were not available, museum craftsmen fashioned expert reproductions. An artificial blackberry bush that required three months' labor and cost $750 was constructed as a prop for a gorilla showcase. Sometimes as much as $40,000 was spent for a single habitat group.

PARR, WHO IS INTENT on transferring the emphasis from fascination with curiosities of distant lands to interest in man's immediate environment, was the youngest person ever to be appointed head of America's largest natural history museum. The tall, handsome "mayor" of this city of 550 scientists, artists, specialized craftsmen and laborers was born in Norway in 1900. Like most Norwegians living close to the sea, Parr wanted to be a sailor, and he constantly interrupted his studies to ship on freighters as an ordinary seaman. Between trips he pursued his other interest, marine zoology, at the Royal University in Oslo, and assisted the Norwegian Bureau of Fisheries in research.

In 1926, a year after graduation, Parr arrived in New York with a bride on his arm and $135 in his pocket. He started his career as an attendant in the old New York Aquarium, scrubbing floors and cleaning fish tanks. Soon after, however, he was chosen to accompany the Harry Payne Bingham oceanographic expeditions. Within a year Parr was made head of the Bingham Oceanographic Collection at Yale, and in 1938 he was appointed director of the Yale Peabody Museum.

When the Museum of Natural History chose Parr as its director five years ago, he was distinguished not only as a museum administrator but also as a practical scientist whose work had greatly benefited commercial fishing and navigation. Parr is a world authority on fish and has made many contributions to our knowledge of ocean currents. He also made the first investigation of the extent and quantity of the Sargasso weed—a strange floating mass found over 2,000,000 square miles of ocean.

His present job is complex. The museum maintains its own power and light plant, machine shop and publishing house. Its library houses 130,000 choice scientific volumes. More than two million people visiting this city of science each year are directed through its four stories by 135 attendants. About half of approximately 20 acres of floor space are devoted to public exhibitions. Yet only one-tenth of the museum's material is on display.

Its collections of 150,000 mammals, ranging from the tiniest shrew to the largest elephant, and 800,000 birds of all varieties are among the finest in the world, as are its collection of dinosaurs and other fossil reptiles, as well as minerals. It has a unique assortment of 13,000 human skulls, all neatly packed in office-type file cabinets for ready reference. The building and contents, valued at $30,000,000, are protected by armed guards who keep prepared for emergency by target practice in the basement shooting range. But to date no crime has been attempted against the museum in its 77-year history.

To the vast organization Parr added staff architects who will create the designs for modern exhibitions to express the new ideas of the museum. By installing false walls and low ceilings and by introducing vivid color schemes, Parr plans to change the long dismal halls into room units that display, with the drama of Broadway stage sets, stories of natural history. The versatile director designed a "periscope diorama," a clever arrangement which utilizes two mirrors set at angles, giving the illusion of depth and size to a setting that is constructed about three feet square. A diorama costs $200 to $400, and serves the same educational purpose as many an old-type exhibit, which cost ten times as much.

Soon there will be a "Hall of Man," illustrating the history of man's evolution from the dawn of history. As a finale, an "Epic of America" will relate the romance of our nation's civilization. It will show Johnny Appleseed and John Doe as museum treasures, pointing out how natural surroundings influence our way of life.

Parr's other pet project, a "Hall of Local Landscape," will reveal what goes on in nature within picnic distance of the museum. The visitor will see a typical local landscape, and in a dozen other dioramas he will see close-ups of various parts of the scene. Under a tree trunk, for example, the roots, stones, insects and animal holes will be bared. He will view the progress in animal and plant life as the seasons change, the destructive habits of dread insects, and the types of soil best suited for growing crops.

THE WAR temporarily thwarted Parr's construction plans, but it fostered his aim of research in practical problems. He and his staff worked at full speed for government agencies. Explorers compiled guide books and survival manuals; geographers prepared maps and pictures of far-off lands. Others completed surveys of the sources of strategic raw materials, designed field equipment and described the natives our soldiers would meet.

Today, the museum's extensive research continues to aid the progress of human society. Under Dr. Parr's capable leadership, scientists are now tackling the problems of biogeochemistry—the study of how animals and plants are affected by, and in turn affect, the chemistry of their environment, particularly soils. Nutrition is but one of the fields that will benefit from this study.

There are in today's museum special departments of Comparative Anatomy and Animal Behavior contributing to progress in the fields of medicine and psychology. The Department of Forestry and General Botany deals with the problems of forest and wildlife conservation. Entomologists report on disease-bearing and destructive insects, geologists shed new light on mineral resources.

Even paleontologists, through their knowledge of prehistoric animals, aid the nation's economy, for evidence of certain fossils indicates the presence of oil deposits.

As liaison agent between the world of pure science and the general public, Parr is blazing a trail. American museums of the future will be streamlined so that the visitor, young or old, not only will see the world's curiosa, but will also learn things he never knew about dust bowls and erosion; about Japanese beetles and fisheries.

Thanks to Parr's energy and vision, millions of Americans will be able to see with their own eyes convincing evidence that no nation can prosper and remain great without paying heed to nature's inexorable scheme of things.

Freak Squeaks

DRIVING THROUGH the beautiful Virginia countryside, Mrs. Edward Comfort of Boston thought her 15-month-old baby seemed to be enjoying the ride too. In a basket strapped to the car seat, the infant was peacefully drinking milk from a nursing bottle. Suddenly, with a hefty swing, the baby bopped Mamma neatly on the head with the bottle. Groggy, Mrs. Comfort let go of the wheel and the car landed in a ditch. Mother and child escaped injury, except for the bump on Mrs. Comfort's head.

BUSILY GOBBLING peanuts, a Chattanooga man spilled some on the sidewalk, skidded on them, accidentally kicked a cop while slipping and broke his leg when he landed. Hitting back at outrageous fate, he sued the policeman for false arrest and the city for damages.

—GRACE POSTON

Unfurled from the Show World

Cellulines

A Hollywood star talking to a childhood friend remarked: "After I came to Hollywood, it took me six years to discover that I had absolutely no talent for acting."

"How discouraging!" murmured the friend. "Did you think of quitting?"

"Of course not," replied the star. "By that time I was making a quarter of a million dollars a year."

—Paul Harrison, quoted in *Tales of Hoffman*

Interviews bring out the worst in film star George Sanders. During one session a woman writer said: "Tell me, Mr. Sanders, do you sleep in the top or the bottom of your pajamas?"

"To tell you the truth," replied Sanders confidentially, "my favorite night attire is an Inverness cape and a fur parka." —F. Louis Friedman

They would have you believe that a certain Hollywood producer arrived at a party in the movie colony while a man was singing.

"Say," he whispered to a friend, "that fellow would be terrific for pictures!"

"Don't you know his name?" the other whispered back. "It's Lauritz Melchior."

"So what?" countered the producer. "They can change it!"

—*Tales of Hoffman, Hollywood Reporter*

Framed neatly in the place of honor over Fred Astaire's fireplace in his home is a faded pencil-scrawled scrap of paper. On examination the paper turns out to be an M-G-M interoffice memo, dated 1933 and initialed by some long-since forgotten executive—an expression of that gentleman's opinion of Fred's movie possibilities.

The memo reads: "Fred Astaire. Can't act. Slightly bald. Can dance a little." —*Cue*

Star Grazing

It matters more what's in a woman's face than what's on it.

—Claudette Colbert

We might as well be realistic about it. There's no ideal man, but men are wonderful to have around.

—Jane Russell

Radio to me is bread and butter —and a swimming pool. —Jack Benny

The easier life is made for some people, the tougher they make it for others. —Gary Cooper

Air Lines

I'll never have my face lifted—nope, not after what happened to my Aunt Minnie. She went to a plastic surgeon to have her wrinkles tightened up. He overdid it and now every time she raises her eyebrows it pulls up her stockings.

—*Judy Canova Show, CBS*

Boy, does my butcher charge high prices! I asked him for a 15-pound turkey and he said: "Okay, how do you want it financed?"

—*Bob Hope Show, NBC*

Jimmy: "You should see my livin' room! What a luxurious carpet. When you step on it you sink down six feet."

Garry: "How come?"

Jimmy: "No floor."

—*Jimmy Durante-Garry Moore Show, CBS*

America's now the land of the free with no home for the brave.

—PHIL BAKER on *Take It or Leave It, CBS*

Edward Everett Horton: How do you like children?

Monty Woolley: Well done.

—*Kraft Music Hall, NBC*

W. C. Fields once set some kind of a record for embarrassing a sponsor while appearing on the Lucky Strike cigarette program. All through the program Fields talked about an imaginary son named Chester. His stories were very funny; the announcer, the sponsor, and everyone else attached to the broadcast laughed like crazy—until they put the first and last names of Fields' son together and got Chester Fields, the name of a rival cigarette.

—CARL WINSTON IN *N. Y. Mirror*

Columns Write

A fellow was sitting in a doctor's office when another patient, anxious to get into a discussion of symptoms, asked him what he was there for. The first patient replied: "A couple of months ago I swallowed a handful of mothballs."

"Really?" said the second patient. "What was the reaction?"

"Well," said the first patient, "I haven't been bothered with moths since." —JIM HENAGHAN IN *The Hollywood Reporter*

Leo McCarey tells of the time Gene Fowler appeared at his house at 11 P.M. McCarey's daughter told her father that Mr. Fowler was outside.

"Is he drinking?" asked McCarey suspiciously.

"I don't know," said his daughter, "but he's wearing a New York Giants uniform." —EARL WILSON

Comic Section

She had absolutely nothing to wear and six closets to keep it in. —ED WYNN

When a man has a birthday he takes a day off. When a woman has one, she takes a year off. —FRED ALLEN

I've been rich and I've been poor. Believe me, rich is better. —JOE E. LEWIS

Coronet invites contributions for "Unfurled from the Show World." Send us that gag you heard on the radio, that quip from stage or screen, and anecdotes about show business, but be sure to state the source of material you submit. Payment for suitable items will be made upon publication. Address your contributions to "Unfurled from the Show World" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Sorry, but no contributions can be acknowledged, and none can be returned unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.

Peace Pilots without Top Hats

by JAMES MACFARLAND

Our Foreign Service School is turning out a new, streamlined crop of diplomats to foster good will among nations

Most Americans have long thought that a diplomat—or anybody who worked within the sacred aura of the State Department—wore striped trousers, a cutaway coat and a top hat, and spent most of his time promoting American good will over a cocktail or a teacup. As a result of this belief, it was assumed that the diplomatic domain called for a college degree or two, a knowledge of several languages, a "blue-blood" background, plenty of personal wealth and lots of social contacts.

But all this is an "old-fashioned, undemocratic, perversely inadequate picture of the diplomatic and consular corps," growls the new GI-studded generation of U. S. Foreign Service personnel which is now stepping in to learn how to handle the reins of a vital function of our government. To illustrate the current trend, these new members of the Foreign Service point to recent graduating classes of future peace pilots, in which few of the men were Groton-Harvard products. "Ivy League" graduates were definitely in the minority, with most of the men and women hailing from state colleges and denominational institutions.

They were from families of large incomes, medium incomes, small incomes and no incomes. One man's background included operation of a shoe store and two years in the Army as a private. Another was a Midwest farmer's son who had commanded an artillery battalion in North Africa. Another was the son of a Southern tobacco executive. And as for striped trousers and top hats, few in the classes had ever worn such a get-up, even at a wedding or funeral.

Every two months or so, graduating classes are leaving the Foreign Service School, trained to serve as the eyes, ears and voice of the greatest nation on earth. Although a few hundred men and women will be "drafted" from private life to fill foreign posts for which their abilities peculiarly qualify them, the majority of the new recruits for our greatly expanded Foreign Service will comprise the butcher's son, the former GI Joe and GI Jane, the high-school teacher, the salesman, the news reporter or the factory foreman with a flair for social amenities. And they will all be prepared for their global tasks at the Department of State's Foreign Service Institute in Washington.

During the first year of school operation, more men and women were trained for the Foreign Service than during any previous year. Before the war, Foreign Service personnel numbered about 5,000. When Uncle Sam gets finished with his present recruiting plan, the total will be at least 15,000.

Mostly these recruits, ranging in age from 20 to 31 (GI candidates may be older under special regulations), will be embassy or legation secretaries and vice consuls. But regardless of title, the new officers are being groomed to deal adequately with *all* of America's new foreign responsibilities. And it follows that the nation's ministers and ambassadors of tomorrow will rise from the ranks of these young men and women who are now being grounded in the vital business of preserving world peace.

LET'S LOOK AT A TYPICAL Foreign Service student. Charlie Adams, staff sergeant with the Air Forces, was unprepared for any specific job when he returned to civilian life. He had gone to college for a couple of years, had done a little newspaper reporting and war-plant work before induction. Soon after separation from the army he heard about the State Department's recruiting program, so he wrote to the Department and received an application form accompanied by "build-up" literature. He filled out the form, then waited for what seemed a long time; but there was good reason for the delay.

The Division of Foreign Service Personnel wanted to make sure that Charlie was the right type to represent the U. S. abroad and also that he was capable of doing so. Hence, the Division gathered all available information from Charlie's educational, employment and army records and then sent an investigator to dig up facts about his character and reputation.

The reports were favorable and he was designated to take the difficult two-day Foreign Service written examination—a highly selective examination at college-graduation level. Charlie passed the tests, and then was asked to appear in Washington for a personal interview and a difficult oral examination. The Board of Examiners knew Charlie's life history, but now they wanted to observe his demeanor and assess his general qualifications.

If Charlie was the kind who wanted a home in the suburbs and a solid bank account, the Foreign Service was not for him. Or if he expressed a desire to travel all the time or gave the impression that he was a "social lion," then the board would mark his application "N.G."

But after the interview the officers were convinced that Charlie had a consistent curiosity about how other nations do things, and about America's position in world affairs. Also, Charlie wanted to live among foreign peoples and get to know their viewpoints. So a few days later, at his home in New York, Charlie was informed that his application had been approved.

At the school, in the spacious Lothrop House on Washington's Connecticut Avenue, Charlie met a lot of other men and women who were just as green as he was about the Foreign Service. But he quickly sensed they were an intelligent and enthusiastic bunch with a keen desire to learn. Amazed at the diversity of backgrounds, ages and qualifications of the mixed group, Charlie soon concluded that he was just as qualified to become a Foreign Service officer as any of them.

A streamlined two-month course confronted Charlie. But he was used to such things, for he had been through army blitz training. The goal of the school, he was told on opening day, was to give every individual a bird's-eye view of the duties he would later learn more fully by working in foreign posts.

Charlie attended lectures and classes conducted by experts from the State Department and other government agencies. He learned how the Foreign Service is organized and how it functions: he was taught the meaning of area studies. Through reading and lectures his brain was crammed with hundreds of new facts, such as how American citizenship is acquired and lost, how government political and economic reports should be prepared, how an economic policy is formed, how U. S. citizens stranded abroad should be treated. One day he was instructed in service ethics and the use of codes, and next day on serving American business and improving contacts abroad.

Since immigration work has long been an important phase of the consular service, one week was spent studying visas, and for the first time Charlie learned that there is no quota for native-born Canadians and that the quotas of some countries are oversubscribed for years to come. Near the end of the course, Charlie was taken to New York where for a week he attended hearings involving the discipline of seamen and learned about other routine shipping activities which some day would fall to him.

WHY ARE SO MANY AMERICANS like Charlie Adams anxious to join the Foreign Service? Principal reason given by most newcomers is the opportunity to get in on the ground floor of an expanding "big world business."

"What other field offers a more promising future to an ambitious person?" one young man asked. "This world has been dumped into a terrible mess too often because our Foreign Service was inadequate. Hereafter, the U. S. will be content with nothing but the best."

The students listed many secondary reasons why they were interested in the Foreign Service, the main one being security—a good job for life as long as they fulfilled their duties and behaved themselves. And while the recruits had read enough to know that a certain amount of entertaining and tea-sipping went with their jobs, the new Vice Consul wouldn't go to an uninteresting social function for personal reasons. Instead he would realize that "this is the way they do it here, and I've got to abide by local ground rules." So he would go to the party to promote friendship between the U. S. and the country to which he was an accredited representative.

The new officers did not know where they were to be sent until near the end of the course, although they had been allowed to state preferences. Herbert Spivak of New York, a Phi Beta Kappa man who knew languages galore, expressed satisfaction at being sent to Teheran, Persia, although he didn't relish the idea of playing golf on a course of dried mud and graveled greens, as the post report warned. And Paul Liston of Tama, Iowa, formerly with the FBI, wanted an assignment in Europe, but took Belize in British Honduras instead.

Mildred Monroe of Muskegon, Michigan, who was stationed in India as a lieutenant with Naval Intelligence, went back to India as a vice consul at New Delhi. John Barrow, Jr., of Washington, formerly with the Medical Department of the U. S. Army, ended up at Damascus, Syria.

These new officers, aware that the Foreign Service is suffering from an acute manpower shortage, have complete confidence in their future. Despite the fact that the State Department has eased its strict pre-war admission policy, they scorn the idea that they are getting in via the back door.

In no way do they feel inferior to old-timers, any more than does the OCS-trained Army officer whose platoon annihilated just as many Japs or Nazis as the platoon commanded by a West Pointer. What the military "90-day wonders" did for the Army in winning the war, the diplomatic "60-day wonders" are confident of being able to do in preserving the peace.

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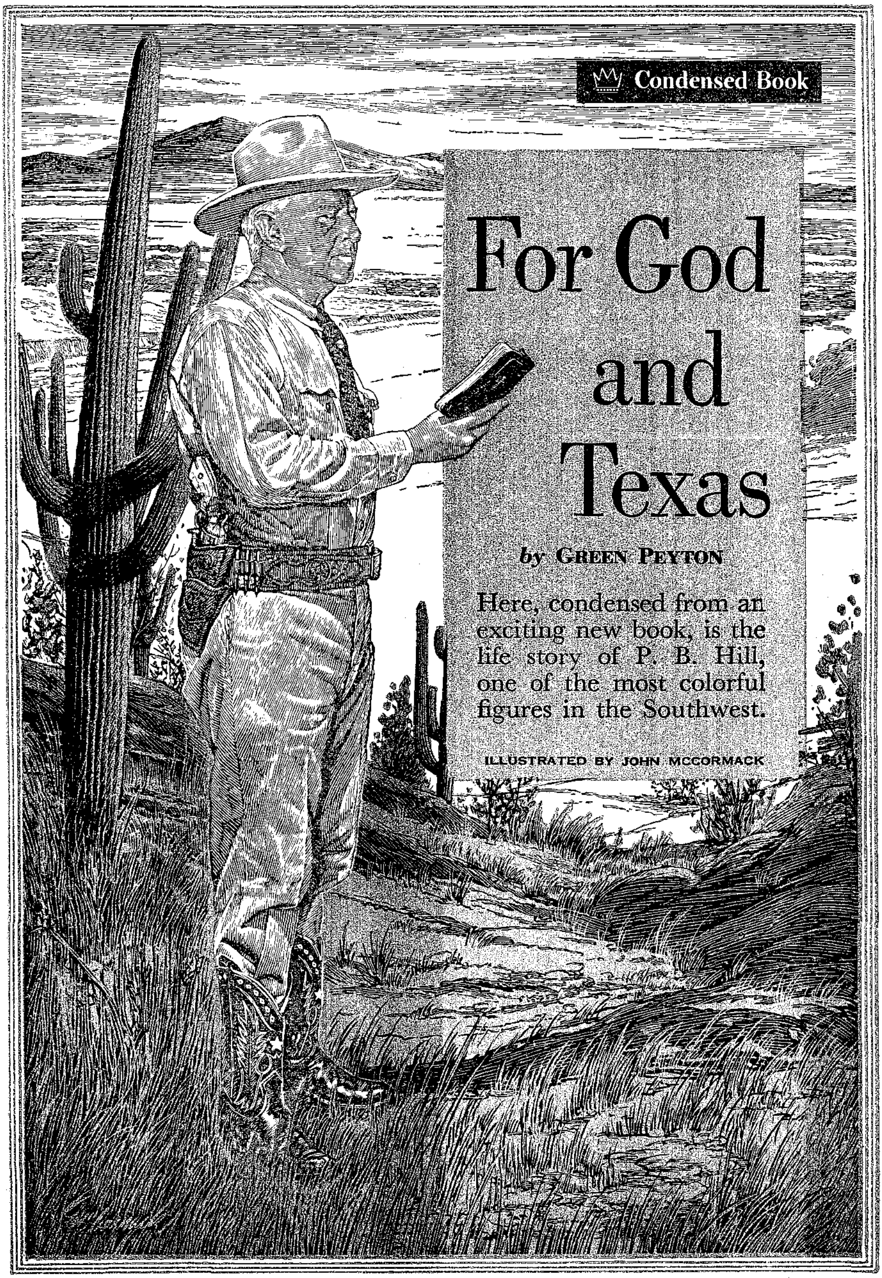


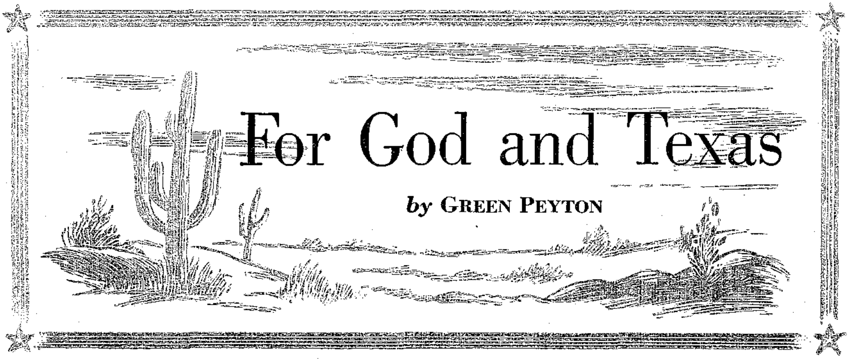
Condensed Book

For God and Texas

by GREEN PEYTON

Here, condensed from an exciting new book, is the life story of P. B. Hill, one of the most colorful figures in the Southwest.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MCCORMACK



For God and Texas

by GREEN PEYTON

Foreword: **Everyone in Texas has heard of the Rev. Pierre Bernard Hill, better known as plain P.B. Hill. A Virginian by birth, he is respected by cowhand and oil-field worker as a typical Westerner. A Presbyterian by conviction, he preaches a simple faith which appeals to all men. Primarily a man of God, he is also a man of action and at one time was a captain of the Texas Rangers. After settling in his adopted state, he founded a chain of churches in San Antonio. And to reach the lonely cowmen on remote ranches, he built a tabernacle on a hilltop where ranchmen come from hundreds of miles around to worship. The story of Dr. Hill's long and colorful career, condensed for you on the following pages, will give readers of all creeds a new insight into religion as a broad and personal experience in the life of man.**

THE LITTLE TOWN of Kilgore, in the humid cotton flats of East Texas, was boiling like a geyser when the train from Austin pulled in one sultry August morning in 1931. Men in faded khaki, wearing guns on their hips, were filtering into town from all sides, dispersing casually about the crowded streets. Just as quietly, men in gaudy shirts and pin-stripe suits were filtering out.

The men with guns were Texas Rangers. The men in pin-stripe suits were gamblers, touts, counterfeiters, confidence men, dope peddlers. Kilgore was under martial law.

A tall man in a Stetson stepped off the train. His trousers were stuffed into cowboy boots, a .45 rested on his hip. His cheeks were ruddy, his eyes piercing, his big frame lean and powerful.

He was Pierre Bernard Hill, a captain of the Rangers. But he was also something quite different—a minister of the gospel. Between riots and man-hunting expeditions, Ranger Captain Hill was the Rev. Dr. Hill, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, San Antonio.

Kilgore was no place for a preacher. Ten months earlier it had been a lazy village of 300 inhabitants, a few stores and a jail. Then a wildcatter sank a well 20 miles away and tapped the biggest pool of oil ever found on earth. Within six weeks the country crawled with drillers, lawyers, promoters and hangers-on. Kilgore overnight became a boom town of 4,000 wild-

Condensed from the book *For God and Texas*, published at $2.75 by Whittlesey House, division of McGraw Hill Book Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.; copyright 1947 by Green Peyton.

eyed speculators and the center of the roaring East Texas oil field.

Kilgore at night was a cross between a country carnival and a blast furnace. Gas fires lighted up the countryside with a sinister ruddy glow. Hoarse saxophones and plaintive fiddles were punctuated by shouts of rage or laughter, or by the tattoo of shots.

Governor Sterling had called in the Rangers because there was a production war going on between the independent operators and the big oil companies. The pro-ration drilling agreement, backed by Texas law, was being flouted. The price of oil had dropped to 50 cents a barrel. The Governor had no choice but to call out the National Guard and the Rangers and put the East Texas field under martial law.

The fleeing men in pin-stripe suits were only a side issue. Like civilian refugees, they were getting out of the way of opposing armies. The Rangers stalked imperturbably about the streets, doing their job quickly and efficiently. A couple of independent oilmen tried to tap their wells. The Rangers quietly arrested them. Soon Kilgore was as tranquil as a rural church on Sunday afternoon.

While Captain Hill was at Ranger headquarters, a National Guard major dropped in to remark on a suspicious-looking shack near his encampment. Hill went with the major to the shack. Inside they found casting equipment, a counterfeit half-dollar and plaster molds. The Kilgore bank confirmed that it had been receiving counterfeit half-dollars.

At the stores from which the coins had come, Hill picked up the track of children who had passed them. He talked with the parents. In a couple of days, the counterfeiters were arrested, tried and convicted. Thus Hill went calmly and efficiently about the righteous work for which he felt a calling.

When Sunday morning came, Captain Hill arose, put aside his gun and became the Rev. Dr. Hill, Presbyterian pastor and Ranger chaplain. Still in boots and Stetson, he held a service for the troops and Rangers. It was a simple service, the kind that appeals to fighting men, for Dr. Hill has a knack of making religious devotions seem as natural to Texas boys as eating breakfast or branding cattle.

Shortly thereafter, the Rangers and the troops departed Kilgore, leaving a handful of men to keep order. Soon the wells began to flow again, the speakeasies gave way to coffee shops, and Kilgore became a hustling town of 6,700 oil workers, and the heart of the biggest oil field in the world.

And how came a minister, pastor of one of the biggest Presbyterian congregations in the South, to be involved in this adventure? Bernard Hill is not a native Texan, with the man-hunting instinct of a plainsman bred in his bones. Neither is he a hell-fire-and-damnation evangelist. He comes from Virginia. He taught Sunday school in remote mountain villages, carried the word of God to Korean peasants, presided over genteel congregations in Tennessee and Kentucky before he found his ordained mission on the sun-drenched plains of Texas.

He is six feet one inch tall, with the spare frame of an athlete. He speaks softly and can tell a story lit by flashes of dry humor. He is fond of hunting, easy in the company of other men, at home in the saddle. He has all the basic qualities needed to make a Ranger—yet his life is dedicated to the Lord's work.

HILL'S STORY begins in 1877, when he was born in Richmond of well-to-do parents. Young Bernard was sent to public school, then studied accounting, and at 17 landed his first job with a local utility company. But a few years later he decided to go to college. Bernard Hill had suddenly become a serious young man. He was thinking of entering the ministry.

In 1898, he won a scholarship at Hampden-Sydney College, 60 miles away. As a candidate for the ministry at this Presbyterian school, he would receive tuition free, and the church student fund had given him $150 in cash. But he would have to take care of other expenses as best he could.

After doing pastoral work during summer vacations, Bernard was graduated from Hampden-Sydney in 1902, and from Union Theological Seminary in Richmond just three years later. Licensed to preach, he promptly accepted his first call—to a parish near Chattanooga. On his way, however, he stopped in Amelia County to marry Ella Thraves, whom he had been courting for eight leisurely years. He was 28; so was Miss Ella. Directly after a June wedding, they set out by train for Tennessee.

The next 15 years were eventful ones for Bernard Hill. From his Tennessee parish he went back to Virginia, filling pulpits in Lynchburg and Roanoke, and then, with his wife and three children, ventured far afield, volunteering to serve as a missionary in Korea. There he labored until 1916, returning home only when his health began to fail from a prolonged Korean diet.

The U. S. went to war in April 1917, but Hill was not strong enough for military service. He preached in various Virginia pulpits, was awarded his degree of Doctor of Divinity at Hampden-Sydney, then accepted a call to the 100-year-old First Presbyterian Church in Louisville.

Bernard's success in Louisville swiftly spread his name over the South as a builder of churches, and it wasn't long before he was offered the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church of San Antonio.

Thus Pierre Bernard Hill came to Texas. He was 44 years old; more than half his allotted span of adult life had run its course. Yet he had come to the place that most needed his particular kind of faith. He had finally discovered his world.

Promptly, Bernard plunged into the multitudinous details of parish organization. A large church is not unlike a complex, far-flung business. It has some of the attributes of a philanthropic society, a social club, a sales agency, a research foundation. There are committees on child welfare, entertainment, building, membership, a dozen other activities. All these the pastor supervises, along with his theological and humanitarian functions.

The first project Bernard presented to his elders and deacons was a departure from custom: he recommended that the church take offices in a downtown office building. This gave him contacts with business and professional men in the mercantile district. By setting up his shrine in their own sanctuary, Bernard demonstrated that a minister could have a place in the community's commercial life.

Soon they were helping him propagate the faith. They met with Bernard each Monday for lunch, gathered names of prospective church members and called on them during the week. If a canvasser ran into a knotty problem, the pastor went to his aid. By means of such personal effort, without revival meetings or gaudy entertainments, the First Church led the Southern Presbyterian Assembly for the next few years in the number of converts received.

MEANWHILE, Bernard was seeking other ways to extend the influence of the First Church. The basement was empty a large part of the day, so Bernard first turned it into a recreation center and lunchroom for working girls and students at a near-by business college. Next, he converted it into a free clinic for poor Mexican children. San Antonio physicians were persuaded to volunteer their services, and the Junior League maintained a motor corps to fetch children to the clinic and take them home.

By such useful projects, Bernard built up tremendous prestige for his church, reflected in the mammoth crowds that came to worship. The edifice was no longer big enough to hold them; they stood packed in the lobby outside the auditorium.

In 1923, when Bernard decided to enlarge the church, the officers appropriated $225,000. They increased the size of the auditorium, added a new wing containing offices for Bernard and his staff, meeting rooms for committees and Bible classes, a gymnasium, an elevator.

Still the church wasn't big enough. The parish had 2,500 active members, and for a number of years was the largest Presbyterian church in the South—in spite of the fact that San Antonio was a predominantly Catholic city. Then Bernard concluded that his congregation was too big for a single pastor and decided to decentralize.

Driving through Alamo Heights one day, pondering this problem, the pastor noted that in this suburban township—and in every other like it—Piggly Wiggly Stores had put up an elaborate grocery. If chain-store methods worked in the grocery trade, why not in religion?

Bernard and his associates surveyed the new suburban districts, weighing such factors as population growth and density, like a merchandiser choosing a new store site.

Finally they picked the spots where they thought churches should be placed and presented the plan to the church officers, who gave full approval. It was an ambitious program. Five new churches were to be built: at Prospect Hill, Highland Park, Alamo Heights, Crestholme and Harlandale.

The project was completed within three years, and as the new churches built up their own congregations (gradually relieving congestion in the First Church) they were launched as independent entities. Meanwhile, Bernard's idea of decentralization had a good deal to do with San Antonio's construction boom. Where the churches went up, good homes followed and property values soared.

On a Sunday in April, 1923, Bernard Hill stood up in the pulpit to deliver his sermon. A silvery disk, looking like a halo on a hat rack, was suspended before him. In his usual tone of boyish diffidence he began to speak, but his voice this morning carried far beyond the First Church. It reached out into the hills and into the brush, where men in shirt sleeves craned to hear faint sounds emanating from a magic box. Bernard was broadcasting his first service by radio.

He was not, of course, the nation's first radio preacher. Several others had broadcast from time to time, but long after other radio preachers had given up the struggle, Bernard was broadcasting every Sunday over WOAI. And in 1946, after 23 years, he was still at it.

Bernard Hill is a conversational preacher. If you are setting out for Phoenix, he will stand by your car, his foot on the running board, and remark shyly, "You know, it's a custom in our family to say a little prayer when friends are starting on a journey."

Then he will take off his Stetson and address the Lord in a conversational tone: "O Lord, these friends of mine are driving to Phoenix. We beseech You to preserve them from danger and bring them safely to their destination."

He talks to his congregation with this same simplicity—as if he were exchanging reminiscences with an old friend. His casual radio delivery makes men pause on the streets to listen, makes jaded sinners look up from the sports pages on Sunday morning. And it has extended the range of Bernard's power over the state of Texas.

Today letters pour into Bernard's office by the thousand.

"After listening to your sermon," the far-off herdsman in the hills will write, "I knelt before the radio and gave my heart to Christ."

A blind man writes, "I thought I could not bear my tribulation any more. Then I heard you preach. Now I have learned to be content."

A traveling salesman paused at the pastor's home one Sunday night as he drove into town from Santa Fe. He had stopped at a gas station that morning and blown his horn. The proprietor thrust his head out and said, "I don't sell no gas while preachin's goin' on."

"Where's the preaching?" asked the salesman.

"Inside. Dr. Hill's talkin' on the radio. Come on in or set there till he's through."

The salesman went in and listened. Before long half a dozen other motorists were inside, listening too. Somehow it didn't seem so important to make San Antonio by supper after that.

"I just thought I'd tell you, Dr. Hill," said the salesman.

by Green Peyton

In far-off Yucatan an American teacher used to sit by the radio with a pencil every Sunday morning and scribble the words as Bernard spoke. He spent the noon hour translating them into Spanish. Then after lunch he would gather his native charges and repeat the sermon to them.

In brief, it was the weekly radio program that first gave Bernard a wide following among ranchers, cow hands, farmers and people in small towns throughout the state. It made him an eminent churchman in the Southwest, as his building program had made him a notable figure in San Antonio.

EVEN BACK IN 1921, when he first arrived in San Antonio, Bernard Hill had resolved to be a Texan. Observing the informal costume worn by ranchmen in his congregation, the minister saw no need to set himself apart by wearing solemn clerical garb. So he exchanged his linen suit for khaki shirt and breeches, bought cowboy boots and a wide-brimmed Stetson.

Later he acquired a small tract of land along the headwaters of the Guadalupe. There he built a simple ranch house, a sleeping porch where a dozen people could bed down, a separate hut in which to cook and eat the tremendous dinners that Miss Ella has always loved to give her family. Here, 80 miles from San Antonio, he and his growing sons could fish and hunt to their hearts' content.

Meanwhile he mingled with cattlemen and cowboys, learned to round up strays and cut out calves for branding, and in the process he learned the keys that open a ranchman's heart. Instead of making these shy, diffident people come to him for guidance, he went to them and offered himself as a friend on their own ground. And they were eager to receive him.

This same willingness to be helpful wherever possible led him to take an interest in law enforcement. San Antonio has always been a gaudy Mecca for gamblers, thirsty cow hands, lights o' love, and jaded gunmen in search of relaxation. The political ring that ruled San Antonio knew well what the city wanted. It wanted clean streets, handsome public buildings and plenty of excitement. And that was what it had been given.

San Antonio's churchmen, up in arms over the moral decadence of the city, denounced Police Commissioner Wright from the pulpit. Then the Ministerial Alliance decided to send a deputation to City Hall, and they asked Bernard Hill to go along.

"No, I won't," he said to their amazement, "but if you'll put off this action, I'll visit Wright and talk with him personally."

They agreed to wait, and Bernard went to City Hall alone. "I haven't come here to criticize," he told the Commissioner tactfully. "I just thought I'd discuss this business and see if we can't work something out."

The Commissioner was grateful. He offered to conduct a clean-up of the city that would satisfy churchmen and discourage the more flagrant lawbreakers, without disturbing the administration's hold on its sources of power.

"It's the best I can do," said the Commissioner. "It's more than they'll gain if they make a public issue of it."

Bernard presented this proposition to the Alliance, and they called off the crusade. A month or two later, the Commissioner turned up at Bernard's church one Sunday morning, accompanied by his family. Together they embraced the Presbyterian faith.

IN THE SPRING of 1928, the Rev. Dr. P. B. Hill, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of San Antonio, became a full-fledged Texas Ranger, charged with the solemn duty of upholding the laws of men as well as of God. He was attached to Captain Sterling's company, down in the hot brush country near the Rio Grande. By special dispensation he was not required to live in barracks, permitting him to carry on his work in San Antonio. When missions of special interest turned up, Sterling would call and Bernard would join the company.

In the hands of some churchmen, his assignment might have degenerated into a pose of spurious good-fellowship punctuated by spasms of raucous revivalism. Not in Bernard's. For Bernard knew he had to show his nerve by riding with the rest on serious missions if he meant to keep their respect.

Moreover, it was fun to beat the brush for outlaws and camp under the stars. This was a life for which he had secretly longed since boyhood—a career he might have chosen had he not been called to do the Lord's work.

Before long the other men found themselves deferring to his judgment as though he had pursued bandits all his life. And with surprise they saw their khaki-clad companion lay the illusion aside on Sunday, as casually as he laid his six-shooter on the pulpit.

Soon Bernard was among the leaders of Texas' elite constabulary. Yet not all of his work consisted of battling rioters and tracking desperadoes. Much of his effort was expended trying to persuade men who had been caught by the Rangers to go straight. Before joining the Rangers, Bernard had never met a criminal in his life. Now he encountered them constantly, and it was an experience that gave him a clearer understanding of mankind, a new sort of tolerance.

The chief of detectives called Bernard one morning and asked him to talk with a lad who had been picked up for petty larceny. The boy had been lifting small articles from stores and had also managed to make off with the cash box at the children's clinic in the basement of Bernard's church.

At first the boy was defiant when Bernard tried to get his story. "I can look out for myself," he said.

But in the face of Bernard's searching questions he finally began to talk. Back home in Idaho, he had heard about the bad men and cowboys down in Texas, so he ran away to San Antonio, looking for excitement. When it was slow in coming, and his money gave out, he took to rifling stores.

Bernard wrote to the boy's parents in Idaho, who offered to send him a ticket home. Then Bernard conspired with the district attorney to teach the boy a lesson. The grand jury indicted him, and Bernard was instructed to present his charge in court for trial.

He went to the jail that morning and picked up his prisoner. They were sitting in Bernard's office, the boy listening attentively while the pastor explained the gravity of his case, when the phone rang. It was the director of a funeral home, who wanted Bernard to hold services over a body which was to be shipped to another town for burial. The bereaved family was already waiting by the coffin.

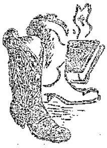
Bernard took the boy along to the undertaker's. He put the youngster in a chair near the casket, then preached a discreetly masterful sermon. He spoke of the sudden mishaps which could strike a man down in the prime of life: he reminded his listeners that there was no way to salvation except through righteousness.

The boy's countenance was grave as they left the funeral home. "That's a mighty solemn thing to watch, isn't it?" he said to Bernard.

"It is indeed," said Bernard. "Especially when you consider that you might very well be resting there in place of the brother for whom I held the service. You might have been shot by a night watchman or the police. The Lord has sure been good to you, son, or we'd be shipping your body back to Idaho in a coffin right now."

The judge read the boy a stern lecture, gave him two years in reform school, then suspended sentence. They walked out into the bright Texas sunlight. Bernard bought his charge a cowboy hat, a half-dozen cans of tamales, then drove him to the station. There he handed him his ticket and some money, said a brief prayer on the platform, and put the happy youngster on the train for Idaho.

It is easier, perhaps, to perform such sleight of soul in Texas, where crime is seldom the result of greed or depravity. It comes more often from sheer nervousness, from bravado, or from sudden temper. The same strong emotion that makes a man go wrong can as easily make him go right. But it takes a wise and forthright counselor like Bernard to show him how.



BERNARD, AS HE grew toward 60, was still a vigorous and handsome man. He had the gift of pleasing women without putting notions in their heads—or in their husbands'. Yet he was not wholly spared from annoyance by female troublemakers in his congregation.

There were the anonymous letters that came to Bernard's desk for a while. He took them to the pulpit one Sunday morning and told his congregation—and his vast circle of radio listeners—about this unsavory correspondence.

"At first," he said, "I thought the writer must be very absent-minded, since she always forgot to sign her name. Then I concluded they came from one of our disgruntled sisters. It struck me that she was hypocritical, because she disguised her writing; vicious, because there was no basis for her accusations; and ignorant, because she couldn't sign her name. So I dismissed the whole matter."

Not only was the disgruntled sister hushed, but no other San Antonio minister received an anonymous communication for months thereafter.

Soon after this episode, a rare distinction was conferred upon Bernard. Jim Farley, President Roosevelt's shrewd and genial Postmaster General, was invited to visit Texas. The chief celebration was to be a chuckwagon dinner on Ralph Morrison's baronial ranch near Uvalde. Among the guests would be Bernard's old friends, Will Rogers and Vice-President Garner.

A luncheon was arranged for these distinguished visitors in San Antonio on their way to the Morrison ranch. Half a hundred notables were asked, among them Bernard and the Catholic Archbishop, the late Arthur Jerome Drossaerts.

The luncheon was nearly finished when the Postmaster's assistant murmured in Bernard's ear: "Dr. Hill, do they have fish on ranches?"

"Why, yes," said Bernard, perplexed. "I know several ranchers who keep fish in tanks."

"What I mean is, do they serve fish at chuckwagon dinners?"

"The bill of fare is usually frijoles and cowboy stew," Bernard said.

"I was afraid of that," said the assistant. "You see, several of our party—including Mr. Farley—are Catholics. And Mr. Morrison's dinner happens to be on Friday."

"Well, I think I can fix it for you," Bernard said.

As the luncheon ended Bernard walked to the Archbishop's chair and bent over the prelate's austere shoulder: "Your Excellency, I have come to ask a favor."

"What is it, my son?"

"Some of the guests here are devout members of your Excellency's Church and they have been invited to a chuckwagon dinner on Friday. I want to ask a special dispensation for them, so that they can partake of cowboy stew without offense."

His Excellency smiled. "I am pleased to grant this request," he said, "and I appoint you as a messenger of the Church to convey the dispensation to Mr. Farley."

Bernard found Farley with a group of city officials and gave the message. The Postmaster General stared for an instant, then grinned.

"Now if that isn't something!" said Jim. "First time I ever heard of a Presbyterian preacher serving as an apostolic delegate for a Catholic archbishop."

IN 1938, A PLAN which Bernard had long been meditating began to take shape—a place of worship for isolated ranch people in the hills. Bernard had been preaching to these people for years on the radio, but now he wanted to give them a more personal contact with the Lord. The outcome was the Hill Country Cowboy Camp Meeting, a religious gathering on a mountain top near Kerrville.

He talked with ranchers in the hill country and they called a meeting of pious folk at Sunset Baptist

Church, 18 miles from Kerrville. Baptist and Methodist churchmen, as well as Presbyterians, attended, and Bernard was asked to preside.

Ranchmen of these three denominations organized a committee and bought 11 acres of mountain land west of Kerrville, on which they built an open-air tabernacle seating 2,000. On the backs of the benches, ranchers burned their cattle brands. Down in the hollow at the foot of the hill, they drilled a well and built a barbecue pit. They strung electric lights, built tables, installed a simple pulpit.

The Camp Meeting was and is the property of the ranchmen themselves. It has no official connection with any religious sect, and three ministers are invited each year to conduct services. Bernard is always one, and the others in recent years have been the Rev. Dr. Douglas Carver of Pampa, a Baptist, and the Rev. L. U. Spellman of San Antonio, a Methodist.

The Meeting is held the first week of August, starting one Sunday and ending the next. It comes during the annual pause in the ranchers' cyclical routine, when the young steers have been rounded up and sold, before the rest of the stock is turned out on winter range. It has the atmosphere of a fiesta as well as of a religious conference.

Down in the bottom, huge cauldrons of stew and frijoles simmer, sheep and goats sizzle over hot coals, coffee bubbles in tall pots. The ranchers' wives contribute delicacies from their kitchens, while volunteers fill the tin plates from steaming kettles.

As many as 3,000 attend the Sunday services, trickling in by car from ranches hundreds of miles away, until the roads and pastures around the camp meeting are filled with parked machines. Wives and daughters wear their best clothes; men usually come in workaday costume. Between services the ranchers talk of cattle ticks and screw-worms.

To Bernard Hill, this religious roundup is the consummation of his life. These ranchmen and their wives and children are Bernard's chosen people. This lonely church in the hills is his own, and as long as he lives it will be his pulpit. Even after he is gone, it will survive him.

In March, 1946, Bernard packed his books, guns and mementoes into a trailer and set out for the hills. He was 69, no longer quite so active as he had been, but humorous and keen as ever. The time had come to retire.

For a quarter-century he had served the state of Texas as a spiritual leader, a social critic, and a guardian of the law. Now, at last, he was ready to rest, sitting with Miss Ella under the shadowy trees at his ranch home while he pondered the significance of his life.

It is not easy to sum up the accomplishments of a minister in a lifetime of labor with men's souls. He piles up no shining possessions, as does a manufacturer or banker. He leaves no splendid treaties, made or broken, like a politician. Yet Bernard has left more material signs of his achievement than most ministers do.

There are, for example, ten

churches of solid stone and brick in San Antonio. They will outlast him and remind his congregations of the less tangible things he has done. So will the big tabernacle on the hilltop above Kerrville. But even these are less important than the little miracles he has wrought, in his homely way, upon the minds of his parishioners.

It is for God and the people of Texas that Bernard has labored. He has led thousands of stranded men and women to a Christian way of life, with ease and dignity and good humor.

There is nothing pompous or demanding about ruddy-cheeked Bernard Hill in his old age. He is the same simple, shrewd and amiable companion he has always been. At 69, his smile is impish and disarming, his eyes are sharp but tolerant.

Texas has rewarded him well. Wherever he goes he is welcomed with respect and pleasure. He drives a car equipped with an eerie police siren; he rarely uses it, but if an obstinate driver refuses to move over, the siren growls like an angry mountain lion.

He is offered unlimited hospitality, at no expense, in crowded hotels. Costly suits and shirts are his for the asking. Butter and beef and venison are heaped upon him by the carload. Rich oilmen, cattle barons, governors and sheriffs are glad to do his bidding.

There remains only to present himself one day for his reward on high. When his time comes, Bernard will be dressed, as usual, in faded khaki, cowboy boots, a battered old Stetson. He will buckle on his six-shooter, mount his Ranger pony and ride the long, dusty trail that winds aloft. There another Old Friend will be waiting to welcome him at the big Ranch House. Bernard will salute Him respectfully.

"Howdy, Dr. Hill," the Lord will no doubt say. "How are things in Texas?"

"Not bad, not bad," Bernard will answer softly, doffing his big hat. A sly smile will flit across his face. His hazel eyes will glance sidewise at his Maker. "You know, Lord, folks down yonder in Texas can be right ornery sometimes, but there's a world of goodness in them."

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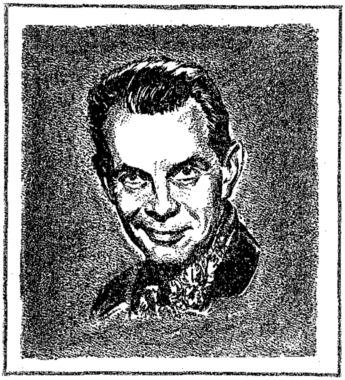
All the Qualities of True Entertainment

by **RAYMOND MASSEY**



MY PROFESSION is acting. And regardless of the false theories held about it, my job is a consuming one—trying, difficult, wearying. That is why, in my profession, time is an ever-present problem. Too often we don't have the leisure to read anything but headlines.

And what do today's headlines tell us? Mostly a grim story of a world in seeming chaos, of confused people fumbling with danger and disaster. It is a disheartening story, too, so disheartening that we are taken aback when the headlines momentarily make way for a gleam of cheerfulness, when a play or movie ends on a bright and happy note instead of a futile one.

So when you discover a magazine that you can buy, keep in your pocket and take out at free moments—when you learn that its pages offer not only entertainment and escapism but *constructive* entertainment and *delightful* escapism, it is a signal for rejoicing.

That magazine is Coronet. Between its rich covers I have found new hope and light for a befuddled reading public. It is not a magazine that shouts propaganda, that offers a solution to the world's grim and disheartening story in tablets so bitter they cannot be swallowed.

On the contrary, it has all the qualities that true entertainment should have—variety, beauty, humor and human interest, combined with worth-while knowledge. For this reason, I am not surprised at what I read and enjoy in Coronet every month. To me, the success of this compact but colorful magazine is something to be taken for granted. Along with millions of other readers, I know it will never let me down.

Coronet

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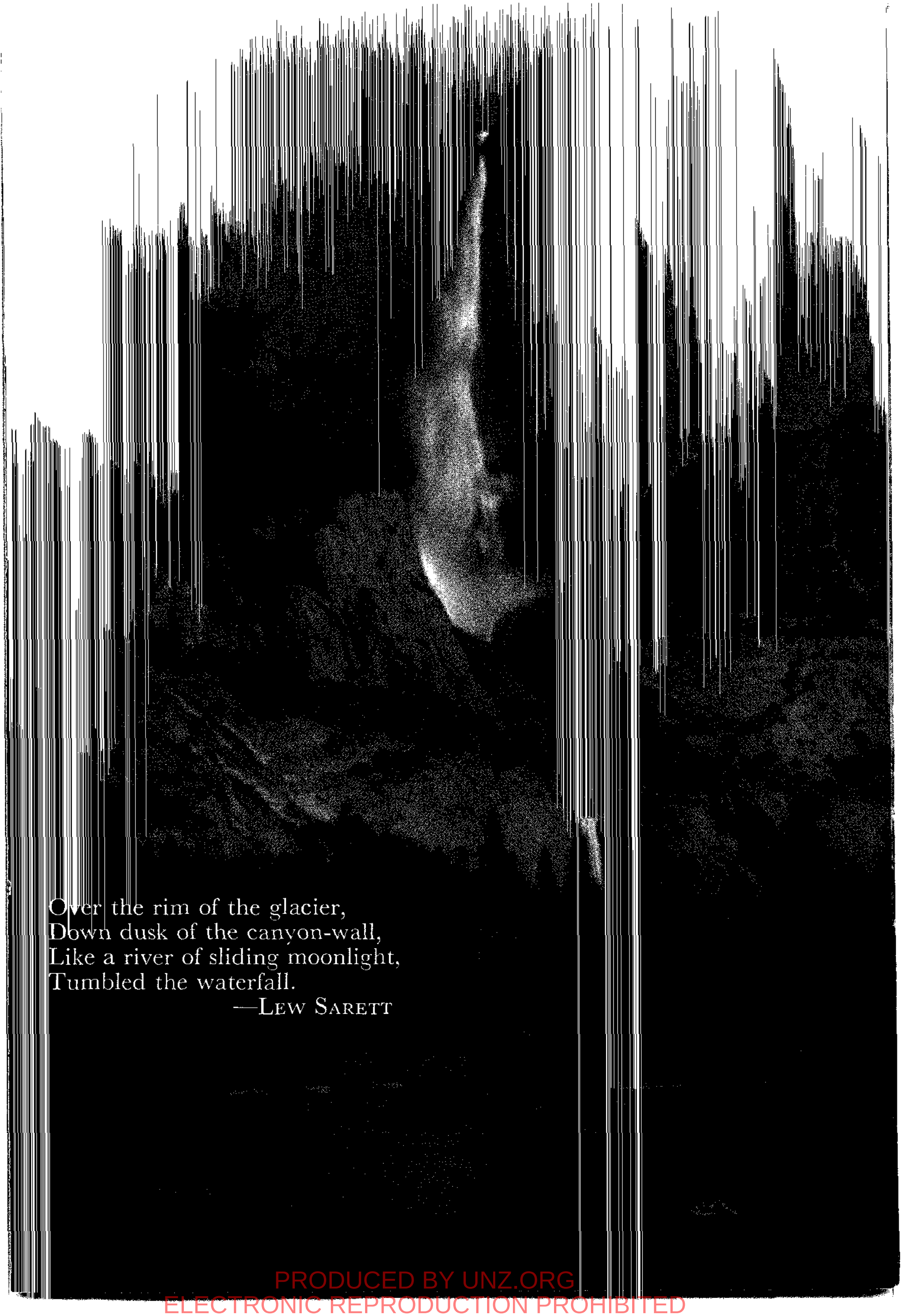
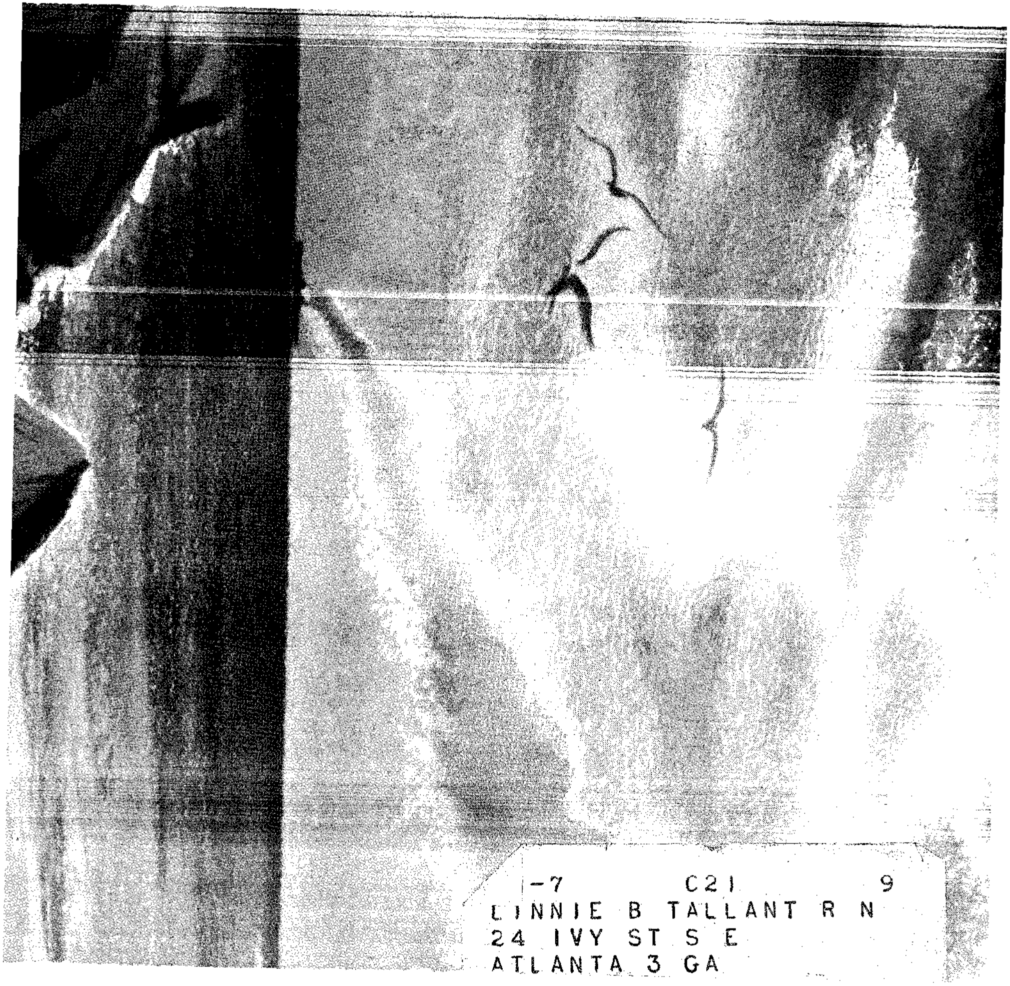
This Month's Cover: Frances Hook, nationally known magazine and advertising artist, describes her "Girl in a Breeze" painting for Coronet's May cover as "one of my most fortunate efforts." The girl is really a composite of two charming teen-aged models, but the rocky coastline is a purely imaginary setting. It might be any coastline—yours perhaps, if you live in a seacoast city or town—and the pensive girl could be any girl who has watched a ship sail out to sea with a loved one aboard. A Philadelphian by birth, Mrs. Hook studied at the Pennsylvania Museum School of Industrial Art, where she took many prizes. With her artist-husband, Richard Hook, she is now adding a new studio wing to their home in Chestnut Hill, a Philadelphia suburb.



Over the rim of the glacier,
Down dusk of the canyon-wall,
Like a river of sliding moonlight,
Tumbled the waterfall.
—Lew Sarett



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